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APRIL, 1910

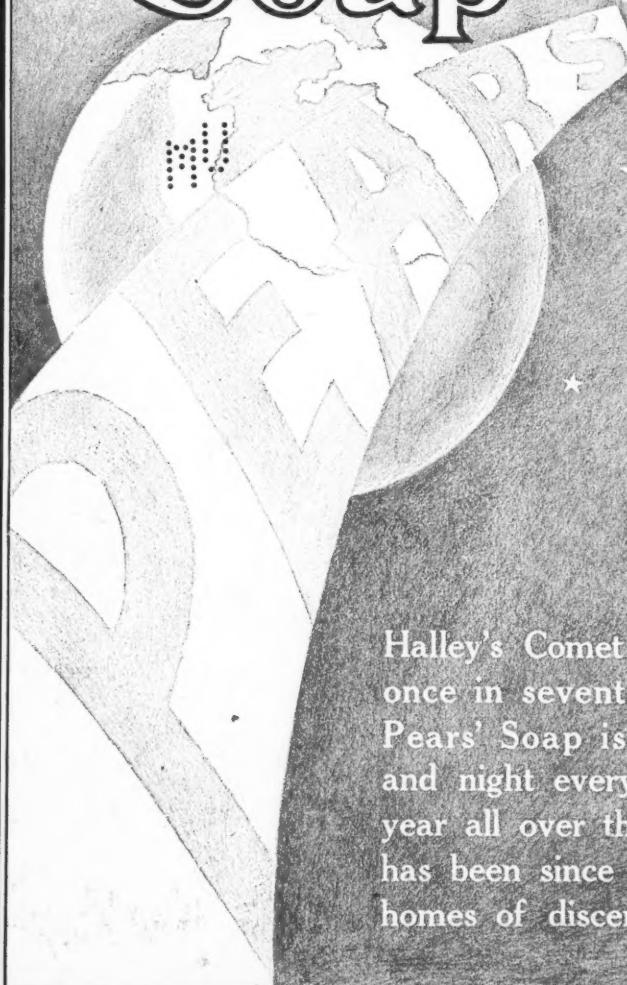
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The Coming Country Life Epoch

By PROF. L. H. BAILEY

*President of American Farm Commission and
Dean of Agriculture Department, Cornell University*

ONE hundred years ago human society was essentially rural. Since then the great collective interests have developed, and the thought of the world has become largely urban. The present interest in country life is the rising of a tide. It is an unconscious expression of the sentiment lying back in the human mind that society must be neither predominantly rural or predominantly urban. We are now beginning to see that the most fertile civilization must be the result of the attrition of the two great means by which human beings express themselves—as individuals and as collective or aggregate units. Country life typifies the individual self-acting unsyndicated means; city life typifies the associated consolidated and corporate means. Society best expresses itself when both these means are developed; for they are not antithetic or antipodal, but complementary.



It is often said that the developing of good agriculture, and consequently of a good country life, will be an economic movement. It is true that hunger will drive us to the land. Consumption is overtaking production in the United States. At the present rate we shall soon cease to export certain great staples. But the return to the country began as a distinct movement before people generally recognized the economic necessity of it. It was a soul movement in its inception. But whether economic or otherwise, the final results will be the producing of a new rural society.



It is essential that a new rural society be developed. The basis of this society must be a better agriculture. I do not want you to feel that American agriculture is decadent, for it decidedly is not; but it is capable of great expansion and development. With the teaching of a better agriculture must come the teaching of a better citizenship; and this must not be merely an exhortation in generalities and in ideals. The coming farmer must be instructed just how he may serve his neighbor and his community. The old agricultural practice has tended to make the man selfish, "close," and devoid of public spirit. It is of small consequence to raise more products, if with the raising of them there is not developed the social sense.

This social life and cohesion must develop out of the country itself, not be transplanted bodily from the city. It is neither the mission nor the function of the city to socialize the open country. The city may aid in the process, as the country may aid the city, and more co-operation between city and country is much needed; but the open country has its own problems and it must be encouraged and enabled to work them out.

The country-life epoch that is now approaching will call for the best leadership. It will need the statesman type of man. We are accustomed to think that Washington, Jefferson, and the older statesmen represented rural affairs; this is true only in the fact that they represented the society of their time, and this society was essentially rural. We are now to develop rural society as one co-ordinate part of all society. This will need its distinctive leadership. This leadership is nowhere developed as yet. Perhaps the time is not quite ripe for it. But within the next generation we shall have governors of states representing this phase of society, and setting it forward by concrete recommendations; and I hope that within that time we may have at least one President of the United States who shall represent rural civilization.

THE YOUNG FARMER

Of course there can be no country life unless it is possible for the young man and woman to make a satisfying living on the land. We are just beginning to organize our new knowledge into profitable plans of farming, and the general condition of trade is now making it possible for a farmer to secure something like an adequate return on his industry. Thousands of farmers are making a thoroughly satisfying living on the farm. They are men who live on the land and who are "on the job"; for farming cannot be done by proxy any more than can journalism or banking. The number of these farmers will increase, but I am interested, not so much that some men may make more money, but that more men may make some money. This is to be accomplished not alone by rearing better farmers, but by making it possible for the farmer to receive his fair and proper share of what the consumer is willing to pay for his produce.

I am convinced that the opportunities to live a satisfying life by means of agriculture were never so good as now. By the nature of the case, these opportunities will increase. I hope that the young farmer may realize his obligation to society as he has never realized it before; that, being free of the personal control of a superior officer, he may think his own way through the problems of the day, and be trained to think them straight; that he may work simply and in vibration with nature; and that the light of the future may be in his eyes as it is in the eye of the engineer or the poet. On the opposite page is given my picture of the young farmer.

HE shall go out to the far green hills
And he shall go out on the mains,
He shall go north 'long the rock-bound hills
And he shall go south on the plains.

He shall go forth to the desert reach
Where the dead winds gather the sands,
He shall go down where the waters breach
Far out on their weltering lands.

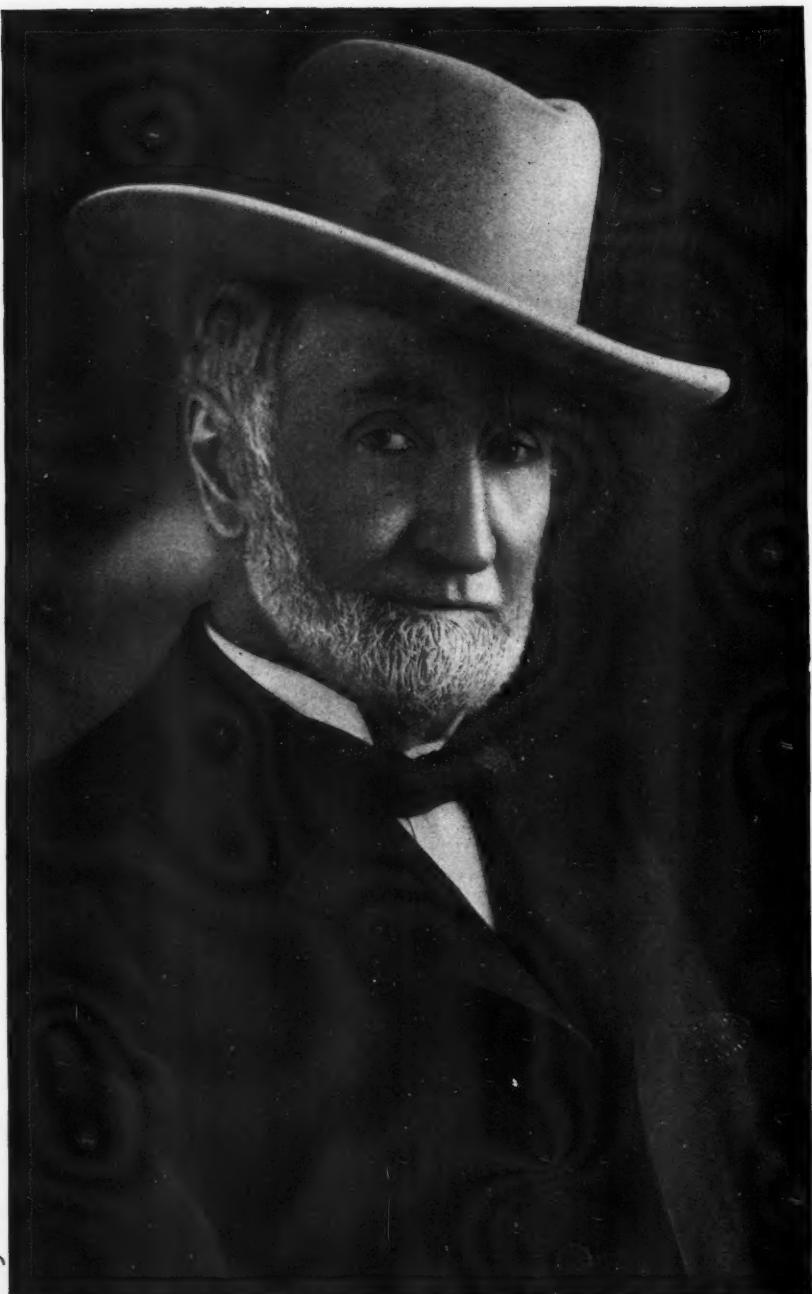
He shall go forth in the winter's rage
And away in the tropic fire,
And there he shall stand; nor fame nor wage
Shall defeat him of his desire.

For he shall build on the good stout earth
That he takes from the hand of God,
And grip his place with a free man's girth
And shall strike his fires from the clod.

No nature-doubts shall drive him to fear—
Storm and calm shall he walk with her.
Together joined in their labors clear
Where elemental pulses stir.

Temples shall rise on the land he smites—
Visions turn with his good plow-beam,
For steadfastly on through days and th' nights
There shall rest on his face the Dream.

—L. H. Bailey.



"UNCLE JOE" CANNON, HALE AND HEARTY, WHO HELD THE CENTER OF THE STAGE
AGAINST ALL COMERS IN THE CONGRESSIONAL DRAMA OF 1910

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NUMBER ONE



SPRING has advanced her skirmish line to the Potomac, and with the scent of new-turned earth, and of burning grass and leaves in their nostrils, the thoughts of the residents of Washington are turning farmwards. Even in the stuffy air of such committee rooms as are the arena of investigations and a continuous and incessant probe for facts, official routine work jogs along at both ends of the Capitol. One predominating phase of vexatious problems is their invariable relation to farm life. A large percentage of the members of the Senate and House of Representatives were born on farms, or have lived on them, and there are few among them who do not dream of some day returning to those quiet and peaceful scenes. The nation was founded by farmers, and the prosperity of the farm has always been coincident with the prosperity of the nation. The trend of thought at Washington is a reflection of popular sentiment all over the country, whether one

awaits the lucubrations of the High Cost of Living Commission, which is intimately associated with the supply of and demand for farm products; the Post Office investigation into the cost and desirability of Rural Free Delivery, which means so much to dwellers on the farms; or the forestry embroilie, which may or may not result in opening up more lands for agricultural purposes.

More intensive methods of agricultural production are recognized as the great economic need of the times. The phenomenal industrial development of the nation has outrun the ability of the tillers of the land to produce in like measure. This is not surprising, but may become alarming if the tendency of the last few years continues. It is thus far a recurrence in this country of a world-old problem, which has confronted all the older nations at some time in their history. The United States will meet the situation by developing her alluvial and swamp lands, and by the reclamation and irrigation of lands long considered



About the first thing a visitor in Washington decides to do is to buy a supply of post cards"

barren, but now productive. Yes, and by pulling the stumps and felling the trees as our forefathers did.

The controlling factor of the federal and state elections in this country is the farm vote, which may account for the revival of



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MRS. EDWARD MCLEAN AND HER FIVE WEEKS OLD SON
The richest baby in the world

interest in matters of farming among congressmen and senators at this time, for a new Congress will be chosen between the months devoted to ploughing and harvest, and one-third of the Senate returned or rejected. In the meantime Uncle Sam holds firm to both plough handles and sings out "Gid ap!" as the furrows turn.

* * *

IT seems but yesterday that I sat at the table of the National Liberal Club in London, one dark November evening. There had been a street procession of the wives of the unemployed on the Thames embankment. These were indeed dark days at Downing Street for the Balfour cabinet, and the great lines of women, making their way into the very presence of the ministry, did not lighten

their gloom. The reception of the pathetic delegation was not satisfactory and resulted, a few weeks later, almost before anyone realized it, in the overthrow of the Conservative cabinet.

That night, as some of us stood at the entrance of the Liberal Club and looked upon the pictured face of John Bright, we recalled that benign influence and wondered what might have been accomplished had he lived a few years more to face this great crisis.

Later, around the tables of the Club, the affairs of the world were discussed by young men, many of them but recently returned from Australia, South Africa, India or some other British possessions, and imbued with cosmopolitan views of life and action only



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GOLD CRIB PRESENTED TO BABY MCLEAN
BY THE LATE KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM

to be gained by leaving the little Insular Kingdom. A toast was proposed to the memory of John Bright. That popular young member of parliament, Sir Edward Gray, now minister of foreign affairs, and many other Liberals now prominent in the

government service were there that night, but few dreamed that in such a short time the Liberals would supplant the ministry at Downing Street.

During recent months the budget of Lloyd George, with its radical, general and social changes, precipitated one of the most notable elections held in England. It was more remarkable for this than for his financial problems or the manner of their solution. Among his suggestions was a provision for

that a labor exchange, as suggested by Lloyd George, would help to equalize the distribution of the unemployed and lessen their number. While American sympathies may have been with Lloyd George, on the other side of the water there was a sharp difference of opinions as to reforms proposed. To many Englishmen it seemed almost anarchy to suggest and even insist that John Smith, the laborer, ought to be taken into account by the government, aside from



Photo by Clinchinst

TROPHIES OF THE ROOSEVELT HUNT
Displayed at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

government labor exchanges, which had been persistently opposed in the House of Lords; yet those advocating the measures felt that the upper house would not dare to throw down the gauntlet as they did. Most foreigners have an idea that English sentiment is unanimous—in truth, it is far from that. It seemed strange that there could be conflicting opinions on so important a matter as the labor exchange feature, when it is remembered that a million workers are out of employment in England alone every winter, to say nothing of Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Many politicians believed

merely chronicling his birth, requesting his taxes, naming him in the census and recording his death. The purpose to create a system of labor unions did not strike them as likely to be of service in providing employment or solving the problem of feeding a half-starved million every winter. It did not occur to the House of Lords that the best cure might be prevention. The campaign had many picturesque and remarkable features. The dashing daughter of the premier, Miss Violet Asquith, made a speech in connection with the opening of a charity bazaar, which demonstrates that American

women will have to look well to their laurels if this lady appears often on the rostrum. For the opposition also the influence of women was equally effective.

It was a touching scene that was enacted the day Lloyd George, the sturdy Welshman, risen from obscurity to prominence in the great empire, was called upon to give up his beloved daughter, who had been his able



Photo by Clinédinst

SENATOR DUNCAN FLETCHER
FROM FLORIDA

helper for years, and who would have rejoiced with him at the end of the struggle in the triumph of his ideas—the great problems on which his mind had been concentrated many years.

* * *

LISTEN attentively to a debate in Congress, or even an argument in a court room, take notes of what is heard and look at them ten or twelve years afterwards. The two sides that seemed then so keenly

opposed now appear to converge toward the same point. One wonders what the contention was about, after all, for it seems that both sides had the same purpose in view, though insisting on different ways of going about it.

There are a few persons who can see both sides, without awaiting the lapse of a decade, and it is difficult for such dispassionate observers, associated with the contestants, to have much sympathy with the unreasoning, discordant, and often unjustifiable attacks made upon public men, simply because they are in a high position, and in the "fierce light that beats" upon any public official. The average writer may take a violent dislike to some public man, and although he may never have met him and has never had an opportunity to know anything of him personally or see the other side of the picture, he proceeds to score him roundly with the aid of his little editorial hammer.

The writer of that mental gymnastic, Butler's Analogy, objects to praise and blame alike, as prejudicing the mind of the listener, and because he believes it impossible for the finite mind to grasp motives or to justly mete out either praise or blame. The most that anyone can see is that a man is fair or unfair, careful or careless, in the performance of his public duties. And when you read how men firm in their niche of fame in the nation's history were abused in their day, you begin to realize that abuse is a part of the process.

While walking along, my thoughts absorbed in these ponderous problems, I almost ran into a philosophic friend whom I had often met with at the Capitol. Our talk ran on the scurrilous and unjust abuse that public men have to endure.

"If I should accept a high position (I would not accept one for the world), I should certainly expect extravagant blame for the slightest error; I should expect to be maligned and misjudged, and if I found myself unable to bear abuse manfully, I would resign in favor of a man who could. Abuse is a perquisite of office-holding and public life."

When I inquired if he considered that such a theory would grow a crop of fortitude in the soul of man, that would enable him to withstand the rapier thrusts of the human tongue and pen, he laughed, and said:

"I would suggest the armor of Warren Hastings. When friends inquired how he

preserved a calm demeanor all through his long trial before Parliament, he replied: 'I have a motto—This too will pass.' He went on to tell how he had known an Indian rajah who was subject to violent passions of despair or delight, and who insisted on his wise men finding him a soothing remedy. They failed, but on the last day set for the search his daughter asked permission to visit him. She brought with her a ring, on which was engraved, 'This too will pass.' The great statesman said that the rajah was

but a plan has been adopted by the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, with a view to unifying the portraits on the notes of each class in the same denomination. These new notes, when put in circulation, will be welcomed by the public on account of their simplicity, and the ease with which the different denominations may be fixed in the mind by means of a portrait.

Under the new arrangement there will be little possibility of confusion between the denominations, and at the same time the



"THE ROSEBUD GIRLS" IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S PRODUCTION OF "THE LOVE CURE"

never again seen with any but a calm and cheerful demeanor."

* * *

A SUBSCRIBER, facetiously criticising the portraits on the different denominations of bank notes, inquires whose picture appears on the five hundred and one thousand dollar bank notes:

"I know," he says, "that I shall never find out by experience; hence the question."

He admits to a fair amount of familiarity with denominations of from one to ten dollars. It appears that the portrait of Alexander Hamilton graces a thousand-dollar note;

artistic quality of the work will be improved. All notes of same amounts will be enlarged, and the portrait used will be recognizable by any person who handles money. The dollar notes will bear the picture of Washington; the two-dollar notes, Jefferson; five-dollar notes, Lincoln; ten-dollar gold and silver certificates, Cleveland; twenty, Jackson; fifty, Grant; one hundred, Franklin; five hundred, Salmon P. Chase; one thousand, Hamilton. Portraits but little known to the public, and familiar only to readers of historic literature, will, with the eagle, the Indian head and other figures easily counterfeited, be consigned to oblivion. It is pre-

dicted that the back of the new issue of government bank notes may in future be preserved as exact portraiture with just as much assurance as though painted by an "old master" or famous portrait painter.

* * *

THE wag has very aptly remarked that "Life is just one d—n thing after another." No sooner is one vexation van-



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BARON YASUYA UCHIDA
The new Japanese Ambassador

quished than some other incipient thing, seemingly unimportant at first, takes root and comes to a fruition of troublesome tares. A generation ago the Colorado potato bug, always a rare insect in Colorado, because of unfavorable environments, strayed down from its arid forage grounds and found its Utopia among the potato fields in Kansas and Nebraska. Like a spark falling into dried grasses the devastation rolled eastward. Every farmer knows the voracious pests and has to fight them from the time the tender potato plants break ground until well-nigh harvest time.

We all recall how the hunt was begun in early days, going between the rows and

knocking the clumsy bugs into a tin pan by striking the vines with a paddle. Once in a while, too, it was necessary to give the side of the pan a knock to keep the bugs from climbing out again. But with spraying machines the potato bug trouble was finally reduced to simple expedients.

Now there is a new potato enemy reported from the far East. This time it is the "wart disease." It affects the tubers in the ground, forming large, unsightly warts, in severe attacks completely destroying the crop. It is a fungus growth, and once the soil is polluted with it several years must pass before it is safe to crop the same land to potatoes again.

The disease appeared first in Hungary in 1896. It has spread to other parts of Europe, including England. There is danger it may spread to Ireland. It has been carried to Newfoundland from which there is danger it may be brought to Canada and the United States.

The fungus is spread by using affected potatoes for planting, so it is extremely important that questionable seed should be scientifically treated before planting.

The United States Department of Agriculture has recently issued a circular (for free distribution) giving a brief account of the potato wart disease.

* * *

THERE was a lively debate in the House by Congressman Carlin of Virginia over the Telepost franchise in the District of Columbia. He said that he had received letters from a large number of farmer constituents asking him to support the measure which would connect Washington with the rest of the Telepost system. His experience was the common experience of congressmen from all over the United States.

The spreading of the Telepost system means as much to the farmer as it does to the merchant. It puts the farmer into immediate touch with the rest of the world at a cost and in a way that the farmer will be satisfied with. By means of the rural free delivery the farmer in Maine can drop a Telecard message of ten words into his mail box and have it delivered in California within a few hours for a total cost of ten cents, or in the same way he can give a message to his rural carrier to take to the village, and

for twenty-five cents can have fifty words sent by wire to California and answered in time to catch the return trip of the rural carrier.

Nothing has operated so much to place the farmer at a disadvantage in taking action on favorable conditions in the markets as the lack of some means to keep him in quick touch with the centers of population. Now for ten cents he can give orders or make inquiries, and instead of one small market the whole world is his market.

It practically as well as theoretically puts him in touch with a business and a social world from which he has been too often isolated. This effectual linking of town and country, meaning higher prices for the farmer's products and wider opportunities, must also mean more contentment in the home, and a checking of the cityward drift of the young people.

* * *

JUST now political prophets have been studying the omens for the next campaign, and have announced that Ohio, Indiana and New York will be the centre of political conflict in 1912. For many years it has been the fashion to predict that the next census would move the political pivot westward from New York, but on the contrary the Empire State seems to become each year a stronger factor in national politics. Indiana went Republican a year ago, and so did Ohio, but their reversal to Democracy later, on state tickets, has rather complicated the calculations. A Democratic Senator was captured in the Hoosier State, and now the Republican managers are wondering how to make sure of these two states on state issues. Indiana was always normally a Democratic state before the McKinley landslide. Ohio has never been quite certain and New York—one can never tell what will happen in New York. That is why the political telescope continues focused on the great state which has decided so many close presidential contests.

* * *

SOMEONE having remarked rather vigorously at the Capitol that he "would take the hide off" his opponent, a clerk from the Treasury Department, who chanced to be loaded with information, dared to make a joke on recent statistical reports.

"I wonder," he said, "if you gentlemen know how much that word 'hides' means to our government. If hides had not been 'taken off' there would not have been such a falling off in Uncle Sam's revenue. Do you realize that a hundred million hides are brought annually into this country, and that they are the second largest import in value coming to the United States? The importation has increased from three million in 1890 to a hundred million in 1909. One-third of the entire value is in goat skins, which represent a larger proportion of trade than can be assigned to any other one import. The United States has invested



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BARONESS UCHIDA
Wife of the Japanese Ambassador, noted for her wonderful jewels. She is giving very elaborate entertainments at the Embassy

over one and a quarter billion dollars in goat skins within the past ten years, and they are a product never 'grown at home.'"

Further conversation divulged that more than one-half of the hides come from Mexico and South America, and a large proportion of the goat skins from British India.

After the genial clerk had delivered this information he joined the party from home entering the Capitol, and the irate Congress-

man admitted that he would have had a big proposition to contend with if he went into the business of "taking off hides" in the United States of America.

* * *

FROM Paris comes a decree direct from the court of fashion that ladies must cover their ears for some time to come. Passing strange as the edict's issue it is simply the revival of old styles. Just why women should be made to arrange their hair to cover those little pink seashell ears, written of by

better when her ears are hidden, dresses her hair to do it, and all the other fashionable women meekly follow. Since the advent of the New Year style, an inventive genius has patented a harness which is especially designed to improve the shape of a lady's ears; this is regarded as a revival of the old fashion of wearing night caps, which were considered an important item of the chamber costumes in our grandmothers' day. It is hinted that the inventor referred to is on the lookout for the time when ears are again permitted to show in public—after they have been trained into good shape by midnight harness and night caps. The wisest philosophers have decided that it is useless to endeavor to trace the causes of the vagaries of fashion in women's attire, but there still remain a few wiseacres who keep on trying.

* * *

IN the large "red room," just off Peacock Alley in the New Willard Hotel, the Association of Life Insurance Presidents of the United States held one of the most interesting assemblages that has met in Washington for some time. It was their third annual meeting, and the discussion and addresses were couched with plain, straightforward, Anglo-Saxon words characteristic of business men.

President Sylvester C. Dunham, of the Travelers' Insurance Company, was speaking when I entered, and the close attention given to his remarks indicated that no other business transactions are of such vital interest to the people. A brief survey of the assemblage representing the executives of

these great institutions convinced any one that their duties called for the highest and broadest ability known in the business world. The address delivered by President Taft advocated measures to ensure uniformity in insurance legislation throughout the country. He called attention to the



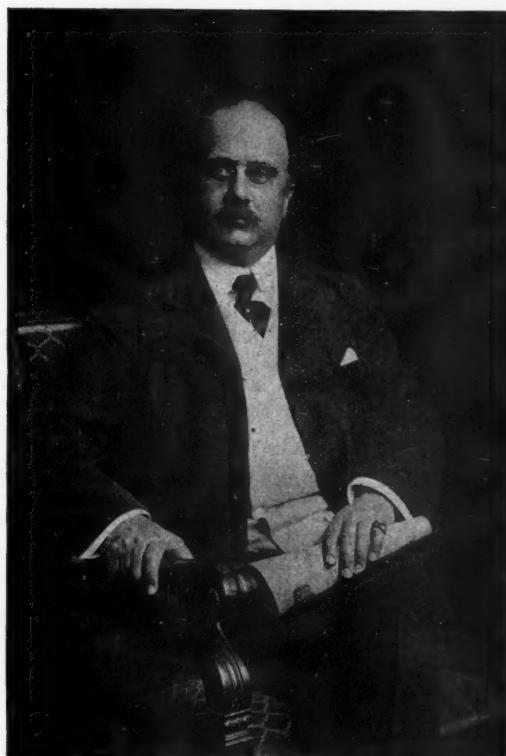
SVLVESTER C. DUNHAM
President, Travelers' Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut

the poet and novelist, is not clear to the masculine mind. One lady has hinted that this mode of hair dressing is being revived for the benefit of a certain leader of fashion—whose ears are too large, and are not shaped to fulfill the ideals of beauty. She looks

fact that, owing to constitutional limitations, the best thing to be done was to pass a model law for the District of Columbia to demonstrate what Congress, aided by a scientific commission, could do, and thus influence the enactment of similar legislation in all the states. He promised to give his support to the passage of such a model law. In his audience were the governors of many states, besides several hundred men who are pretty prominent in the life insurance business.

The President briefly reviewed life insurance conditions and strongly expressed his belief that harmony between the various companies would secure the greatest benefits to the policy-holders and the companies alike. President George E. Ide, of the Home Life Insurance Company, made one of the most original and interesting addresses of the occasion, on the subject of prolonging human life. President Paul Morton, of the Equitable Company, always right at home in Washington, where he served as a member of ex-President Roosevelt's cabinet, was genial and witty as usual. President Charles A. Peabody, of the Mutual Life; President Jesse R. Clark, of the Union Central, Cincinnati, and ex-Senator John F. Dryden, of the Prudential Company, formed a characteristic group representative of the men of conspicuous constructive ability who have been prominent factors in the development of the country. Governor Hughes, in sharp contrast to his remarks made at City Hall, New York, during the great insurance investigation—now a matter of history, and which have resulted in inspiring a greater and more unreserved confidence in insurance companies in the minds of the people, than ever—said that general prosperity is marked by increased expenditures for life insurance, and that the new provision making death losses payable in the form of a fixed income for life for the beneficiaries, has made life insurance seem more than ever a necessity as well as a prudent investment.

ABOUT the first thing that a visitor in Washington decides to do is to get a full supply of postal cards to send home. Many have inquired who first set the fashion. At the post office the other day it was revealed that the first post cards ever issued



GEORGE E. IDE
President, Home Life Insurance Company, New York

in the world were sent out from Austria in 1869, following a suggestion made in 1865. Professor Hermau of Vienna is the saint on whom the post office clerks visit their benisons when they find difficulty in handling the sheaves of post cards coming in all the year around.

The use of these cards soon became popular and now extends to twenty-two governments, Germany alone using fifteen million post cards annually. The picture cards, strange as it may seem, are almost as old as the ordinary post card, but have come into

popular use only within the last decade. This is an invention which is said to have originated during the Franco-Prussian War, when the picture of a gunner was placed on sale at Oldenburg, and became very popular. Today there is no community so small but its historic spots and beautiful scenery are depicted on the cards which

familiarize the people with sights and scenes about Washington, as well as with the noted paintings and statuary to be found at the capital. In contrast to the educative feature, a strata of vulgarity and obscenity crops out now and then, which requires the watchfulness of Anthony Comstock and government inspectors. Uncle Sam insists that the post cards passing through his mails by millions must exercise a wholesome influence.

* * *



PAUL MORTON
President, Equitable Insurance Company, New York

spin daily around on the swivel stands. Just now it is a fad among Congressmen to see that all the noted places in their home towns or districts are reproduced on picture post cards, not overlooking the home and birthplace of the aforesaid Congressmen. By means of photography picturesque post card views are often obtained of even a very prosaic place.

Picture post cards are doing much to

Democratic allies and the regulars. The issue was to have the committee chosen by the House. Uncle Joe, sturdy old warrior, was in the chair and saw the blood in the eyes of his enemies. Representative Norris sounded the opening bugle of the fray when he shouted:

"I have a resolution of privilege."

The resolution, amply interlined with corrections, was handed to the clerk, who

smiled as he passed it to the Speaker, who handed it back with his jaws set. The first outburst came from the Democratic side.

"Read it, read it!"

The clerk read the resolution-challenge, and the fight was on.

"The day of your salvation is at hand," declared Champ Clark to the insurgents and his Democratic colleagues, with a wave of his hands.

The confused buzzing rose in a crescendo, and interest grew tense as members passed from chair to chair and Democratic and insurgent leaders conferred, while the regulars hastened for a council of war to Representative Dalzell, who made a point of order against the resolution. Verbal chastisements between regulars and insurgents came thick and fast and the battle raged anew. Representative Hamilton Fish, an insurgent, awakened hearty applause from the Democratic phalanx, who were gathering solidly together for the attack. Representative Fassett, of New York, made a rousing retort to the "mercerized Republicans and assistant Democrats," which was answered by an insurgent gatling fire. The regulars began to keep telephone and telegraph wires buzzing to corral absent members, knowing that the fight would continue. All over the building the jangling of the bells was heard, announcing the succession of roll calls. The time had come to "dethrone the Czar," and the talk grew more and more bitter. The personal onslaughts of Representative Cooper brought Speaker Cannon to the floor, and Representative Gardner was called to witness that he had not been trampled upon in committee appointments by the Speaker.

* * *

Railroad trains were bringing the absent members from all parts with the cry, "On to Washington." Representative Dwight, the Republican whip, was as busy as the umpire of a ball game. Again and again roll calls were taken on the question of a recess, but the insurgents joined the Democrats in voting "no," compelling the Old Guard to face the issue. In the lull proceedings dragged. Representative Keifer, former speaker of the House, attired in the old-time Websterian swallow-tailed coat, looked his part of veteran—he and the older members bore the brunt of a deadlock session with the fervor of old skirmishers. The ex-Speaker tried to awaken



UNCLE JOE WITH A FIRM HOLD ON THE GAVEL IN THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR

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spin daily around on the swivel stands. Just now it is a fad among Congressmen to see that all the noted places in their home towns or districts are reproduced on picture post cards, not overlooking the home and birthplace of the aforesaid Congressmen. By means of photography picturesque post card views are often obtained of even a very prosaic place.

Picture post cards are doing much to

SITTING in a gallery of the Senate, listening to a debate, the rumor was brought us that something exciting was brewing at the other end of the Capitol. On a question of constitutional privilege, Representative Norris of Nebraska, in a dramatic manner, introduced the resolution that precipitated the insurgents' war on the Speaker. The scene-shifters had no time to draw back in the wings, and the background had an element of incongruity. The roll-call bells began to ring throughout the building. The files of the Congressional Record for a century past show no more picturesque dramatic episodes than those of the afternoon of Thursday, March 17, and "continuing three days thereafter," as the lawyers would say. To eliminate the Speaker from the Committee of Rules, and increase the number of that committee from five to fifteen, was the issue around which the battle raged between the insurgents and their

Democratic allies and the regulars. The issue was to have the committee chosen by the House. Uncle Joe, sturdy old warrior, was in the chair and saw the blood in the eyes of his enemies. Representative Norris sounded the opening bugle of the fray when he shouted:

"I have a resolution of privilege."

The resolution, amply interlined with corrections, was handed to the clerk, who

smiled as he passed it to the Speaker, who handed it back with his jaws set. The first outburst came from the Democratic side.

"Read it, read it!"

The clerk read the resolution-challenge, and the fight was on.

"The day of your salvation is at hand," declared Champ Clark to the insurgents and his Democratic colleagues, with a wave of his hands.

The confused buzzing rose in a crescendo, and interest grew tense as members passed from chair to chair and Democratic and insurgent leaders conferred, while the regulars hastened for a council of war to Representative Dalzell, who made a point of order against the resolution. Verbal chastisements between regulars and insurgents came thick and fast and the battle raged anew. Representative Hamilton Fish, an insurgent, awakened hearty applause from the Democratic phalanx, who were gathering solidly together for the attack. Representative Fassett, of New York, made a rousing retort to the "mercerized Republicans and assistant Democrats," which was answered by an insurgent gatling fire. The regulars began to keep telephone and telegraph wires buzzing to corral absent members, knowing that the fight would continue. All over the building the jangling of the bells was heard, announcing the succession of roll calls. The time had come to "dethrone the Czar," and the talk grew more and more bitter. The personal onslaughts of Representative Cooper brought Speaker Cannon to the floor, and Representative Gardner was called to witness that he had not been trampled upon in committee appointments by the Speaker.

* * *

Railroad trains were bringing the absent members from all parts with the cry, "On to Washington." Representative Dwight, the Republican whip, was as busy as the umpire of a ball game. Again and again roll calls were taken on the question of a recess, but the insurgents joined the Democrats in voting "no," compelling the Old Guard to face the issue. In the lull proceedings dragged. Representative Keifer, former speaker of the House, attired in the old-time Websterian swallow-tailed coat, looked his part of veteran—he and the older members bore the brunt of a deadlock session with the fervor of old skirmishers. The ex-Speaker tried to awaken



UNCLE JOE WITH A FIRM HOLD ON THE GAVEL IN THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR

interest among the younger and more sleepy members in a game of cards in the cloak room. The floor was strewn with bits of torn paper. Now and then someone on the insurgent or Democratic side roused up enough to sing, "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight." The situation grew more exciting, and at times the combatants seemed ready to tear each other limb from limb, but suddenly, amid the livid or ashen faces a flash of humor changed anger to laughter, and instead of a political duel there was the gaiety of baseball fans. The saving grace of humor was like a life-giving elixir in that strenuous session, which otherwise might have suggested one of the days that preceded the dread carnage of the Paris Commune.

* * *

Despite the solidity of the roll call it was evident that some Democrats avowed no personal animosity for Uncle Joe, for several stopped to joke or chat with him in passing. All night long the sturdy warrior kept up the fight, passing up and down from the Speaker's chair to the floor, like a captain on the bridge facing a monsoon. At 2 A. M., for the third time, the motion for a recess was defeated by a small majority. The sergeant at arms was sent out to look up members. At 4 A. M. Representative Hollingsworth, of Ohio, was brought from the Willard into the House; his necktie was awry and the face above it did not offer a study in good humor; the members instantly began to bait him on his cheerful and enthusiastic frame of mind. Representative Nick Longworth arrived from a party, clad in evening suit, with cheery interest in the situation. In the crowded galleries the people were eagerly watching the busy scene below, as the clock opposite the Speaker ticked off the momentous hours. Almost constantly on his feet, whether in the chamber or pacing the rear corridors, Uncle Joe was always ready for action.

No stage scene could be more spectacular than was the House of Representatives, as the rising sun gleamed through the skylight, mingling with the glare of the electric light, and producing a curious and somewhat ghastly tint on the weary faces of the men below. There are neither windows nor electric lights in the chamber, but all light filters through the glass roof. Dignity had been dissipated like the scraps of paper that littered the aisles, and men lounged in all sorts

of attitudes. Representative Moore was in the chair and Uncle Joe appeared at the right of the rostrum, standing erect and cool under the fire. A fresh carnation in his buttonhole, and his strongly-marked upper lip freshly shaven and his beard trimmed, the Speaker came forward scenting the battle. Representative Norris, coached by Representative Gardner, had scarcely left the floor, and his bloodshot eyes showed the strain while an unshaven chin was set with grim determination.

When the long night's vigil was over, soon after 7 A. M., the Speaker strolled into the chamber and stood beside the clerk's desk.

Representative Shackleford, of Missouri, rushed up the aisle shaking his fist at the Speaker, as he entered, and standing before the clerk's desk made a dramatic charge of anarchy, to which Representative Payne made a retort.

The early morning conference held across the corridor in the rooms of the Ways and Means Committee followed as the next act in the play. It was evident that Uncle Joe could not remain on the Committee of Rules. At the preliminary roll calls it was clear that two of the regulars had deserted, amid the groans of their colleagues. The final issue was reached on the Norris resolution. Representative Nye of Minnesota, brother of the famous Bill Nye, delivered a stirring appeal to his colleagues to stand by the regular party and the regular rules, under the banner that had floated over them when they enlisted.

"For forty years has Joseph G. Cannon done his duty beside us, and do you seek to sacrifice him now to make a Roman holiday?" he shouted with oratorical effect.

Champ Clark, leader of the Democratic forces, defined his party's position and that of the insurgents.

"This is not a fight against Joseph G. Cannon personally; it is a fight against a system; I think it is a bad system. It makes no difference to me that it is sanctioned by time. The present rules of the House give more power to the speaker than any one man ought to have over the destinies of this republic.

"We made up our minds, months ago, to work the revolution that we are now making. There is no use mincing words—it is a revolution. I will give no support to a resolution which does not remove the speaker from the committee on rules, and in this I speak for the Democrats and for the insurgents. You can't restore to the members of this House the power each member is entitled to without taking it away from the speaker, for he has had it all."

"If this experiment does not work it can be changed, for it has now been demonstrated that this House can do what it wants to when it makes up its mind to do it."

A cessation of hostilities occurred when a vote for recess until 4 P. M. was passed; the decision was brought about by the physical exhaustion of the members, and the necessity for having the air of the chamber changed and the floor cleaned. The janitors tried to accomplish this during the continuous session of twenty-nine hours, but without success.

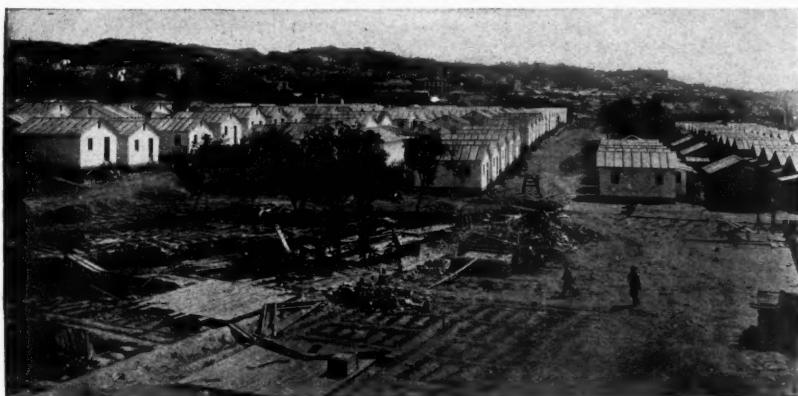
* * *

When the roll call on Friday afternoon revealed how the allied forces stood, Uncle Joe prepared his ruling, which was overruled by the vote of the House, and followed by the adoption of the Norris resolution which had been amended by reducing the

"From time to time heretofore the majority has become the minority, as in the present case, and from time to time hereafter the majority will become the minority. The country believes that the Republican party has a majority of forty-four in the House of Representatives at this time, yet such is not the case."

"The present Speaker of the House has, to the best of his ability and judgment, co-operated with the Republican party, and so far in the history of this Congress the Republican party in the House has been abolished by a small majority, when the test came, to legislate in conformity with the policies and the platform of the Republican party. Such action, of course, begot criticism—which the Speaker does not deprecate—on the part of the minority party."

"The Speaker cannot be unmindful of the fact, as evidenced by three previous elections to the Speakership, that in the past he has enjoyed the confidence of the Republican party of the country and of the Republican members of the House; but the assault upon the Speaker of the House by the minority, supplemented by the efforts of the so-called insurgents, shows that the Democratic minority, aided by a number of the so-called insurgents, constituting fifteen per cent of the majority party in the House, is now in the



ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE RELIEF BY AMERICAN RED CROSS (*See page 30*)

number of the committee on rules to ten instead of fifteen. Announcing that it was a "constitutional privilege of the House at any time to declare the Speaker's chair vacant," Uncle Joe carefully adjusted his steel-bowed spectacles, began his address, the climax of the thrilling congressional drama.

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:

"Actions, not words, determine the conduct and the sincerity of men in the affairs of life. This is a government by the people, acting through the representatives of a majority of the people.

"Results cannot be had except by a majority, and in the House of Representatives a majority, being responsible, should have full power and should exercise that power; otherwise the majority is inefficient and not performing its functions.

"The office of the minority is to put the majority on its good behavior, advocating in good faith the policies which it professes, ever ready to take advantage of the mistakes of the majority party, and appeal to the country for its vindication.

majority, and that the Speaker of the House is not in harmony with the actual majority of the House as evidenced by the vote just taken.

"There are two courses open for the Speaker to pursue: "One is to resign and permit the new combination of Democrats and insurgents to choose a speaker in harmony with its aims and purposes. The other is for that combination to declare a vacancy in the office of speaker and proceed to the election of a new speaker.

"After consideration, at this stage of the session of the House, with much of important legislation pending involving the pledges of the Republican platform and their crystallization into law, believing that his resignation might consume weeks of time in the reorganization of the House, the Speaker, being in harmony with Republican policies and desirous of carrying them out, declines by his own motion to precipitate a contest upon the House in the election of a new speaker, a contest that might greatly endanger the final passage of all legislation necessary to redeem Republican pledges and fulfill Republican promises.

"This is one reason why the Speaker does not resign at once, and another reason is this:

"In the judgment of the present Speaker a resignation is in and of itself a confession of weakness or mistake or an apology for past actions. The Speaker is not conscious of having done any political wrong. The same rules are in

force in this House that have been in force for two decades.

"The Speaker has construed the rules as he found them and as they have been construed by previous speakers from Thomas B. Reed's incumbency down to the present time.

"Heretofore, the speaker has been a member of the Committee on Rules covering a period of sixty years, and the present Speaker has neither sought new power, nor has he unjustly used that already conferred upon him.

"There has been much talk on the part of the minority and the insurgents of the 'czarism' of the Speaker, culminating in the action taken today. The real truth is that there is no coherent Republican majority in the House of Representatives. Therefore, the real majority ought to have the courage of its convictions and logically meet the situation that confronts it.

"The Speaker does now believe and always has believed that this is a government through parties, and that parties can only rule through majorities. The Speaker has always believed in and bowed to the will of the majority in convention, in caucus, and in the legislative hall, and today profoundly believes that to act otherwise is to disorganize parties, is to prevent coherent action in any legislative body, is to make impossible the reflection of the wishes of the people in statutes and in laws.

"The Speaker has always said that, under the Constitution it is a question of the highest privilege for an actual majority of the House at any time to choose a new Speaker and again notifies the House that the Speaker will at this moment, or at any other time while he remains Speaker, entertain, in conformity with the highest constitutional privilege a motion by any member to vacate the office of the Speakership and choose a new Speaker, and, under existing conditions, would welcome such action upon the part of the actual majority of the House, so that power and responsibility may rest with the Democratic and insurgent members, who, by the last vote, evidently constitute a majority of this House.

"The Chair is now ready to entertain such motion."

When he had finished reading the regulars jumped to their feet, almost as one man, an indication that the demarkation of political lines remains, and that those who thought them gone "did but dream." Amid Republican howls the insurgents, who held the balance of power, sat grimly in their seats.

Uncle Joe threw down the gauntlet boldly, with a wave of his left hand in which he held the sheaf of fluttering pages from which he had just read. Representative Burleson then made a quick dash down the aisle, bent on accepting the challenge and ousting the Speaker from the chair at once. Some of his colleagues tried to persuade him to desist from his hasty acceptance of the proposal. Representative Sherley with white lips followed him to the clerk's desk, trying to save him from making what he thought a tactical party blunder. The familiar roll call echoed down the chamber, and as the voice of the clerk uttered the names it was evident from a study of the faces that this time party lines were forming. A larger majority than he had received when he first sat in the Speaker's chair of the Sixty-first Congress proved that the House differentiated between the man Joe Cannon and

"Cannonism." Clearly the war was against an established system that had aroused insurgent ire.

The most acute situation on roll calls was when the motion was made declaring the Speaker's chair vacant. As the roll call proceeded, the names of insurgents were checked off. Even Representative Norris declined to go the lengths desired by his Democratic allies. Jeers and cheers were the order of the hour, depending on how an insurgent's vote was cast. A smile lit the face of the clerk as the Speaker pro tem looked up to announce that the "ayes are 155 and the noes 191," on the motion to oust Uncle Joe from the chair. Then the Old Guard was on its feet, tossing hats in the air and shouting. It was a revival of the old-time political enthusiasm and the cheers and slaps on the back among the members sounded like a fire of gatling guns. The tumult increased when two members unfurled a big American flag and marched up the center aisle. "Dear Uncle Joe" was sung to the tune of a popular air.

* * *

President Taft was out of the city and all official Washington had fixed its gaze upon the House during those days. There were no congressional calls to pay at the White House at that time, and the department work and the doings of the investigation tribunals and committees languished for lack of attendance. Mrs. Taft was an interested spectator in the executive gallery on Friday, and each day brought its own quota of distinguished visitors. After the session was over the members remained to chat over the strenuous conflict. A Canadian editor sitting near me remarked:

"You seem to have no real government. How remarkable that you Americans so quickly come together laughing and talking over matters after such revolutionary and bitter disputes. Does a majority mean a vote of confidence in this country? It's all so jolly mixed, you know, like your insidious cocktail, I daresay."

In that final curtain scene was no trace of bloodthirsty animosity, only the excitement that succeeds a family quarrel, which every member knew might come, but felt sure would be adjusted without disruption of the kindly ties which bound them within "the blessed wreath of household charities."

ONE of the most important services under the Post Office Department is the rural free delivery, in which Fourth Assistant Postmaster General P. V. De Graw has made an enviable record. He states concisely:

"Rural delivery, which has become an indispensable adjunct to the most numerous class of American life and largest share of industrial activity, has not only during the past official year made notable advance in usefulness and efficiency, but taken a long stride toward a thoroughly practical and economical working basis. . . . The number of petitions for rural delivery service filed during the past fiscal year aggregated 3,376, a decrease of 688 from the previous year. On June 30, 1909, the service was in operation on 40,628 routes, with 40,499 carriers. During the year 1,415 new routes were established."

In the work of the past year the rural carriers delivered approximately 1,321,380 packages or letters registered, and 464,154,856 letters of the ordinary kind, being an increase of over 221,000,000 over the year 1905. The rage for circulars continues, the excess of one-cent mail over letters and newspapers being a snug billion and over.

The figures show that rural free delivery has increased not only the amount of mail handled, but the revenues of the Postal Service. Although forty-five per cent of mail on rural routes is second-class matter, the increase applies also and especially to letters and postal cards, including souvenir or picture post cards. On thirty-five routes the value of the stamps on mail collected for the quarter ending May 31, 1909, exceeded two hundred dollars, and on twenty-four routes this item exceeded the carrier's salary. The average cost of the service per route per month at this time is \$72.17.

The equipment of a rural carrier suitable to convey the mail as required by law remains, as in previous years, a wagon or buggy which will accommodate from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds of mail. The average weight of rural mail per trip is estimated at twenty-five pounds, except in a few instances, where the average daily weight is fifty pounds.

Mr. De Graw dilates on the advantages of the extension of rural telephone lines, and deplores the fact that the population in country places cannot have the advantage of ordering merchandise over the wires. As

the only way of ordering goods and the delivery of light parcels at present is by the rural carriers who daily pass their homes, and the present rates of postage make this way prohibitive for most of those living along the rural routes, the Fourth Assistant Postmaster renews his recommendation that the Postmaster-General "be authorized to arrange, experimentally, for a limited period,



"The mail comes now to his own front gate"

for the delivery of packages on rural routes at such rates as may seem expedient, the result of the experiment to be reported to Congress as speedily as possible after the expiration of the experimental period."

A feature of great importance in connection with this work is the remarkable improvement of the roads traversed by rural carriers, "much of which has been accomplished through the active interest of the department, which has been stimulated by postmasters and rural carriers."

It is gratifying to learn that the efforts of the department have effected a large decrease in the matter consigned to the division of dead letters, though it received in unclaimed letters cash to the amount of \$59,078, while the drafts, checks and money orders showed a total of over two million dollars. Eight millions of post cards were destroyed without record, and dead-letter sales of merchandise, loose cash in the mails

expected that they will bloom in Washington this spring and present a glory of color never before witnessed at the national Capital. They are placed along the river bank drive and in Potomac Park in lines of two for a distance of three miles. To those who have visited the Flowery Kingdom it will suggest the Imperial Gardens in Japan, where these beautiful trees bloom every spring and mark one of the most famous beauty spots of the kingdom.

Mrs. Taft is credited with being responsible for this generous gift from the Emperor of Japan. During her visit to that country she expressed her delight in the trees and her desire to purchase some of them to transplant to United States soil. Miss Skidman of Washington has been very active in introducing Japanese trees into this country. When the Potomac bank glows with the bright red and pure white of millions of cherry blossoms, it will doubtless serve as a continuous reminder, three miles long, of the cherry tree which figured so largely in the boyhood history of the Father of his Country.

* * *

IN Statuary Hall at the Capitol a late addition awakens popular interest. It represents General Lew Wallace, the celebrated patriot, statesman, diplomat and author, and all who knew him or of him are delighted to see his statue in the national hall of fame at Washington, garbed in the full uniform of a general with the coat blown about as if by the terrific winds that swept across some hard-fought battlefield. The statue is the work of Andrew O'Connor of Paris. At the dedicatory ceremonies Lew Wallace, a grandson of the celebrated general, was present.

Those who had the pleasure of meeting General Wallace only in his later years cannot conceive of him as chiefly famous for his military achievements. Never can I forget an evening in his apartments at Indianapolis, when among his books he looked far more the author than the soldier. In the library at his home in Crawfordsville were many of those great works of reference which indicated careful and accurate study in the preparation of his famous novels, "Ben Hur" and "Prince of India." The former book was first given to the public through the intuition of a woman, the wife of James



Statue of General Lew Wallace in Statuary Hall

and currency received for postage amounted to \$29,234. Special instruction in properly addressing postal matter, etc., is now being given in schools all over the country, with a view to eliminating this tremendous loss in the future.

* * *

IT was significant that the three special cars bearing 2,000 Japanese cherry trees arrived in Washington just in time for Washington's Birthday. They were accompanied by a special agent sent from Japan, and every tree had been carefully selected as though intended for the imperial gardens of the Emperor of Japan. It is

Harper, who persisted in saying that "Ben Hur"—which had been submitted in manuscript form—was bound to become popular. "If you never print another book," she said, "print 'Ben Hur.'"

At the start it did not prove one of the best sellers, but soon edition after edition was required to meet the growing demand. The dramatization of this story was one of the most popular book plays ever put upon the stage.

A large part of the manuscript was prepared by General Wallace in the old government quarters at Santa Fe. Surrounded by the great yellow wastes of our semi-tropical deserts, he could well imagine himself amid the scenes of Palestine. The home of General Wallace at Crawfordsville, set amid groups of stately trees, was for many years the Mecca of literary Hoosierdom. The library, in a separate building, thoroughly fireproof, was fitted with every convenience for getting at works of reference. The building also contained a rare collection of curios which their owner had acquired during his residence abroad as ambassador at Constantinople. A social and benevolent order known as "The Tribe of Ben Hur" has its headquarters near the late home of the distinguished author, than whom few have done more to perpetuate the glory of Indiana.

* * *

MANY fathers and mothers take their children to visit Washington to see for themselves the great buildings and institutions, and at least get the "atmosphere" of men in charge of the important affairs of the nation. This recalls an old custom in Rome. When a boy had reached his seventeenth year, he was christened with a given name, and on that day he exchanged his boy's garment for the *toga virilis*. It was a day of great importance to the family, and the blessing of the gods was invoked as the young Roman was accompanied to the forum, where the praetor waited to receive him. Here he was given the vestment of a man, with admonishments appropriate to his change from childish things to a man's responsibilities. Here he listened to a recital of the virtues and deeds of his ancestors, and participated in impressive ceremonies.

Thereafter he was no longer merely a member of the family, but was besides a citi-

zen of Rome where "to be a Roman was to be a King."

In the same spirit our American young people are taken to Washington and other points of historic interest, that they may be impressed with the virtues and patriotism that form the ideality and lofty citizenship upon which the Republic has been founded. It is often then that the boyish garb, the *toga praetexta*, is exchanged for the dress of an American gentleman, the *toga virilis*. Though no additional name be now given, and the boy will not receive any impressive title in addition to the one breathed by his mother's prayers, he will probably have the dignity of his first "man's suit" to match his sister's



"Many fathers take their children to visit Washington"

first "tailor-made costume." It is a proud moment for him when he struts out in his first "long trousers," and feels that at last he is attired like the men of affairs—in fact wearing clothes very similar to those that adorn the President and the prominent men of the nation's forum.

* * *

HE was pounding the table with his fists and trying to tell a young man how to get on in the world, while the latter looked furtively down at his boots, and thinking that he was not getting much information, he hinted as much to his adviser.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "here it is in a nutshell—you look me right between the eyes—don't stare at my right nor yet at my left, but give me the 'central gaze'—look at the little bridge that runs between my eyes, and I shall feel that you

are reading my very soul. That's right—now go out and see how it works.

"Success, my boy, success awaits you," and he pounded the desk again. "You want to pound at the world just as I am pounding on this desk. Darned good furniture Uncle Sam supplies, or it would not stand my thumps," added the Senator.

So the young man went out and tried the central gaze on one of the Capitol guides, but secured no very remarkable results. Then he tried it on the policeman standing by, just as an experiment before going out to seek a position. The guardian of the peace cast on him a suspicious eye, and quietly followed him a little distance along



"The policeman touched his forehead significantly as he met the eye of the politician"

the street, where the novice tried the "gaze" on a passing official, who shrank back a little. The policeman touched his forehead significantly as he met the eye of the politician, and that gentleman nodded, and the young gazer was promptly arrested until it could be decided whether he was an escaped lunatic or a burglar hunting a job.

Some days after he reported his experience with the "central gaze" to the Senator.

"It didn't work, Senator, it didn't work well at all. I looked them all square between the eyes, right on the bridge where your glasses roost, and everyone of them had a worse opinion of me than the one I had gazed at before. The guide thought I was a fool, the policeman thought me a lunatic and the government official believed me to be a burglar. That central gaze,"

he said sadly, "has a back action movement, and I am going to stare straight into everyone's right eye in future."

* * *

A CONGRESSIONAL leader gave me a list of the prominent subjects for legislation during the present session of Congress. It included conservation of national resources and the restriction of the monopoly of water power by powerful combinations; the reform of mineral land laws, so that government may retain ownership of mineral wealth under a system of royalties, and a campaign to investigate delays in federal courts and provide a system of procedure which will expedite the legislation. There will also be some measures taken against the boycott and for the regulation of issuing injunctions in disputes between employers and employees. A plan for development of a system of internal waterways is looked for, from which will arise an adjustment of the needs of traffic in a way not open to congressional influence. The development of the American merchant marine and the extension of a direct service to South American countries are also booked. The anti-trust legislation crystalizes in strengthening the old Sherman law, and the authority of interstate commerce commissions to regulate the issue of railroad securities and bonds is anticipated.

The income tax and sections of the tariff law are to be considered, while the reorganization of the bureau system of the navy is by no means the least important item. Next comes the investigation of the sugar trust frauds and other corporations dealing directly with the government through tariff measures. The importation of laborers under the contract system is another vexed question.

The present House of Representatives has only five contested seats to pass upon so that the main work of the present session of Congress will be transacted along the lines as summarized by the veteran congressman, with pencil and pad on the desk before him, for now each congressman and senator has notations every day on his desk of the important things upon which he must concentrate attention, and these notes if gathered

together would practically cover all important questions likely to be acted upon at the present session.

* * *

A POPULAR consumers' league has been formed to make the food trusts ineffective; it is called the National Anti-Trust League, and a congress was held in Washington for the purpose of organizing to fight high prices in the necessities of life. A similar organization was launched in Germany some years ago, because of the high price of coffee. An immense membership abstained from buying any coffee for one day all over the empire, which at once brought a visible decrease in the price.

In plain words this is another form of the boycott movement, which may be used for good or evil purposes, and is now being utilized to regulate the law of supply and demand in real earnest. This national propaganda has been organized charging a nominal fee for membership, with the understanding that the primary procedure is to force the trusts to reduce exorbitant prices by force of regulating "demand." Members will be notified that on a certain day they are to discontinue buying a given high-priced article and in this way they believe that the most stubborn and grasping trusts can be brought to reason. Students of the proposition wonder how it will be considered in view of the recent decisions against Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison in the famous labor cases. To the New England mind the new association has a flavor of the agreements that culminated in the famous Boston Tea Party, and shows a like determination to beat the trusts with their own weapons.

* * *

A PROFOUND observer of all that promises to better the condition of the people at large has reached the conclusion that, with all due respect to the American woman, her extravagance is causing more difficulties than she realizes in her unconscious pursuit of pleasure and admiration. The fact has been established that the average American woman spends almost twice as much on her clothing as is laid out by the average man. There is a possibility of a man's wearing out his clothes, but apparently only the very poor woman is permitted to do this.

The value of good materials is lost, because, on account of the constant change of styles, the garment must be laid aside before it is half worn out. Hence comes the question: "Does the average wife stop to think of the harassment and the almost desperation of the man who finds himself unable to provide for the wishes of his home folks?"

It may not often be expressed in so many words, but more money worries arise from extravagance in clothing than from any other article brought into the home. The whims of women drive many a man almost to despair, and to them may be credited many suicides, many failures in business,



"The whims of women drive many a man to despair."

and many a hopeless failure of what might have been a brilliant career. The frugality common among the women of other nations is seldom discoverable among American young girls, especially those dwelling in cities. True, they earn good pay, but quite as commonly every penny goes into clothing. There are cases, in strong contrast to these, where the daughters of the family are actually supporting brothers and fathers and even husbands by going out daily to work! It will be admitted that it is not surprising if the modern young man hesitates to found a home on the whims and extravagant tastes of the attractive, dressy young woman who represents "the girl." Fashion is the tyrant to whom most womankind bows—suffrage or no suffrage.

THE flight of the feather duster is one of the pathetic tales which is absorbing the attention of scientists. Come to think of it, the sudden banishment of those germ-laden, dust-soaked bunches of feathers has been very sweeping, so to speak. Something which absorbs dust is now used, because the graceful flicking of dust from spot to spot by a masculine hand, armed with a trusty feather duster, is considered unhygienic. It has been whispered that the "flight of the feather duster" and the entrance of women into business offices were simultaneous; it seems that woman is the natural enemy of the gentle feather duster; she insists, strange to say, on having



"The flight of the feather duster"

a cloth that will *hold* the dust. What ordinary man would think of a duster to hold dust? One that later might be washed clean and dried? Oh, the finality of neatness that women can give to a business office!

In some offices the same artistic relationships and affects appear that housewifery puts on things at home, while in others the women clerks and stenographers, while arrayed like the Queen of Sheba for glory and beauty, neglect the humble dust rag, not even deigning an acquaintance. Women clerks who are fashionably gowned seldom give the same attention to "office-keeping" that is paid to their parlor at home. Business men, like others of their sex, may "love with the eye rather than the ear," but they are beginning to shy at employing the fashion-plate stenographer, when a vision of dusty desks and

bedraggled typewriters lurks behind her picture hat and ostrich plumes.

In the meantime the office poet is engaged in fingering out lines that would make a fitting ode on the "Flight of the Feather Duster," while he dreams of sometime writing a great epic on the "blue-black eagle feather that fell from heights above."

* * *

THE year 1910 promises to witness a veritable constellation of congresses within a congress at Washington—the congress of mothers, congress of nurses, congress of governors, of national editors, of sugar, of leather, of steel interests—the country is going to be pretty well congressed, it would seem. By having a convention in Washington, the various organizations believe that they will be more nearly in touch with the real Congress, which still has secure rights under the Constitution.

A man who had not been in Washington for many years on arriving to attend one of these congresses made a careful investigation to discover old scenes and former friends.

"I'll be doggoned, but it seems to me that everything is changed. All my old friends are in back seats, and the front rank of officialdom is filled with strange faces."

Senators and congressmen change in the regular routine, while the various administrations mean a new lot of recruits for "the back seats." The same old gentleman observed, after he had studied the situation:

"If the men keep going up and down there is less likelihood of there being anything approaching nepotism in Washington. After all it is a good thing the political stars are not fixed luminaries but move to and fro with the biennial and quadrennial election."

* * *

SIMPLIFIED spelling received a shock at the hands of one of its known friends quite recently in Washington. Senator Page had been receiving extraordinary letters, typewritten, from a friend of his boyhood whom he knew to be an excellent speller because he had often spelled down the entire class at "spelling school" and remained alone on the floor, the hero of the hour. The gentleman was of a literary turn of mind and had betaken himself to an isolated mountain

resort, to finish an important piece of work on which he was engaged. One morning the senator received a letter which he described as "the limit." It began:

"I din'j wish ji wirry yiu, but kan'j yiu niij prikure fir me ine if thise ild Lajin biiks?"

The spelling in the rest of the letter was equally peculiar, and abounded in j's and k's. The Senator sat down and wrote:

"What on earth is the matter with you, Tom? Send me a letter even in your own handwriting and perhaps I shall know what you want, and be able to get it for you."

By the next mail came the answer to this request, explaining in handwriting that there was but one typewriter to be found in that part of the backwoods, and that the writer had used it so much the letters o and t and c had dropped off and could not be found. He thought by using k and j constantly he would devise a system which would be intelligible until he could get the old machine repaired.

* * *

WHENEVER I enter the rather dismal quarters of the Census Bureau, I am reminded of the many splendid buildings that were temporarily erected for the various expositions, which have epitomized and illustrated the resources and progress of the Republic, for in this building have been focussed the most important and vigorous operations conducted by Uncle Sam for the current year. The Director of the Census, Mr. Edward Dana Durand, is a native of Michigan and was formerly legislative librarian of the New York Library and an instructor at the Hartford and Leland Stanford universities. He has also had considerable practical experience in electric and street railroad construction, so that when he gathered up the threads of the department of Commerce and Labor, he had unconsciously fitted himself for the varied duties and considerations incident to the directorship of the Census.

A great battery of tabulating machines, constructed under government supervision, will be brought into active service during the present year. Surveying this unpretentious low, one-story brick building, it is difficult to realize that within it will be enumerated every man, woman and child of the ninety millions of people who populate the United States; or that this mass of collated information will furnish a practical basis and system

for the calculations as to future revenues for the government.

Of course, the basis of all government statistics is population, for of what avail would all these statistics be unless reduced to the magical per capita equation?

* * *

DURING the winter session, stories of the summer vacation time come to light. One of these was recently told of a young writer who applied for board at a farm close to a hotel where his friend, who was a congressman, was staying. He hailed the farmer across a five-barred gate:

"I am a writer and am anxious to get some local color for a piece of work I am doing,



"Dialect will be two dollars extra"

I don't care to stay at the hotel. How much will you charge for board?"

"Well, if you just want board and room it will be ten dollars a week, but if you must have us talk dialect to you, it will be two dollars extra."

The congressman said his friend decided that two dollars worth of dialect would be of no especial advantage to his new novel.

* * *

GIVING over even a few of the old reports of the Department of Commerce and Labor, some slight idea is obtained of the flood of varied and valuable information which they disseminate. An irate caller complained that he had been swindled along a certain line, and at once he received a tract written from Dunfermline, Scotland, exposing frauds perpetrated on American tourists, who browse through Europe paying high prices for articles which they believed to be

genuine and priceless antiques, and valuable relics of an older time. Snuff and patch boxes collected extensively by Americans are often the work of industrious copyists. There are headquarters in Dresden and other cities for the manufacture of such imitation articles as are chiefly attractive to unwary American tourists. Bronzes and other antiques are cleverly imitated, and it is often difficult to tell the spurious from the true. Those who have opportunity to know regarding such matters state that there are very few genuine old bronze and brass antiques found upon the markets, because those who have such heirlooms know them to be



"American tourists and collectors often purchase spurious antiques"

genuine, and will not part with them; if forced by poverty to do so, there are always collectors who eagerly watch for genuine articles and are ready to pay the price. Such curios are not often to be found by the ordinary tourist, despite the mysteriously marked articles offered, purporting to be antique Chinese, ancient Flemish, early English, etc. In many instances the trademarks and manufacturers' stamps prove absolute forgeries. A system of written guarantees has been evolved by the English courts, by which the sale of spurious antiques has been traced, and the seller is held responsible. Evidence obtained in this and other channels show that Cromwellian coins are sold from ten to fifteen times their face value. Skilfully counterfeited old English silver and other coins have been found by an expert in the

valued collections of ambitious Americans. Pewter, admiration for which did not assert itself until long after the household pewter had found its way to the melting pot, is frequently spurious. The manufacture of antique Chippendale is another trade which goes industriously on today; old chests and cabinets, Queen Anne furniture, carefully given a time-worn aspect, have been a source of revenue to many a modern manufacturer of "antiques" for the American tourist trade. Even portraits of ancestors, with paint cracked and dimmed apparently with age, are in many cases found to be mere copies and not genuine relics. Grandfather's clocks often possess the incongruity of a modern dial plate and the maker's name at the top, set in a case which is patched and apparently very old. There are "grandfather's chaises" equally apocryphal and many violins bearing the magic name of Stradivarius, which that good man would have split into kindling wood if made in his shop. Armor may be bought bearing all the earmarks of age in rust and dints, which are described as having been made in certain battles.

Many an American consul in Europe reports that he has had more trouble over such sales of spurious antiques than through any of the intricate international problems which are popularly supposed to occupy the time and attention of our American representatives.

* * *

EVERY year witnesses a large increase in cement construction all over the country. Reliable statistics in regard to this are being gathered at Washington. Thousands of fire traps exist today in large cities, which will sometime inevitably result in the loss of millions of dollars' worth of property, and a terrible holocaust of human life. "Most of the villages are merely a collection of fire traps," is the assertion of Richard L. Humphrey, President of the National Association of Cement Users. He regards it as a crime to have a public meeting in a building not fireproof, and believes there should be a law to that effect. Usually attention is not called to the dangerous condition of a building until some great catastrophe occurs. It is generally agreed that American cities have, on the whole, the best fire departments in the world, but it is equally well known that loss by fire is far

greater in this country than elsewhere, owing to the careless way in which buildings are erected and filled with inflammable materials. It is strange that the American people, who are usually quick to invent something which meets a public need, have been so slow about understanding the necessity of prevention rather than cure where fire protection is concerned.

Under direction of the government, an experiment has been made to find out the best materials for public buildings, which represents a government building investment of over forty millions. Uncle Sam does not insure his buildings, and plans to adopt the most profitable insurance that can be provided, namely, proper construction. The possibility of fire will now be considered before foundations are laid, rather than over the smouldering ashes of what was once a handsome public building. The cement enthusiasts are making great progress, and hardly a town or village exists in the United States today which does not number them among its citizens.

* * *

SEATED high in the Speaker's chair, the glaring searchlight of publicity focussed upon him, "Uncle Joe" Cannon has been bombarded with more abuse than any other public man during the year. Yet ask what "Cannonism" means, and the listener is puzzled to give a clear definition. In many instances, personal pique seems to have been the cause of the onslaught on "Uncle Joe." In the speaker's room, across the corridor of the House of Representatives, the veteran may be seen in the recesses and after adjournments of the House, the very embodiment of that energy and aggressiveness which have characterized his public career. Many times have I watched him thus or in the thick of a fight; I can think of no man in public office today who so completely enjoys the loyal and loving enthusiasm of those who really know him and his work. He is blunt and brusque, and will persist in stepping on toes that get in the way; but for forty years he has mounted guard over public funds with an unswerving honesty and unimpeachable integrity that have commanded the respect of even his bitterest enemies. When chairman of the House Committee, he repulsed many an insidious onslaught on those

immense annual appropriations that offered rich opportunities for graft. "Uncle Joe" possesses a legislative record of which any statesman might well be proud, and a long roll of enemies of which he need not be ashamed.

There he sits, a plain, genial, whole-souled man, taking breath between incessant interviews, with the air of one entirely at peace with his conscience. Instead of that stern malicious face seen in his caricatures, one sees a pair of twinkling blue eyes, an unwrinkled face, whose smooth-shaven, broad upper lip, both humorous and Lincolnesque,



"There he sits, a plain, genial, whole-souled man"

suggests the courage of the great President in those trying days when he was the target for undeserved abuse.

"What do you think of 'Uncle Joe' Cannon?" I asked a friend living remote from Washington.

"A big blusterer, going around with a cigar in his mouth, an arbitrary and irresponsible old dictator who throws all the work over on other people."

"Big" he certainly is, and outspoken even to brusqueness. Long after the present agitation has passed, "Uncle Joe" Cannon will be chronicled in history as one of the greatest speakers who ever wielded the gavel. An old-time American statesman, he

is the product of a sterner period, whose literature was the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress and Shakespeare; of a day in which the sensational editorial, the alleged humor of the comic paper, the frothy magazine story and the social problem novel were not.

When Speaker Cannon was a young man it was essential that he should think for himself and form his own opinions. It was not then possible to go to a "thought counter,"



"The American nation is all right"

so to speak, and purchase his views and convictions "ready made" at "bargain prices," something to fit every type of intellect. Those who have been educated wholly on "ready-cooked," "tinned" and "pre-digested" mental diet, may possibly find it difficult to understand the powerful digestion of a mind like that of Speaker Cannon, who has seen many "isms" come and go, and "sits calm on tumult's wheel," content that his reputation shall be tried out in the crucible of the future. Speaking of the present storm of criticism, a smile begins at the corners of "Uncle Joe's" mouth,

irradiates his face and lingers long in his eyes, as he remarks:

"What are you going to do about it? Here are the recorded facts, that speak for themselves. While we are bound to the wheel of life we must, like Sisyphus, keep it rolling to the best of our ability, even though at times it runs over a few sensitive corns on the toes of our neighbors."

Putting on his spectacles, he continues his work with an occasional pertinent comment. Leaning back in his chair for a moment he observes that the high cost of living is, to some extent, a psychological condition, peculiar to the mental attitude of an individual at a given time.

"When I am in a hurry for breakfast, I go to a little lunch counter on the corner, get an egg sandwich and a cup of coffee for ten cents and effect an immense saving of time. At the hotel, when I choose, I can spend a dollar for breakfast, twenty-five cents for a tip, and consume an entire hour in breakfasting.

"All outlay is a matter of individual preference—I have several suits of clothes; the cloth for each one probably cost about \$7.50, though the suits were \$40 each—now I am well pleased to let the balance of my outlay go to benefit American labor, for I believe that no greater blessing can be given to any country than to keep everyone busy at useful work. That's what makes good times; mischief-makers, I notice, are never in sympathy with the propaganda of more work."

When insurgency was spoken of, "Uncle Joe" arose and swiftly crossed the room. Leaning over the back of a chair, with his cheery smile, he made a picture which it would be well for his enemies to see.

"Why, I have no quarrel with the insurgents. The boys mean all right, but they don't want to play the game according to the rules, which contemplate that the majority must govern; we must abide by some decree of organization. The speaker of every state legislature has his powers defined as precisely as are those of the speaker of the House.

"Prosperity is here; there are more people continually employed at good wages and wholesome work than ever before. Compare the aggregate of salaries and wages paid under the protective tariff with the totals of the

increased cost of living and note the fact that it contrasts admirably with even 'the good old times' when prices and wages were alike low and work was comparatively scarce. I can remember further back than most of you; and I would suggest that in contemplating public welfare the aggregate be considered, rather than isolated cases. Any abnormal rise, carrying prices beyond the legitimate margin of supply and demand, cannot stand and will not be tolerated for long.

"Some people will always complain. Gnats and lice are not all dead yet—the gnats indicate that a nearby swamp needs draining, and the lice show that the horse must be carefully curried and have plenty of fresh air."

An unbiased observer, meeting Speaker Cannon, instantly recognizes in him a man of clear and conscientious convictions, doing his duty to the best of his ability and possessing a record that enables him to look his enemies straight in the face. With his big cigar tilted aloft, it is true that he makes good copy for the cartoonist. Regardless of the fact that he is the broad target for the shafts aimed by a host of opponents, with his great brown left hand he continues to sign papers, and makes comments that indicate his wonderful grasp on the history of congressional procedure. With his keen sense of humor ever on the alert, he is fully aware that some of the barbed arrows have come from ambitious young statesmen, who feel that the surest way to attract attention to themselves is to "kick hard" about something. If a good "kick" will bring them into the limelight, they will not sit in the shadows cast by prominent men; if an attack on some public character serves the purpose, and if that man happens to be Speaker Cannon—so be it. As "Uncle Joe" serenely observes:

"It is really more interesting to have the water ruffled by these little squalls, than to sail on too placid a sea."

"The American nation is all right, it will never long tolerate an unjust tyranny, whether it emanates from the lips of George the Third or from agitators who seek to enlist noble passions in an ignoble cause. Yes, siree, this country is all right, whether it wants Joe Cannon or anyone else for Speaker. I have an unshaken and abiding faith in

our people, and I know that they will eventually do full justice to every man who renders them conscientious service."

If the nation could realize what these long years of public service rendered by the veteran from Danville have meant to the United States, every honest American would regret that he has permitted his tongue or pen to make thoughtless, unworthy and unprovoked assaults upon a man occupying a position whose power and authority are second only to those held by the President of the United States and whose mistakes, if any, have been due to party loyalty and sincerity of conviction and purpose.

* * *

FRIENTS on entering public or business life together often develop into the bitterest foes. When one reads the history of the great political feuds of the past, it is often difficult to distinguish between the views of the two opposing parties, or to see just why the difference arose, unless the personal feud phase is followed.

Among the curious facts brought to light along this line is the record made by the late E. H. Harriman, who, on being asked to give a written answer to the question, "Who is your most intimate friend?" wrote with a firm hand, "Stuyvesant Fish," the very man whom he afterward ousted from control in the Illinois Central Railroad, and who became, perhaps, his bitterest foe during the later years of his life.

* * *

IN the upheaval precipitated by one of the chiefs of the Library of Congress, in a report as to whether "Dixie" or "Yankee Doodle" is the more popular, it has appeared that both songs have their partisans. These songs were sent in by nearly the same number of people when the collection of music for "Heart Songs" was being made. Abraham Lincoln remarked, after one of the Union victories when "Dixie" was being played by the band, that he loved to hear the song, because it was one means of capturing the Confederates and winning their hearts for the Union.

"Yankee Doodle" will always be associated with old colonial days, but "Dixie" in the soft moonlight of a Southern night has about it a witchery which is irresistible.

How it Happened

by
Fannie C.
Griffing

DR. REYNOLDS had lived among us for nearly a year before his wife came to take possession of the pretty little cottage which awaited her. The unmarried among the gentler sex had learned with regret that the doctor was mated, for he was not only handsome and distinguished looking, but a fine physician, and soon became exceedingly popular. When, therefore, it was announced that Mrs. Reynolds had at last arrived, naturally we were all on the *qui vive* to see her.

The first time she appeared at church, after her arrival, the eyes of every person present were turned toward her, and rested there, in wonder and amazement.

Young, she could not have been more than twenty-five, and unusually beautiful she certainly was, but what riveted every eye upon her was the rippling mass of snowy hair which crowned her youthful brow. With eyes of darkest, most brilliant blue, and complexion soft and fair as a child's, with the loveliest bloom on lips and cheek, the contrast between them and the snowy tresses was absolutely dazzling.

Wonder and speculation was rife among all who saw her, and it is safe to say that the doctor's strangely beautiful wife formed the subject of discussion in every household that day, and for many succeeding ones.

Was it natural, or caused by illness or some sudden shock, this wonderfully youthful white hair? But the days passed, and brought no solution of the mystery. Questions remained unanswered and curiosity ungratified, for the doctor never alluded to the subject, and she, although charmingly unaffected in manner and evidently social by nature, had yet a quiet dignity and delicate reserve that forbade familiar and curious questioning.

The doctor's little cottage was but a short distance from my old-fashioned home, and I was soon on the most friendly terms with its charming mistress.

From the first I had been strongly drawn toward her, our ages being about the same, although she was matron, and I a maid.

But although we in time became quite intimate, and I had the strongest desire to know the cause of her snowy locks, I could never bring myself to question her. Instinctively I knew that she must be aware of my feeling on the subject and that, if she wished me to know, she would tell me in time. And in this I was not mistaken, as time proved.

On a beautiful afternoon, bright with sunshine and musical with the song of birds, I was seized with a desire for my new friend's companionship, and yielding to the impulse, I ran across to the doctor's pretty cottage.

The little parlor, bright with flowers and deliciously cool, was empty, and I unceremoniously seated myself to await the entrance of its charming mistress.

When she appeared, a few moments later, I could not repress an exclamation of delight and admiration. In pure white, even to her dainty slippers, and with a single half blown rose of palest pink nestling in the snowy masses of hair, rolled high above her brow *a la Pompadour*, she resembled some dainty powdered dame of Colonial days more than a being of this prosaic age.

"O Helen!" I exclaimed impulsively. "How lovely you look! You might be masquerading as 'the snow queen' or some beauty of Marie Antoinette's court!"

"Don't flatter!" she smiled. "My hair is really white, not powdered. Yes, white, but not with years, for it grew white in a single night, as men's have grown from sudden fears!"

"I didn't mean—" I stammered, overwhelmed with the realization that I had unwittingly drawn attention to the tabooed subject.

"I know you didn't allude to my bleached locks, dear," still smiling, she replied. "And for that very reason,—because you have never by word or deed betrayed your very natural curiosity as to the cause of a woman of my age having such a head of hair, I elect to tell you how I happen to have snowy tresses at twenty-five, my present age!"

"I have wondered of course and knew you'd tell me if you wished me to know—" I began.

"It is a painful subject, of which I never speak and seldom think," and with a graceful movement she sank beside me on the sofa.

"The mood is on me now, however," she continued, "so I'll recount for your benefit, little one, the most terrible experience of my otherwise happy life, which changed my raven locks to snowy whiteness!"

"If it pains you—" I began, but she shook her head.

"Of course we know that it excites curiosity and comment," she continued. "But we never speak of it, my husband and I, in hopes that I will forget it, but *that* is impossible.

"When we were married, a few years ago, my husband proposed that we include in our wedding trip a visit to his brother's Western ranch. I was delighted with the idea, and so, after visiting various other places, we turned our faces westward, little dreaming how momentous the journey was destined to prove. Dusk was falling over the darkening prairies, when the train rolled into the little town from which we were to proceed to the ranch by buckboard. It had been a long journey, and I was greatly fatigued, and overjoyed to leave the train. The dreary little station was crowded with strange, rough-looking men, who were talking and gesticulating excitedly. As quickly as possible, my husband hurried me through the throng and to the nearest hotel.

"It was a large, rambling building, and after securing a room we went at once to the dining hall. As we sat at our supper at one end of the long table, the proprietor, a big, burly, red-faced man, sauntered down the room and paused by my husband to exchange a few words.

"There's a good deal of excitement just now," he remarked genially, as he leaned on the back of a vacant chair, chewing a tooth-

pick. "The town's stirred up considerable. Sheriff just got in with a posse this evenin'. They're after Black Pete, an' chased him ten miles across the prairie, but lost sight of him when they got here. They think he's layin' low somewhere hereabouts, tryin' to sneak aboard a train."

"Who is 'Black Pete'?" my husband asked interestedly. "And what has he done?"

"Ain't much he *hain't* done!" laughed the host. "Pete's what you folks call a regular desperado! Been the terror o' these parts for years an' killed more men than you can count. He murdered an' robbed old Mexican Jose last week, an' shot the deputy that was fool enough to try to arrest him. Sheriff's been after him three days an' swears he will have him dead or alive. There's a big reward out for him now."

"Do you think they'll get him?" the doctor asked, glancing at me amusedly.

"Well, I dunno," and the host scratched his head. "He's the devil for cunnin' an' luck, Pete is. When they think they have got him, he ain't there. They're searchin' the town an' railroad for him now, but the devil takes care of his own, you know."

I glanced in alarm at my husband, but he seemed only amused.

"Men, I have noted, are always ready to laugh at a woman's fears, and what they consider *bravery* is really the fact that they are devoid of the subtle and prophetic instinct most women possess. Instinctively I felt a thrill of vague alarm at the thought of our long drive on the morrow, and secretly I resolved to postpone the trip until the terrible desperado was either killed or captured.

"Noting my alarmed expression, the good-natured host exclaimed, with a jolly laugh:

"Now don't you be *gittin'* skeered, on account of Pete, ma'am. Tain't likely as he'll put up at this here hotel. You needn't be skeered a bit, ma'am."

"I smilingly assured him that I was not at all 'skeered,' and soon after we retired to our room.

"We chatted a few moments over the events of the day, and my husband was in the act of removing his coat when there came a sound of hasty, heavy footsteps in the hall, and a loud knock at our door. With my heart in my throat, I saw my husband throw it open, to be confronted by our burly host, and close behind him a picturesque-looking cowboy. On



"With my heart in my throat I saw my husband throw the door open."

seeing me, the latter instantly removed his sombrero and bowed profoundly, while our host hurriedly explained their mission.

"It seemed that a party of cowboys assisting in the search for Pete had gotten into a row at a saloon nearby, and one had been stabbed so badly that he was in danger of bleeding to death. A doctor was needed immediately, and our host had fortunately remembered hearing me address my husband as 'Doctor,' and thought perhaps he'd come. There was no time to hunt up another physician—would he come?

"'Why, certainly! Of course!' was his instant reply, and as he resumed his coat, my husband glanced anxiously at me.

"'You won't be afraid to stay alone a few minutes, will you, Helen?' he asked. 'I won't be away long.'

"I did mind it very much, however, and was about to say as much, when I was interrupted by the cowboy, who was plainly in an agony of suspense.

"'Please hurry and come, doctor!' he gasped, fumbling nervously with his hat. 'Bob is just bleedin' to death.'

"'Of course you must go,' I found myself saying. 'But please hurry back!' and I managed to smile.

"There's nothing to be afraid of, but still I'll make all haste back!" my husband said, and as he lifted his medicine case from the bed, he thrust a small revolver under the pillow.

"I'll leave this with you," he said, and put on his hat. "Now go right to bed, and don't think of sitting up for me," he added. "You are perfectly safe, and need a good night's rest."

"He was gone, closing the door behind him, and after locking it, I began to prepare for the night.

"Removing my travelling dress, I donned a wrapper, and after brushing and braiding my hair, I placed my watch and purse under the pillow, and took from my satchel a book I had bought on the train. Placing the lamp on a small table I climbed into bed, and prepared to read until my husband returned. The bed was a large, old-fashioned, four-posted affair, fully three feet from the floor, and with a sigh of content I sank into its soft depths and opened my book.

"I was soon absorbed in its fascinating pages, and oblivious of my surroundings, forgetful

even of my husband's absence, I had read for some time and, pausing to turn a page, my hand was arrested by what seemed to be a slight movement of some kind beneath me.

"Feeling sure, however, that the movement had been my own, I turned the page, but again, and this time unmistakably there was a movement of something beneath the bed! 'A dog, perhaps!' I told my beating heart, every sense now on the alert. But alas, only too well I knew and felt that this slow, cautious movement could only be made by a human being.

"What did it mean? Here I was alone in a strange, wild place, locked in a room, with I knew not what! Perhaps we were in a den of thieves, and my husband had been inveigled away purposely, that I might be robbed and murdered in his absence! What could I do?

"No use to scream in a locked room, and to spring from the bed was out of the question. I could never reach the door in time, and besides a hand might seize my ankle, should I attempt it!

"With rigid limbs, I lay as if turned to stone, frozen with terror that increased every instant.

"Ages seemed to pass, while that slow dragging movement continued, then came a slight jar, and, oh, horror! a sudden movement of the bed clothing on the side nearest the door! With staring eyes, I gazed as if fascinated at the spot, unable to move or cry out, and when a round black object began to emerge, the blood seemed to curdle in my veins, and I hardly breathed! I felt as if my body was turning to ice, and there was an odd, pricking sensation at the roots of every separate hair on my head!

"From beneath the hanging counterpane, a black bullet-shaped head emerged, followed by a bulky body, covered with a dingy flannel shirt, and a pair of long legs.

"Another instant and their owner stood erect, placed a black slouch-hat upon his head, and 'Black Pete' stood glaring down at me with a pair of snaky, glittering eyes! Yes, 'Black Pete'! That swarthy villainous face, the broad leather belt supporting two huge revolvers could belong to no one but the famous hunted outlaw!

"And in my room! In heaven's name how came he there?

"As he met my terror-stricken eyes, a fierce oath escaped him.

"Keep still," he hissed, "or I'll strangle you! Give me that money under your pillow, quick!"

"The sound of his grating voice broke the spell that held me rigid; something seemed to snap within my brain, and I felt the blood rush through my veins.

"Quickly rising to a sitting position, I thrust my hand beneath the pillow as if in obedience to his command, and my fingers came into contact with the handle of my husband's revolver.

"What prompted me, what gave me strength, I know not, but instantly cocking the weapon, I drew it forth, took quick aim, and pulled the trigger! There was a blinding flash, a sharp report, a frightful yell, then a heavy fall!

"'Black Pete' had staggered back, thrown up his arms, and the next moment lay extended upon the floor! Instantly there was a sound of running feet, blows were rained upon the door, with cries of 'Open! Open!' How I managed to retain my senses, spring from the bed and turn the key, I never knew, but the next moment I was in my husband's arms, and the room filled with men, among them the tall figure of the sheriff.

"Well, if it ain't Pete," I heard him say as he bent over the body.

"And in this room!" my husband exclaimed. "In heaven's name, how did he get in, Helen? The door was locked."

"He was under the bed," I explained hysterically.

"He must have thought me asleep, and was after my money."

"Just like Pete!" the sheriff exclaimed. "He must have sneaked in here while all the folks were at supper; he knew nobody would dream of looking for him here!"

"Dazedly I saw him and two other men drag the prostrate body from the room, leaving upon the floor a crimson pool, where it had lain.

"She sure was a brave little woman!" a cowboy exclaimed. "She got Pete!"

"Did he harm you, Helen?" my husband asked tenderly, as for the first time he gazed down at me, as I clung to him. Then he uttered a sharp exclamation of surprise, and held me away from him a little, looking strangely at me.

"What is it?" I gasped in terror.

"For reply, he lifted the long braid of hair from my shoulder, and held it before my eyes. Instead of raven blackness it was now white as snow.

"My poor little girl," he said, tenderly, "how frightened you were!" Then, woman-like, I fainted.

"Did I kill him? No, thank heaven, but it was a dangerous wound.

"While in prison awaiting his trial the desperado afterwards explained, how, as the sheriff had surmised, he had stolen into the hotel unobserved and concealed himself in the room, hoping it would remain vacant.

"When my husband left the room, Pete overheard his words to me, 'I will leave this with you,' and supposing the revolver he placed under the pillow to be money, he decided to secure it, if possible, while I was asleep, and escape from the room before the doctor returned.

"'Black Pete' ended his career of crime on the gallows, and I have never been able to think without a shudder of the most terrible experience of my life.

"So it isn't at all strange that my husband and myself should be averse to telling the story."

WAR

A clash of arms, and death; a hush
On horrors of which death is least.
Soon dying ears shall hear the rush
Of vultures crowding to the feast.

—Henry Dumont.

EMPIRE BUILDING IN TEXAS

By THE PUBLISHER

THAT can be more interesting than to note the causes that have contributed to the greatness of nations? Empire-building is the sublimest task to which man has ever applied himself. Greatness in nations has always in the past been the product of centuries: Rome, as we are so constantly reminded, was not built in a day. Hence, until recently, man's knowledge of empire-building has been chiefly the result of reading and reflection; that part of the process which has fallen under his own observation being too meager for his consideration.

A change came with the development of the United States. With us a hundred years have been as twenty centuries. From four million souls we have increased to ninety million; from a few millions the national wealth has grown to far in excess of one hundred billions. Poetry has nothing that so powerfully appeals to the imagination as this. And yet back of it all lies the most prosaic of all facts—the interest rate.

The interest rate is the real gauge of civilization, the real test of the greatness of nations. For wealth has always gone hand in hand with civilization. What is civilization? It is the softening of man's life by the wider and more effective use of the material resources of nature. The development of these resources is contingent on the interest rate—on the ease or difficulty in providing the means to convert nature's bounty to man's use. So obviously vast have been the natural resources of this country that capital has never been wanting for their development. The interest rate has furnished capital all the incentive needed.

The part which the interest rate plays in national development can be illustrated in many ways. No illustration is more interesting, however, than that furnished by the State of Texas. Consider what has occurred in our own day. Sixty years ago there were 212,000 persons in Texas scattered over 265,896 square miles. Today there are 4,700,000. In 1880 Texas farm lands and

their improvements were valued at \$170,468,886, but twenty years later, in 1900, the value was \$691,773,613. In the same period the value of the farm implements rose from \$9,051,491 to \$30,125,705, that of the live stock from \$76,563,987 to \$240,576,955. In short, there was an increase in Texas farm property of about \$706,500,000 in the twenty years, and these are the figures of ten years ago, the latest obtainable from the United States Census. At that time the total wealth of the state was reckoned at \$2,322,151,631.

Bearing in mind that it was only sixty-five years ago that Texas was admitted to the Union, this is an astonishing record in empire building. For Texas is certainly an empire. None of the monarchies of Europe, with the exception of Russia, can show a larger area than hers—she possesses 57,000 square miles more of territory than the Kaiser's realm. From this it will be seen that, great as have been her achievements of the last few decades, they are after all inconsiderable in comparison with what the future has in store for her. Here great diversity of soil, the multifarious character of her natural resources, her geographical position, and the high type of immigration which has swelled her population, all point to the day when in numbers and wealth and every adjunct of empire, save those of making treaties and levying war, she will be on a par with the old world empires.

Can we seriously credit all this to the interest rate? We can indeed. For man will not work, he certainly will not transfer his household gods to strange climes, without the prospect of interest on his capital.

Many kinds of capital have been employed in the development of Texas, and every kind with the hope of gain. The Texas empire builder has used his own capital, he has borrowed his neighbor's capital, and he has had placed at his disposal a great amount of foreign capital. Each of these three kinds he has employed in most effective fashion. With his own capital he has paid, or part paid, for his homestead; with his own capital



IN THE TEXAS ORCHARDS WHERE FRUIT ABOUNDS

and his neighbor's he has, so far as it would go, built his towns and cities, and provided them with all the appurtenances of a highly refined municipal life; with foreign capital he has supplemented his own and his neighbor's capital in farm development, in municipal improvements, in building up industries of all kinds, and particularly in providing the community with highly perfected public utilities. He himself, his neighbor and the foreign lender all had to have their interest; without the promise of it, Texas would today be where she was in days of Sam Houston.

Nothing more strikingly attests the greatness of Texas than the amount of foreign capital she has employed. All the world is one in the matter of capital. Capital is as fluid as water. As water always seeks its level, so capital always seeks those localities where it is sure of the best interest return. It knows no such thing as geographical limitations. It is interesting to speculate on what this country would be today if foreign capital had played no part here, if European investors had not put their money heavily into our national, state and municipal bonds, and into our railroad and industrial securities, and if thousands of Europeans had not put

their wealth into American farms. Foreign capital gave this republic its great industrial impetus a century ago, and foreign capital has continued to be one of the chief factors in our national development right down to the present day. When, for whatever reason, any considerable portion of this capital is called home, the effect upon our financial and industrial situation is very marked, as was the case in 1903, when such a movement caused a fair-sized panic and a year of hard times.

Texas is great, and is destined to be vastly greater, because she ministers to the most essential needs of mankind. She clothes and feeds the world to an unprecedented extent. Nearly one-fifth of the cotton of the world is raised within her limits, and sixty-nine of every seventy bales are used elsewhere. To pick the crop requires \$15,000,000, and \$14,000,000 more is needed to gin and compress it. Three-fourths of the annual yield is shipped to Great Britain. The bill for transporting the staple to Great Britain is \$32,000,000, and the cost to the British mills of converting the Texas cotton into goods is \$100,000,000. Could anything more graphically disclose what the interest rate is doing

for Texas? Cotton is still king in this country. America has no monopoly of wheat or beef, but the world has yet to find a genuine competitor of America in cotton-raising. And Texas is first of all our cotton states. In 1908 the total value of her yield was \$192,000,000.

But the strength of Texas' agricultural situation lies in the fact that she is not a one-crop state. Her agriculture, in fact, is characterized by a splendid diversification. Against her \$192,000,000 of cotton in 1908 may be placed the \$148,000,000 which she derived from her corn, wheat, oats, rice, barley and rye. Striking as these figures are, their real value is to be gained only by contrasting them with previous records. In 1908 the acreage planted to cotton, from which the \$192,000,000 was derived, was 9,316,000. These figures have an astounding meaning when we recall that in 1900 the cotton acreage was 6,960,000, and the value of the product \$84,332,000. Corn is another revelation. In 1900 the state produced 109,970,000 bushels, valued at \$34,424,000; in 1908 the yield was 201,848,000 bushels, valued at \$119,090,000.

Time would fail adequately to portray the agricultural growth of this remarkable community. It is sufficient to call attention to the fact that in 1908 cotton, corn, oats, wheat, barley, rye, rice, potatoes, hay and tobacco returned the people of Texas \$353,578,915, to which vegetables and fruits added \$3,882,600, dairy products, poultry and eggs, wool, mohair, forest products and certain other commodities \$38,192,146, and sugar and molasses \$3,500,000, a grand total of \$399,153,661 for the farm products of the state, not including live stock. The value of the live stock in Texas in 1908, though not of course the product of that one year, was \$314,175,097.

The ranches of Texas have long excited the amazement of the world. For years past, Texas has annually furnished the Northwestern range states—Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas—about 400,000 cattle, mostly steers, worth approximately \$10,000,000. In addition she derives a goodly number of millions from her shipments to Kansas and Oklahoma of steers and cows for fattening purposes. And account must also be taken of the tens of thousands of young, immature calves and steers

that are annually shipped as stockers and feeders. Though complete statistics are not easily obtained, it is easy to see that cattle have contributed enormously to the wealth of the state. The record of the cattle business of Fort Worth alone in any one year will afford a fair insight into the nature of the total cattle industry of Texas. For the year 1908 there were sold and slaughtered by the packers of Fort Worth 652,853 cattle and calves, of the reasonable market value of \$9,437,721. There were sold to order buyers and others 206,465 cattle and calves, of the reasonable market value of \$3,175,047. There were sold and forwarded to other markets by speculators 216,296 cattle and calves, of the reasonable market value of \$2,939,267. There were sold and taken out for feeding 15,028 cattle, of the reasonable market value of \$225,420. There were forwarded on through billing to other markets, and not sold at Fort Worth, 120,775 cattle and calves, of the reasonable market value of \$2,092,814. The grand total for the year was 1,211,817 cattle and calves, valued at \$17,926,269, for the Fort Worth market alone.

The mineral wealth of Texas is large and of a varied character. One mineral product in particular has added greatly to the wealth of the state—petroleum. In 1896 only



TEXAS PRODUCTS ALWAYS EXCEL

EMPIRE BUILDING IN TEXAS

1,450 barrels of heavy and light oil were produced; in 1905 the production was 28,136,189 barrels.

Where nature has been so affluent man has been at his best. Nowhere has human effort told for more in the last fifty years than in Texas. Manufactures and commerce have followed hard upon agriculture. The United States Census tells us that in 1860 Texas possessed 983 manufactures, capitalized at \$3,372,450, with 3,449 employees, and with an annual product of \$6,577,202. In 1905 (the last census year) the number was 18,556, capitalized at \$164,318,363, with 61,202 employees, and an annual product of \$193,452,270. Since 1905 the industrial growth has exceeded that of any previous period of similar length, and today it is safe to estimate the number of manufactures at 30,803, capitalized at \$298,566,465, with 77,788 employees, and an annual product of \$313,392,677.

All this is reflected in a marvelous railroad development. In 1861 there were about 300 miles of railroad in Texas; on June 30, 1909, there were 13,110 miles. And nothing is more characteristic of this community than its magnificent lines of street and interurban railways. Railroads have multiplied and flourished in Texas for two reasons; first, the vast territorial extent of the state and its multifarious industries called for them; second, nature has designed Galveston as one of the greatest shipping points on this globe. New York alone exceeds Galveston in the amount of its commerce, the shipments from the last mentioned port for the twelve months ended June 30, 1909, amounting to \$189,464,335.

Such is the empire building in one section of the United States that has fallen under

the observation of hosts of men and women now alive. How do we account for this? We account for it by the fact that Texas has been able to command the use of tremendous amounts of outside capital. Great as has been the thrift and large as have been the means of her citizens, they could, unaided, have accomplished only a tithe of what has actually been effected. To the thrift and capital of Texas have been added the thrift and capital of the United States and Europe. To this union of forces is due the enormous extent of the agriculture, the manufactures, the railroads and commerce of the state, and to it are due the large and fine cities and the comfortable towns of this empire of the Southwest. Texas, though one of the youngest communities industrially, is the peer of the oldest and most highly developed, for the reason that the oldest and most highly developed have found her one of the safest and most profitable fields for investment. The excess wealth they could not use at home they poured into her ample lap.

To the investors who in the past loaned their money to Texas farmers, to those who bought Texas railroad bonds, to those who financed the Texas oil fields, to those who bought the commercial paper of Texas mercantile houses, to those who absorbed the bonds of Texas municipalities, to such persons as Stone & Webster, who have contributed so powerfully to the building up of the magnificent system of Texas street and interurban railways, to these and to countless others whom time would fail to mention is in large measure due the present standing of Texas among the industrial communities of the earth. Mother Nature furnished the opportunity, and internal thrift and external capital the means.

IF YOU ONLY KNEW

If you only knew, sweetheart,
The hours I spend with you.
To all the world I seem alone,
Though my heart to you will roam,
O'er the hills of snowy white,
Through the dark and lonesome night.
To your breast it softly creeps,
Sighs with love—and sleeps—and sleeps.

—Wm. Hodge.

BUSINESS MEN AS SENATORS

SKETCH OF THE ENERGETIC SENATOR FROM COLORADO, WHO KNOWS HOW TO GET THINGS FOR HIS CONSTITUENTS

FROM the viewpoint of the practical West, and sometimes even of the less practical East, the legislator who best serves his constituents in the great legislative forum at Washington, is the one who obtains for these constituents the most appropriations, gets them the largest number of government jobs, looks the closest after their business matters, in the various Departments, and who makes himself in truth, as well as in theory, the servant of those who sent him to represent them at the National capital.

This is particularly true in its application to legislators from the West, and is mainly due to the fact that the West needs much assistance from the National Government. The West is in a state of transition, and to grow and develop must have national aid for the development of its industries—aid no longer needed by the older-settled parts of the country, the East and Middle West.

The West must have appropriations to reclaim its barren wastes; its cities and towns must have federal buildings; there is a constant demand for changes in legislation affecting the disposition of western public lands; new laws are required to adjust the disposal of Indian lands, and countless questions are constantly arising in Congress and the departments in regard to western conditions, long since settled for other sections.

The legislator, Senator or Representative, who accomplishes these things is the one whom his constituency usually re-elects. He may be of that class of eloquent statesmen who get into the Record and the public prints but, unless, in addition to his oratory, he can obtain appropriations for public buildings, secure funds for irrigation enterprises, military posts, and resurveys of public lands, his oratory will count for little when election day comes around. And to accomplish these things it is essential that he be constantly on the job. He must typify industry and persistence, for without either or both he will fail.

Among the Senators in Congress who have notable reputations as hard workers is the senior Senator from Colorado, Simon Guggen-

heim. One of his constituents recently wrote of him: "He is the hardest worker and the most successful senator the State has had for some time," and Senator Guggenheim lives up to this reputation.

Colorado has an area which is greater than the combined areas of the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Of course, a people of a State when the National Administration is Republican, naturally look to their Republican representatives in Congress to assist them, and, as Senator Guggenheim is the sole member of the Republican party in Congress from Colorado, practically all of the needs and demands of that State fall to his lot. Thus in area he has the work to look after for Colorado that the six Republican Senators and sixty Republican Representatives have for the three States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. If federal patronage were of any benefit to a Senator, the Colorado Senator would be in great luck, for he is the sole dispenser of such patronage for his State, including federal court officials, land office and treasury officials, and upwards of a thousand postmasters.

Senator Guggenheim is an unceasing worker. He is at his committee room in the capitol early in the morning, getting his correspondence with constituents answered so that he can later be in attendance upon the proceedings in the senate chamber, and he attends personally to the many hundreds of requests of constituents requiring attention in the various departments.

In choosing committee places, Senator Guggenheim picked out the ones likely to enable him to be of assistance to his own state and the West. He has assignments on Agriculture and Forestry, Conservation of National Resources, Mines and Mining, Post Offices and Post Roads, Census, Pacific Railroads, and Philippines, and is chairman on the Committee on the University of the United States.

Senator Guggenheim comes of a family which has made industry and honesty its watchwords. He was born in Philadelphia in 1867, and has been a citizen of Colorado



SENATOR SIMON GUGGENHEIM OF COLORADO

for over twenty years, going there in 1888 to engage in the smelting and refining business.

Of the seven sons of Meyer Guggenheim, the founder of the family, Senator Guggenheim is the only one who has shown any preference for public life. In 1894 he was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado, but withdrew from the ticket because he was under the age of thirty required by the state constitution as the minimum age for the occupant of that office. Two years later he was nominated for the position of Governor, but declined the nomination. In 1907, after Colorado had been in Democratic senatorial hands for six years, he was elected without opposition to the Senate to succeed Thomas M. Patterson.

Mr. Guggenheim's career in the Senate has been marked by characteristic unobtrusiveness and by faithful attention to the very many duties devolving upon a member of that body. In the comparatively short time he has been in the Senate, he has obtained the close personal friendship of most of its members and enjoys the confidence and esteem of the Senate leaders, Republican and Democratic. Recognizing the tradition of the Senate that newcomers be chary of speech, he

has not sought to attract attention as an orator, but during the progress of the tariff bill discussion, his opinions were called for on many business propositions, especially those relating to mining, and he discussed these questions on the floor of the Senate with ease and effect. He was enabled to accomplish much in the framing of the tariff bill of advantage to the mining and other business interests of his state and of the entire West. He is a protectionist and was instrumental in retaining the Dingley rates on wool and obtained increased tariff rates on tungsten, zinc, lead and other mineral products of the West.

When Mr. Guggenheim was elected to the Senate he resigned all of the positions he held in the companies with which he was connected, with the expressed intention of devoting his entire time to the duties of his office as United States Senator, an intention he has faithfully carried into effect. While some may complain that he does not fill the pages of the Congressional Record with bursts of oratory, none can say that he does not get results in obtaining desirable legislation for the benefit of his state, or that he does not faithfully attend to the reasonable wants of his constituents.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

By MABEL T. BOARDMAN

FIRST originating in the United States in 1882, the American Red Cross, at the time of its reorganization in 1905, and after twenty-three years of existence, had about three hundred members. Since its reorganization it has increased its membership to nearly twenty thousand, but is still far short of the membership of the societies of Europe and Japan; the latter country, with a population of not more than half that of the United States, has a Red Cross membership of over one million four hundred thousand. If, however, the American Red Cross is so far behind in its membership it has much to its credit in the relief work it has accomplished since its reorganization.

On the walls of its small office in the State, War and Navy Building at Washington hang two maps, one of the United States and the other of the world. On these are dotted many small red crosses, each bearing the year in which the relief work was rendered in the country that it marks. On the far-away Philippines, on Japan and China, twice on Italy, on Portugal, Russia, Canada, Mexico, Jamaica, Nicaragua and Chili, rests this wonderful sign of universal humanity. Within our own states it is found on Massachusetts, West Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota and California.

In all save two of these countries and states the terrible devastation wrought by some great force of nature has brought thousands down to distress and destitution through no fault of their own. At such times the Red Cross comes to the unfortunate victims, who are discouraged, despairing, and sometimes suffering from bodily injury, and brings to them the same bright hope, help and brotherly sympathy that it has carried to many a wounded soldier upon the battlefield. During the last four years it has expended about five million dollars in relief work, without including hundreds of thousands more in the value of supplies of food, clothing, etc., and not counting the three or four hundred thou-

sand dollars raised by the little Red Cross Christmas Stamp to help in the great fight against the terrible pestilence of tuberculosis.

Shocked as we are when some great calamity destroys hundreds of our fellow-men, we have failed to realize the great mortality and injury due daily to accidents throughout our country. Statistics show that in our mines alone over seven men are killed each day and nearly twenty injured, and railroad statistics would doubtless show a still greater number. Mindful of its duty "to continue and carry on a system of relief in time of peace and apply the same in mitigating the sufferings caused by disaster, and also to devise and carry on measures for preventing the same," the American Red Cross is taking up this work along the lines of instruction in precaution and first aid. On the principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, over sixty thousand posters on which are printed precautions against accidents have been given on their request to the railroads of the country, and posted in their stations. Another smaller poster of a like nature, for use in trolley cars, has just been prepared and will soon be ready for distribution. Thus precaution is the first step, but as in spite of precaution many serious accidents must occur, the Red Cross is taking the second step in the development of First Aid Instructions. The Surgeon General of the War Department has detailed Major Charles Lynch of the Army Medical Service to take charge of this important work of the Red Cross, for men having received such instructions would be invaluable in time of war as hospital orderlies. Major Lynch is chairman of a Committee on First Aid composed of members of the War and National Relief Boards and men interested in mines, railroads, shipping and great industrial concerns. Arrangements have been made with the Y. M. C. A. to issue a joint certificate of that Association and the American Red Cross to such members as have successfully passed the first aid examination. The Red Cross has just secured the services

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

of Dr. M. J. Shields, who has accomplished a remarkably fine work in the organizing and instruction of first aid teams among the anthracite miners of Pennsylvania; and will send Dr. Shields, at its own expense, to the different mining districts of the country to organize this work in these communities. Already a number of mining companies have asked for his assistance. Dr. Shields teaches to the miners not only first aid, but necessary precautions against accidents.

It is the plan of the Red Cross to extend this work among the railroad men, the sailors of the merchant marine, industrial employees, and the firemen and police of our cities as

carry on relief after national disasters; and the International Relief Board, with Mr. Huntington Wilson, First Assistant Secretary of State, as chairman, to take charge of the relief rendered after serious disasters in other countries.

The War Board has had prepared a complete list of all coastwise vessels suitable for hospital ships, the changes necessary to fit them for such a purpose, together with a detailed report on all necessary equipment and the cost thereof. The questions of hospital trains, field hospitals, civil hospital accommodations, transformation of automobiles into ambulances, of enrollment of doctors and



RED CROSS DAY CAMP FOR CONSUMPTIVES ON ROOF OF VANDERBILT CLINIC

fast as its finances permit. It also hopes to be able to secure the services of an able, trained nurse who, under instructions of the Committee on Red Cross Nurses, will take up the work of organizing the nursing corps, and arranging simple courses for home nursing of the sick for women who cannot afford to employ trained nurses in case of illness in their families and must care for the sick themselves.

Mention has been made of certain national boards. These are three in number, the War Relief Board, with the Surgeon General of the Army as chairman; to study, plan and organize for war relief work; the National Relief Board, with Miss Mabel T. Boardman of the Central Committee as chairman, to

nurses, and of First Aid instructions for the purpose of providing the necessary personnel are receiving its study and consideration.

The National Board has made a careful study of how to secure the necessary personnel for active relief work after disasters. Seven or eight of the best Charity Organizations of the country have been accepted as institutional members of the Red Cross, to take charge of active relief work after disasters. The National Director, Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell, has lately been utilizing members of the Chicago Bureau of Charities in the Cherry Mine disaster relief, securing in this way persons who, speaking Italian and Polish, were able to talk in their own language with the unfortunate widows of many of the foreign

miners. Under Mr. Bicknell's plan, which has been approved by the National Relief Board, an arrangement is being worked out to combine relief funds so that they may be used to pension the widows and children until the latter have reached a self-supporting age. Mr. Joseph C. Logan of the Atlanta Charity Organization was sent by the National Relief Board to Key West, and planned with the mayor, the officer at the United States Army Post and the local committee, a system of relief, so that while the Red Cross was providing daily rations, given out from the Army Post, the funds received could be utilized to aid the sponge and other fishermen to rebuild

New York Sub-Committee consists of Mr. H. P. Davison of J. Pierpont Morgan Company, chairman; Mr. Felix Warburg, of Kuhn, Loeb & Company; Hon. Robert Bacon, Hon. Charles Hallam Keep and Hon. Lloyd C. Griscom, all of whom have consented to serve. Sub-committees in other states will soon be appointed. So far Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has generously promised one hundred thousand dollars as soon as four hundred thousand has been raised, Mrs. Russell Sage has increased her original contribution, making a total of fifty thousand dollars, and another generous woman has promised a like amount. Mr. Jacob Schiff contributes twenty-five thou-



MINERS' FIRST AID COMPETITION UNDER RED CROSS AUSPICES

their boats and thus to enable them to again support themselves. The work of the National Relief Board is not only to mitigate the immediate suffering after disaster, but to lessen its duration and place the victims again in a self-supporting position.

While developing and carrying on the work already stated, the Red Cross is also bending its energies toward the raising of such an Endowment Fund as will place it upon a firm financial base, that it may always be ready to render immediate relief without being forced to wait until contributions are received. President Taft, as president of the American Red Cross, has appointed the Hon. Franklin MacVeagh, Secretary of the Treasury, chairman of the Endowment Committee, and Mr. Charles D. Norton, vice-chairman. The

sand dollars, the Messrs. Guggenheim twenty thousand dollars and Mr. Warburg ten thousand dollars.

President Taft ends his letter to this committee as follows:

"The standing of this remarkable organization throughout the world, its importance to our own country, and its beneficent influence for peace and good will in international relief work commend it to the public-spirited men and women of the United States. I believe, gentlemen, you cannot appeal to them in vain to aid in providing the American Red Cross with an endowment fund of two million dollars, less than the funds of the Societies of the other first powers, so that our National Society may take its proper place in this great international institution."



WACHUSETT DAM AT CLINTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GREAT AMERICAN ENGINEERING PROJECTS

By MITCHELL MANNERING

IN the great engineering projects of the past century, America has furnished the world with some striking examples of how difficulties that seemed impossible may be surmounted. Time was when the engineer and builder occupied a mediocre position in the scale of society at large, but today the most gigantic problems of the twentieth century have been put into their hands to solve. America has offered illimitable possibilities in many different lines of endeavor, but that of building has been uppermost. The history of construction in this country began with road-making and bridge-building, especially the latter, and some of these old-fashioned wooden covered bridges remain today as ancient

landmarks testifying the skill of these pioneer builders.

An elaborate system of canals planned to connect the various inland settlements with tide water furnished a tremendous field for construction work during the first half of the past century. So conspicuous did the movement become that it is not unlikely that had the coming of railroads been deferred another twenty years, the country would have had a great network of waterways. Many of the European canals were rebuilt according to American ideas; the canal-building impulse spread throughout our entire country; and previous to the advent of the railroads there had been constructed nearly six thousand miles of waterway. The building of railroads



WORK IN PROCESS ON THE FAMOUS "SOO" CANAL, COMPLETED IN 1907, BETWEEN LAKE SUPERIOR AND THE LOWER LAKES, WHICH CARRIES MORE COMMERCE THAN ANY OTHER BODY OF WATER

has since been the greatest single constructive enterprise in the country.

Before the locomotive, the moving of heavy loads on iron tracks was adopted by an ingenious use of gravity. The tracks were constructed in a succession of inclines; the loaded cars hauled to the top of each succeeding hill and allowed to coast to the next incline, to be again dragged to the top in a similar way by the use of cables. The coming of the locomotive marked the end of the gravity road, as well as the decline of canal construction.

What a romance is unfolded in the history of railroad construction! Beginning in 1830 with but forty miles of track, the path of the "great iron horse" was rapidly extended until today hundreds of thousands of miles have been constructed at an expense of millions upon millions of dollars in blazing the path for civilization and progress. Above and below, spanning the air and tunnelling the earth, the work continues with increasing magnitude. No sooner has one great feat been accomplished than conditions arise which demand new and greater accommodations. The builder's "task is never done"; like a tide

on the restless ocean which ebbs and flows, it sweeps back and forth across the land.

Within the last fifteen years, the age of reconstructing and rebuilding in America has developed a noteworthy prominence. Railroads which had been congested on a single track have been double-tracked, and in many cases four rows of steel have been laid to connect one commercial point with another. The building of subways and elevated railways in the larger cities was an inevitable relief to the throngs of humanity who must have rapid means of communication to and from their daily labor. Immense bridges and tunnels have replaced the slow-moving, cumbersome ferries, and trolley lines reach here, there and everywhere. The world soon becomes educated, as it were, to these tremendous accomplishments, and accepts them as a matter of course. The work on the Panama Canal, representing the climax of constructive effort of today, will, within a few years, be succeeded by other gigantic projects which, if presented a century ago, would have been considered as impossible as harnessing the earth to Jupiter.

The number of men who have lost their



WORK IN PROCESS ON THE CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL WHICH CONNECTS THE WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN WITH THE GULF OF MEXICO. BUILT BOTH FOR THE PURPOSE OF DRAINAGE AND SHIPPING

lives in America's great construction work during the past century will never be known. Many incidents might be cited that would tell a sad but strange story of devotion to great accomplishments. One of the great-grand-sires of the present MacArthur Brothers was an engineer and contractor and lost his life while completing a span across the Alleghany River near Pittsburgh. With inherited genius, however, great engineering projects have been carried on in succeeding generations by the family, and their records show the successful completion of some of the greatest works undertaken.

In the building of the Erie Canal, its tributaries, feeders and reservoirs, they played an important part; and what this enterprise meant to the opening up and development of the West a century ago, it is hard now to realize in these days of railroads and rapid transit. Fast on the heels of the canals came the railways, and turning from canals to railways, this family of builders, (the fathers and uncles of the present MacArthurs), after building extensively in the East, took a leading part during the last century in building up the great railway

systems of the West. At the same time, they continued hydraulic works and the building of locks, dams, canals and reservoirs for the United States and the state governments.

Their works in recent years have been not less extensive. Not long ago they built the "Soo Canal," connecting Lake Superior with the lower Lakes, which carries more commerce than any similar body of water in the world. In 1902, out of a low, swampy district south of Chicago, they constructed for the Chicago World's Fair the interesting site which it finally occupied, with its artificial lakes, islands and expansive plazas; and then constructed many of the large buildings of the Exhibition. In 1893-98, after bidding upon the whole, they were awarded and constructed large portions of the Chicago Drainage Canal, that opened up the waters from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico. In 1900 they undertook for the Metropolitan District of Boston the building of the Wachusett dam situated at Clinton, Massachusetts, then the largest of its kind, creating a reservoir which required the removal of a town of several thousand inhabitants that lay in the center of the district. In the last five years,



LONE TREE CREEK FILL BY CABLEWAY ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

they have built a similar dam—the Cross River dam—for the city of New York. During these same years they have carried on extensive building of railways in various parts of the country, notably the Tidewater Railway, in which the late H. H. Rogers was so deeply interested; the Western Maryland Railroad, the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio Railway and others. Three years ago, upon the public invitation of the government, they made a definite bid for the building and completing of the Panama Canal, but the government eventually decided to continue the work itself under its own Army officers.

In addition to railways, dams and other works now being built by them in various parts of the country, this firm is likewise engaged in the construction of the new Ashokan Reservoir to store 500,000,000,000 gallons of water for the additional water supply of New York City. This reservoir will submerge a country of villages and farms covering a distance of twelve and one-half miles, and here, as was the case in building the Wachusett dam, every tree, fence and farmhouse must be removed.

This work will consume seven years, and amounts to over twelve million dollars.

Such is something of the record of one of

America's building families, which, starting near the outset of the nation's history, has kept pace with the times and its opportunities. Other records of other builders, though perhaps not so long or so extensive, might be cited to show the genius of Americans for great things.

* * *

The American contractor is alive to his possibilities. He does not wait for plans and specifications to be placed before him, but devotes his time to careful study and problems far in advance of their actual accomplishment. Drawing on his vast experience and observation, he is prepared to estimate and carry to successful completion any project, no matter how formidable it may be. He has played an important part in the world's advancement, and he will continue to occupy a conspicuous role in the years to come.

The great contracting firms of the country—these wonderful combinations of men, horses and machinery with their thousands upon thousands of "day laborers" dotting each new work like a human ant-hill, are typical and indispensable to the rapid change and growth of the present age. They are truly and literally "the builders of a nation."



IN THE COSY CORNER

DRITTEN contributions for this Department must not exceed five hundred words in length. Anything unusual or of especial interest will be welcome, especially if it has come under the personal notice of contributors or their friends. Snapshots of curious relics, historical places concerning which little is known, or any other pictures of especial interest will also be gladly received. Awards are from \$5 to \$1 according to the merits of the story or photograph published.

* * *

"LOST ON THE LAKE"

BY E. W. NAEGELE

Were you ever bewildered, not knowing what your fate might be? Were you ever near to death, realizing your perilous position? Such was my experience one night, while I was lost on the lake, groping in the dark, hoping to find the shore.

Up here in Minnesota we have some beautiful sheets of water, which generally freeze over on a cold night, when the wind has gone to rest and all is still; on such a night the ice forms perfectly and the next day one beholds a beautiful large mirror, smooth as glass, which affords the finest kind of skating.

During the first years of our married life, our home was situated on the shore of Lake Calhoun, a beautiful lake about four miles around the shore line. My business was in the city, and often my duties compelled

me to work late into the night. As the lake is but a short distance from the house, I would often go on my skates, taking a straight cut over the glassy ice, and return in the evening in the same way, thus saving at least an hour on every trip. It was during a very busy fall season, and late hours were the rule in the bank. Finally this additional night work taxed the strength of body and mind. One particular evening found me on the shore of the lake homeward bound—almost too tired to put on my skates. There hung a heavy fog or mist over the lake, which was not unusual, but it was so dense that one could not see ten feet ahead. After clamping on my skates, then picking up an old "chimney" stick for a guide, I glided out on the ice, and into the mist some two hundred feet. Then, concluding it would be safer to reach home by hugging the shore line until I reached the other side, I reeled around and skated back, and back, and back—I was tired and confused and "lost on the lake."

Apparently returning there, but actually going down the ice in an opposite direction from my course, with nothing to guide me but my old "chimney" I kept on and on, weary and tired. Even human instinct failed to respond to this emergency. Then while steadily skipping over the ice I played my stick from one side to the other, directly in front of me, fearing any moment to drop into an air hole. It seemed to me I was riding on an airship and sailing off into the distance with nothing to obstruct my path

or hinder the progress I was making, until finally I heard a noise which proved to be a train passing about a mile away. This gave me my bearings, and I soon landed back at the identical spot from which I had started about an hour before.

No wind blowing, no beacon light, no guide, no skaters to see or hear, nothing but the sleek ice and misty darkness caught me alone on the ice that night—never will I forget it, no, never.

* * *

THE LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE

BY M. A. P.

This is a photo of one of the largest engines handled in the Newton, Kansas, yards, and one of the largest in the world. The largest in the world passed through the yards a few days ago. It was the big double Mallet passenger engine en route to the mountains. This monster is one hundred and four feet long, twice the ordinary length of a passenger engine. In the front of the locomotive is a flight of steps resembling the front steps of a residence, which is lined with iron banisters. The number of this engine is 1301. It is an articulated compound, double superheated locomotive. The steam from the boiler passes into the first superheater and then into the high-pressure cylinders, from which it passes back to the second superheater, is reheated and then passes into the lower pressure cylinders on the front end. The capacity of the tender is four thousand gallons of oil and twelve thousand gallons of water. There are sixteen wheels on the engine, of which ten are drivers. The tender has twelve wheels. The engine is from the Baldwin shops, and a Baldwin man travels with it on its westward trip to the mountains.

* * *

THE COMING REVIEW

BY LIEUT.-COL. J. A. WATROUS

Some of the most beautiful as well as some of the most emphatic things I ever heard spoken were uttered by men whose appearance and first words gave promise of something tedious.

At the national encampment of the Grand Army, in Denver, when nominations for chap-

lain-in-chief were called for, a tall, raw-boned, stoop-shouldered Irishman arose, addressed the commander-in-chief, and then, for a few seconds, gazed at the ceiling.

"Here is a bore," said General Walker. But the man found himself, gave the audience of one thousand delegates from as many battle-fields a hurried glance and proceeded to make a thrilling and beautiful nominating speech.

His name is Patrick H. Doherty, and he hails from Kansas. He said:

"I beg the indulgence of the encampment to present as a candidate for chaplain-in-chief a comrade who, as a boy, in the Fifteenth New York Infantry, served four years in the army, returned after a glorious record as a soldier, and entered the army of the Lord, and has served him faithfully —Rev. Father J. F.



THE LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE

Leary, upon whose altar is pinned the Grand Army badge, and on whose chalice is spread the American Flag. He has been department chaplain of Kansas; over his church floats our national emblem. He is not only a hero, but a patriot."

Then came the vote, the election of Father Leary, and an outburst of applause in which there was no sham. Doherty's speech had done the work. The new chaplain was called out, and he said: "Comrades, this is the gladdest hour of my life. I thank you from my heart—I thank you, and may God bless you forever."

A few weeks ago the old chaplain was mustered out and given a soldier's burial, a troop of cavalry and a battery of artillery from Fort Riley constituting part of the funeral escort.

That sorry old tramp whose ready scythe is his closest companion has been mowing down the veterans without a show of mercy this

year. Last year he cut down and harvested thirty-five thousand of them, or more than enough for an old-day army corps, and this year he will make it forty thousand or as many as the Army of the Tennessee, first commanded by General Grant, had at the time General J. B. McPherson, its commander, was killed in front of Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

Forty thousand a year! And confederates, twenty-five thousand a year!

At that rate it will not be so very long before Grant and Lee can have a joint review of their respective armies, in the shade, on the other side of the river.

* * *

BEN BUTLER'S SPOONS SPIKED

BY A. SHAW

When General Benjamin F. Butler was the presidential candidate of the Greenback party during the 80's, he made a speech in Terre Haute, Indiana, which city was at that time one of the strongholds of his party. Major Orlande J. Smith, who recently died, at his home, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, was at that time a resident of Terre Haute, editor of *The Terre Haute Express*, and an ardent advocate of the Greenback movement.

Through active advertising and the fame of General Butler, thousands of people came to the city to see and hear the speaker. I was at that time manager of the Terre Haute House, and the committee in charge of the meeting had engaged rooms for the entertainment of the speaker. The house was crowded to its capacity and everybody, from the manager to the bell boys, was on the jump. The head cook (they are chefs now), was an Alsatian, Jacques Lewis, by name, and only a recent arrival in this country. He talked our language very indifferently, and had exceedingly hazy ideas about many things of common interest to Americans at that time. During the forenoon I was called upon by the head cook, who in his broken dialect requested my permission that he might make a special orna-

mental dish of salad for the General's table. I granted permission, and the incident passed from my mind for the time being. During the rush of the dinner hour, happening to pass through the pantry near a refrigerator, I met Jacques in the act of taking his special salad out of cold storage, preparatory to sending it to the general's table, who had just entered the dining room. Jacques was much elated, and said:

"Mr. Shaw, vill you coom, look upon ze salad."

It certainly was an artistic triumph from an architectural viewpoint—an oval mound of mystery on a large turkey platter, the top being ornamented with a Mosaic tile figure done in colors of white, yellow, red and green; the white and yellow were made from hard-boiled eggs, the whites and yolks being used separately and chopped very fine; the red from pickled beets and the green from pickles. Small sprigs of parsley were scattered over it; but the astounding feature was one dozen small spoons made of pastry, and laid in a circle around the base of the salad.

The cook's smile of appreciation was changed to a look of dismay, when I took hold of his shoulder and said:

"Great Scott, man, what did you put those spoons there for?"

"De spoons? Why, for complement the general, Mr. Butler. Iss he not called Spoons Butler? Iss it not heem?"

"Send in your salad, but remove the spoons."

Very reluctantly he gathered up the spoons, and I left him. The salad was placed upon the general's table with the compliments of the cook, and that it met with the General's approval was evidenced by the fact that he accompanied his thanks with a silver dollar, which the cook cherished as his most valued possession so long as he remained in my employ. What would have happened had the salad with its decoration of spoons been placed before General Butler, I leave to the imagination of the reader.



The Drama at Cactus Gulch

By Maitland Le Roy Osborne

WHICH it is sure elevating and amcsing—this here drama," said 'Frisco musingly, as he poked a dry branch of cottonwood into the fire.

The stars twinkled lazily overhead and at a little distance our ponies, after forty miles of hard riding across the plain since sunrise, cropped the rank grass of the river bank in calm content.

Away to the right a coyote yelped lonesomely, and then silence unutterable ensued. 'Frisco bent forward and stirred the fire, sending a straight column of sparks upward toward the sky. It was the time and place for a story, and I watched the glow of my pipe and waited.

* * *

"I was riding herd on the Bar-O that spring," he began. "Forty a month and good grub. The grub rustler was a Chink, and he could cook *some*. I'd give a dollar for a cup of his coffee right now.

"One day Bob McKenzie of the Broken Circle rode our way, looking for strays. 'Big doings over to the Gulch tomorrow night,' he tells the boys. 'There's a travelling show company, heading for Cheyenne, stranded there, and they've hired Billy Park's dance hall for a theatre. Everybody's going from our place—the old man and all. They say there's about twenty of the prettiest girls in the company that ever came over the Divide.'

"When Bob promulgates that proposition he sure has us some excited and anxious, any of the boys being willing to ride fifty miles to see a pretty girl go by on the stage. Except Jake, who's so bashful and retiring he'd ride a hundred miles in the other direction and then hide in the sage brush if he thought a girl was headed his way.

"Even the Chink takes notice and hangs around, listening to Bob's prognostication

with a grin on his yellow facial extremity that you could chuck a plate into. 'Me savvy th'leatre,' he squeaks. 'Allee samee pleddy girl singee, dancee like hell.'

"You savvy washee them dinner dishes, mucho pronto," says the old man, sharp and decided. 'Else I'll hang you with your own pig tail.'

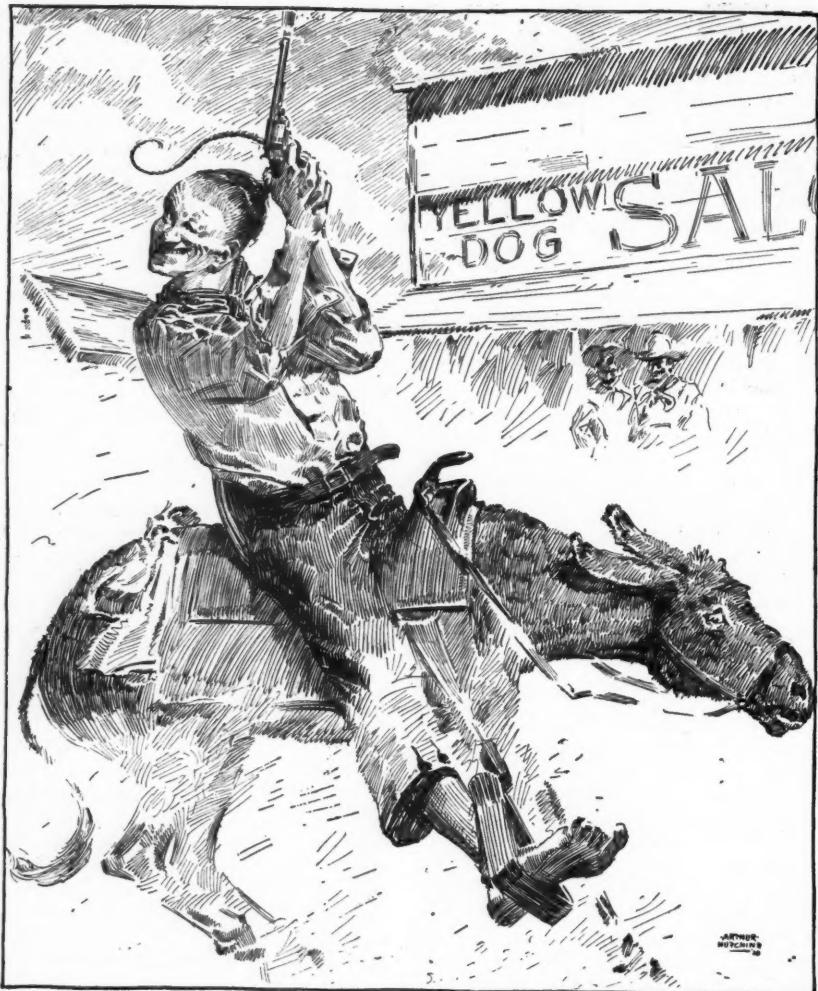
"Allee lightee," agrees the Chink, and dives into the cook house promiscuous.

"Then Bob borrows a chew from me and drifts away in a cloud of dust, joyful and contented.

"Next day, right after noon, the whole Bar-O outfit trails off for the Gulch. It's only about twenty miles, but everybody's figuring on getting a front seat, so we start early, and the last five miles gets to be a race to see who'll get there first.

"The old man, having the best horse, leads the procession; and the Chink, on a pack mule, is just a blue and yellow speck on the horizon. Jake, having overcome his timidity and backwardness enough to join in the festivities, is loping along in the middle of the bunch, looking scared and mournful; and me—I'm hitting only the high places, and you can't see me for the dust.

"Maybe you've seen a bunch of cow-punchers come into town? We sure make a grand, unparalleled, hippodramatic entrance into the Gulch that afternoon, and sweep down the main street like an invading host, every man standing in his stirrups with a six-shooter in each hand, plugging the signs on both sides of the street as we go by, and yelling like Comanches. We're going so fast that we're clear through the town and out the other side before we can stop, and coming back we meet the Chink doing the circus act in the middle of the street. He has a rusty old six-shooter, and every time he fires it off



"Coming back, we meet the Chink doing the circus act in the middle of the street."

he holds it pointing at the sky with both hands and shuts his eyes and yells when he pulls the trigger. And every time he fires, the mule near bucks the daylight out of him.

"Whoopee!" he yells, "me muchee dam bad man, allee samee likee cowboy. Whoopee!" He was a good sport, that Chink, if he *was* yellow, and he could play poker to beat the cars.

"When the old man has extinguished the Chink's patriotic ardor by making a diamond hitch around his neck with his pig tail and choking him till he is black in the face, the whole gang lines up at the hitching rail in front of the Yellow Dog saloon, and the inhabitants of the Gulch begin to crawl out from under the beds and tables and other places of retirement, and business resumes its sway.

"Somebody sees a gent in a green vest sauntering out of Billy Park's dance hall to view the festivities, and the whole crowd swoops down on him like he's a long lost brother. It's the manager of the show, and we stands him up in line in front of the Yellow Dog bar and treats him to a sample of everything in the house till he's fuller than seven kinds of a goat, and exuding cigars at every pore.

"Then we lopes over to the box office and buys our tickets, which is two dollars each for reserved seats and a dollar admission, and fifty cents to stand up. The old man buys three seats in the middle of the front row, and the Chink digs down into the inner recesses of his being and hauls out a roll of dollar bills as big as an elephant's hind leg, and buys a front seat too. The rest of the bunch plays for prominent positions, except Jake, who chips in fifty cents and allows he'll stand up near the door.

"After which we saunters into the Palace Hotel and has a big feed—ham and eggs and coffee, and a few drinks apiece to pass the time till the show begins.

"When the orchestra, which is one piano and a cornet, strikes up, we're all in our seats, anxious to be pleased. The whole population of the Gulch is there, too, and the cow-punchers from every ranch within thirty miles, and them that can't get inside is standing on barrels outside the windows at twenty-five cents apiece. I reckon it's the most unanimously appreciative audience that show company ever had, and they sure improves the occasion.

"First, there's a little blue-eyed, yellow-haired angel comes out in a short skirt and sings 'Home, Sweet Home.' Leastwise, she looks like an angel to about two hundred cow-punchers who ain't seen a human woman for ten months.

"'That's mine,' says Pedro, some excited, when she comes out on the stage, and he starts to climb over the footlights. But a bunch of us gets him by the legs and trips him up and hauls him back to his seat.

"'You, Pedro,' says the old man, 'be quiet—else you'll go back to the ranch, mucho pronto.'

"'I'll be good,' says Pedro, disguising his impatience nobly, 'but if that little girl wants my rope and saddle, it's her'n any time she says so.'

"The little girl don't seem none displeased at that, and she ambles right down to the footlights and smiles straight at Pedro while she finishes her song, and before she gets through Pedro is blubbering like an infant, and don't care two cents who sees him either. But most of the other boys is, too, so he ain't especial noticeable and conspicuous.

"Funny thing about that—what a soft-hearted slob a cow-puncher usually is, inside. He's mostly a tough proposition to look at—works hard, drinks hard, fights and gambles, but just turn loose some little, weak, soft-handed, soft-eyed woman in his proximity, and he'll set up and beg for a kind look like a hungry dog begging for a meal.

"Well, after the little girl has gathered up the hats and six-shooters and spurs and things the boys has flung on the stage, the pianist begins to pound the keyboard like mad, and the chap with the cornet gets red in the face with his exertions, and one of them ballays files into sight. There's about twenty girls, all young and pretty, every one of them smiling like June sunshine, and the entire audience rises as one man and yells itself hoarse when they come on the stage, and empties their six-shooters spontaneous into the floor and ceiling. I heard the Chink yelling rapturously. 'Hoopla! Muchee pretty girl, allee samee dam good looking—whoopee!'

"'Shut up, you heathen,' growls Pedro, savage and supercilious. 'What do you know about pretty girls—you squint-eyed offspring of a mandarin?'

"When the shouting and the tumult has subsided and the smoke cleared away enough so we can see the stage, the girls begin to dance and march and sing till the whole audience is dizzy with delight.

"After they've been called back six times to do it all over again, the manager comes out behind the footlights and thanks the audience for its kind appreciation, and promulgates the sentiment that the memory of the present auspicious occasion will linger always in his recollection, or words to that effect. He's digested some of the thirty-seven kinds of ringed, streaked and spotted beverages that the Bar-O outfit had pressed upon him earlier in the afternoon, but he's some lit up still, and one end of his collar tickling his left ear and his pink and maroon necktie draping itself gracefully outside his green vest sort of detracts from the dignity of his appearance.



"One of them ballays files into sight."

But he means well, and the boys applaud his brief remarks with unanimous certitude.

"After the managerial presence has removed itself gracefully from the scene by crawling off the stage on all fours, the real business of the evening begins. I disremember what the play is all about, but there's one scene where the lights are turned low and the heroine wrings her hands and weeps with despair, and the villain steals onto the stage in a slouch hat and a long cloak and gloats upon his victim.

"At last!" he hisses, and grabs the girl by the shoulders.

"Unhand me, wretch!" she shrieks. "Never!" says the villain, or words like that, "now you are in my power! No earthly aid can save you!"

"The hell it can't!" yells somebody back in the audience, and Jake comes prancing down the aisle with a six-shooter in each hand, stepping high and looking dangerous. "You drop that girl, mucho pronto, you blamed greaser, or I'll shoot the top of your head off," he says, waving his gun careless and menacing.

The girl shrieks, and the villain makes two jumps across the stage, and we hear the glass breaking in a side window and a dull and sickening thud on the ground outside where he lands, and then some sounds like a man trying to catch a train that left five minutes ago.

"O brave sir," says the girl, grinning and leaning over the footlights and holding out her arms to Jake, "how can I ever thank you?"

"Then the audience awakes to the humor of the situation and slaps each other on the back and laughs till it cries.

"Good old Jake!" somebody yells, "three cheers for Jake!" and everybody yells himself hoarse.

"But Jake stands there like an image, with his face white and set, not seeming to hear the noise, and looking at the girl like he saw a ghost, till all of a sudden a silence falls on that rough crowd of ungodly cow-punchers—why, no one just knows. For a minute no one stirs, with the girl standing there with the smile slowly fading on her face, and a look of wonder growing in her eyes. Then a light

flares up and she gets a good look at Jake, and we know it's not play-acting now.

"Jim! O Jim!" she cries, with the voice of a lost child wandering in the dark, when she sees her pappy coming to find her with a lantern. And then she throws out her arms toward him and falls across the footlights in a faint. Not so quick, though, but what Jake catches her in his arms and without a glance to right or left, but with a look on his face like a man who's just woke up out of a dream of Purgatory to find himself in Paradise, he walks down the aisle and out the door with his arms around her and her head against his shoulder.

"The show stops then and there. We've just seen better acting than anything that can be played upon a stage, and we rise like clock work and make a break for the open air.

"Outside I gets separated from the bunch and drifts into Monte Ike's emporium of chance. I has a system a Chicago drummer teaches me for breaking the bank at faro, in consequence of which I finds myself about noon the next day borrowing the price of a meal and a drink from Pedro.

"The stage is waiting to start when I saunter past the Palace Hotel, and the show manager is just climbing aboard, looking mighty solemn and discontented.

"I looks inside the vehicle for the unparal-

lelled aggregation of female beauty comprising the company, and all I sees is a discouraged appearing female about fifty years old, more or less, whose nose looks like she's been crying.

"Where's the company, stranger?" I asks, some curious.

"Inside, what's left of it," he says gloomily, jerking his thumb at the disconsolate lone female person. "The rest is married. Them infernal cow-punchers stampeded the whole outfit after the show, rounded up a justice of the peace and married 'em, all except the aged and infirm exhibit inside there. Likewise there was a Chink blew in with the bunch and wanted to marry *her*, but I shoed him off the premises with a chair. Which I'm some sorry for now. Maybe you'd marry her?" he asks, hopefully.

"Not me," I declines hurriedly, backing off.

"Well, so long," he says, dejected and resigned.

"So long," I answers, and the stage starts."

* * *

My pipe was out, and the fire burned low. 'Frisco threw on another branch, and we rolled ourselves in our blankets.

"All the same," he murmured musingly, "I'd a liked that blue-eyed girl with the yellow hair."

OPPORTUNITY

By the late SENATOR JOHN J. INGALLS

M ASTER of human destinies am I;
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Desert and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate,
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore,
I answer not and I return no more.

THE STORY OF ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

By CHARLES WINSLOW HALL

UNDER this and many other less familiar but not less honorable appellations, the lawyers of the English-speaking world-races practice their arduous and comprehensive calling.

Advocate, agent, attorney, attorney-at-law, barrister, counsellor-at-law, sergeant-at-law, solicitor—all these in the homeland, the England of a not remote past, had exclusive and separate meanings, and in some cases, great and exclusive privileges.

The advocate is rather a French than an English term, and means, of course, a pleader at the bar. The agent is not necessarily an attorney, but there are many attorneys who are employed as agents because of their knowledge of law, and their skill in managing large estates. These seldom appear in courts, except as witnesses, or as representatives of the estates in whose behalf they employ counsel. Usually their agency as an attorney-at-law is increased by special appointments or a general and extraordinary "power of attorney."

Attorneys-at-law in England who were not agents formerly secured practice, commenced suits, looked up evidence, and took instructions from their clients. Then they employed a barrister, sergeant-at-law or solicitor to defend or prosecute the cause in court; but of late years the right to carry on all the varied duties of a lawyer has been conferred on all attorneys-at-law, and the exclusive rights of barristers, sergeants and solicitors have been considerably abridged.

The barrister, as his name implies, means one whose active work is chiefly in the courts, and he is not infrequently not especially brilliant in any other position, being, so to speak, a heavy gun which must be loaded and pointed by skilled artillerists but in action makes havoc and secures victory for its side.

The counsellor-at-law is definitely the adviser of deep study, ripe experience, and wide knowledge of court decisions, the peculiarities of judges and referees, and all other matters that may aid or injure his

client. He it is who often "loads up" a partner or junior, carefully instilling such peculiar knowledge of the law and the evidence needed to insure victory in the cause in hand, knowing that after the lesson is learned the eloquence, fervor and tact of his colleague will be ten times more effective than anything that he could himself compass.

Sergeants in Ireland and England are especially trial lawyers whose championship in the lists of law is as noted as that of any ancient "star of tournament" in the days of chivalry. They were originally appointed by the crown to advise the king and his judges; they were long considered officers of the court and until recently had special privileges in Great Britain.

Solicitors in England, until recently, had the sole right to plead in the court of claims and other high courts, and this privilege was highly esteemed and jealously guarded. Of late years the ancient distinctions between gentlemen of the legal profession have been greatly diminished and in most material privileges completely abrogated. But in the United States the term "attorney-at-law" or "lawyer" generally signifies a man who is accustomed to perform any and all of the services above specified. It is true that in many law firms some of the foregoing distinctions are practically recognized, by dividing and turning over the varied business of the firm to such members or assistants as are most skillful in the several departments of action.

In 1900 there were over 113,000 lawyers or attorneys-at-law in the United States—and the number has undoubtedly been largely increased in the last ten years just expired; and this notwithstanding the fact that in many large cities the trust companies, collection agencies, and other corporations have largely invaded the field of operations once almost exclusively given up to the legal profession.

On the other hand the increasing complications of business life, under an intensified

competition and civilization, make it desirable to employ one or more lawyers in almost every great business or municipal department. An employe with a material knowledge of the law is absolutely necessary to many business houses, who, under conditions existing a generation ago, would never have deemed it necessary to consult a lawyer except under very unusual and exceptional circumstances. A very large number of qualified lawyers are engaged in business, journalistic and political life who have never been engaged in active practice, and an equally large number have left active professional careers to take political, military and business avocations.

Indeed no other calling so necessitates the clear comprehension of human life, business, emotions, customs, and action in all their protean forms and transformations, as the legal profession. A good lawyer must for the time being, and so far as the limits of the case in hand demand, be a carpenter, mechanic, inventor, physician, theologian, preceptor, or whatever special calling must be illuminated and clearly interpreted to the judge or jury trying the case. It is wonderful how often a lawyer whose personal interest began and ends with a not very important case, will successfully study and master the minutiae of subjects which must be left to the evidence of noted and often conflicting experts. It goes without saying that the profession of the law, conscientiously and honorably followed, has few equals and humanly speaking no superior.

"An order as ancient as the magistracy, as noble as virtue, and as necessary as justice" was the glowing tribute paid by D'Aguesseau, the great French Chancellor, to the advocates of his day some generations ago, whose duties and responsibilities were also thus summed up by Meyer, another European writer:

"He who has devoted himself to that profession which is as difficult as it is honorable; who receives in his chamber the most confidential communications; who directs by his counsel those who come to him for advice and listen to him as though he were an oracle; who has the conduct of causes the most important; who constitutes himself the organ of those who claim the most sacred rights, or the defender of those who find themselves attacked in their persons, their honor

or their fortune; who brings forward and gives efficacy to their demand, or repels the charges brought against them; he, I say, who does all this, must necessarily require the support of the public. By his knowledge, his talents, his morality, he ought to endeavor to win the confidence and good will of his fellow-citizens."

To understand the evolution of law as it exists today we must recognize the fact that only in civil disputes was a contest for as well as against the individual recognized. Only in matters affecting the rights of property could the king or the community relinquish the right of inquisition into justice between man and man.

In the more primitive times the man was the head of all family relations; his wife, his children, his servants, were his to do with as he would. If a babe was deformed, sickly, or a girl where he wanted a man-child, he had only to say the word and it was slain or exposed to the elements and wild beasts.

Later kings arose, and when such an one ruled a tribe or nation "whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive." Suspicion in the king's mind meant death, swift when merciful and lingering through untold torments when kingly hatred or policy so decreed. In due time the priest became at times superior to patriarchal prince and kingly tyrant, and claimed his human sacrifices to appease the outraged gods.

Not only the criminal and the captive enemy perished. "In Ur of the Chaldees," when Abram left the city with his childless wife Sar-ai, both doubtless rejoiced in their hearts that no man-child of theirs had gasped out its budding life on the altar of Hurki, the relentless Moon-god. Under systems so crude and cruel, man lived subjected to strong thieves, and slaying mercilessly brute and man who lessened by fraud or force his limited substance. From a general paucity of necessities and luxuries and the ease of escape beyond the reach of post or pursuit, arose the Draconian laws, which put to death millions of human beings for crimes that today are petty offences indeed.

Naturally this "King's Justice" was an inquisition and not a trial, decided not on abstract rules and carefully weighed evidence, but by whatever rude justice, mercy, policy, or favor might rule the royal mind or judge's reason for the time. Execution followed

fast upon sentence, and when the Assyrian's face was covered and he was led forth, he knew that bitter torture or sudden death was close at hand.

Whoever questioned the justice of the king, or the decision of judge or priest might be a brave man, but seldom survived the resentment of his judges. Therefore the lawyer is a modern innovation.

ORATORY THE GLORY OF GRECIAN ADVOCATES

ATHENS, the only state in Greece in which forensic oratory was cultivated, does not appear to have possessed a distinct order of advocates answering to those of Rome or more modern nations. The rule seems to have been that only the parties to a cause could be heard therein, although one whose interests were affected by the suit or prosecution was allowed to speak. Thus, in several instances where Demosthenes defended others, it is evident that his interest in the result was sufficient to set aside the general rule.

Later the rule was modified by allowing relatives or friends to speak for litigants who, owing to sickness or other disability, could not conduct their own prosecution or defence. It is recorded that Isaeus, who spoke for two of the claimants and for the inheritance of Nicostratus, commenced by saying: "Gentlemen of the jury, Agnon and Agnotheus, who are the plaintiffs in the suit, are friends and connections of mine, as was their father before them. It seems therefore to me to be reasonable that I should advocate their cause to the best of my ability."

There were, however, a class of men who acted as counsellors and prepared defences and speeches for the use of those who needed and would pay for such assistance. There were also exceptions in favor of aliens, females and minor children. The beginning of a suit was before a magistrate who reduced the evidence to writing and eventually laid it before the *dicasts* or jurymen who were never less than five hundred in number and sometimes greatly exceeded this number. The verdict was given by ballot, placed in one or the other of two urns; beans, pebbles, mussel shells or brass balls (according to the kind of trial) being used instead of paper votes.

Six thousand citizens of Athens were liable to this duty, and the courts of Athens probably excelled all others for injustice and

robbery under the guise of law. Hearsay evidence, if of common report, was admitted even in criminal causes, and advocates appealed to the personal knowledge of the jurors themselves, while torture as a means of eliciting evidence was highly favored. Another peculiar Grecian feature was that not unfrequently the writers of pleas made them for both sides, and it is said sometimes showed the first plea to the opposing party to enable him to answer it effectively. The Grecian advocates did not disdain to bring the arts of the stage to the aid of their eloquence. The famous trio of Athenian *hetairai* or courtesans, were Lais, Aspasia and Phryne, the latter of whom was prosecuted on a capital charge. Hyperides, her advocate, knowing that she was exquisitely beautiful in form as well as feature and that she had posed to Praxiteles for his wonderful statue of Venus, instructed her to so arrange her dress that at the crisis of his appeal she, as if overcome by her emotions, should start up and allow her robes to fall away from her shoulders and so stand as if carried away by his appeals for mercy. Phryne was acquitted by the *dicasta* or popular jury, and Euthias, the prosecutor, swore he would never prosecute another woman, but the court thereafter made a rule that no accused person should be in court at the time of making their decision.

LAWYERS IN THE DAYS OF PYRAMID-BUILDING

THE lawyer as he exists today seems to have been utterly unknown in ancient Egypt, where Thebes, Heliopolis and Memphis each furnished ten of their most eminent citizens to form a court. These chose by vote one of their number to act as presiding judge, after which the city from which he was chosen sent an eleventh citizen to make the thirty complete.

A small image of Truth formed of jewels hung by a golden chain around the neck of the presiding judge who assumed it only when a trial was about to begin. There were eight books containing the laws of Egypt supplied to the judges and the whole proceedings were in writing. The plaintiff described the nature of his claim and the damages demanded. The defendant denied the claim or confessed it, but urged some defence or made a counter-claim. To this the plaintiff replied and lastly the defendant rejoined. Ample time was allowed to each

party to consider and prepare these written statements and to produce evidence, but finally these writings were taken and considered by the thirty. Their verdict or decision was indicated by the presiding judge, who, taking the image of Truth from his neck, laid it silently on the papers of the successful litigant.

Conveyances in Egypt were even more minute in description than their modern successors. Thus, in describing the parties to a deed, in the reign of Cleopatra, B. C. 107, it was recorded:

"There was sold by Pamouthes aged about forty-five, of middle size, dark complexion and handsome figure, bald, round-faced and straight-nosed, and by Semmuthes, aged about twenty-three, of middle-size, sallow complexion, round-faced, flat-nosed, and of quiet demeanor, children of A——, the following described land, [describing it]: It was bought by Nochutes, the Less, the son of Asos, aged about forty, of middle size, sallow complexion, cheerful countenance, long face, straight nose, with a scar upon the middle of his forehead, for 601 pieces of brass, etc."

THE FORENSIC DAYS AT THE FORUM

IT is said that civil lawyers were first allowed in the Roman courts about three centuries before the coming of Christ. Originally the interpretation of the Roman law was decided by certain learned pontiffs of the College of Priests, and these decisions formed a body of unwritten law, which, to distinguish it from the written laws, was called the *Jus Civile* or "Civil Law," and in time became to Rome what the Common Law has been to England and the great peoples descended from her.

There were other laws passed in the popular assemblage held in the Campus Martius by the whole body of Roman citizens. The edicts of praetors, consuls and tribunes, answering to similar proclamations, etc., made by modern rulers and officials and the laws of custom and business, were also a part of the Roman jurisprudence until the republic fell and the edicts of an irresponsible Emperor became the unsettled and oppressive laws of decadent Rome. It is true that the sycophantic jurists of the imperial period claimed that the Roman people had by their own acts vested this sole power of legislation in

the tyrants, who by turns flattered and terrorized them while assuming to act in a consular capacity, and to invoke and respect the opinion and free choice of a facile Senate.

The Forum at Rome, the site of the law courts and great open-air convocations of ancient Rome, was the widest part of a rapidly narrowing plain extending from the foot of the Capitoline to that of the Palatine hill. Bordered on either side by branches of the Sacred Way, it was at once the market-place and general resort of the "plain" common people of Rome. Its narrower and somewhat higher extremity, the Comitium, was in a way divided from the Forum by a rostrum on which the advocates stood with their backs to the market-place in addressing the senators, who were accustomed to listen while standing in front of the Senate house. At a later day, the great orators had adopted the custom of facing the Forum and addressing the great mass of the people. Besides the enclosing shops, dwellings and law courts that bordered the Forum, the speakers saw on the left hand the almost ruinous "Court of Numa," last remaining relic of the rude sovereignty of Rome's earlier Kings, and beyond it that temple to Castor and Pollux, erected by the Dictator Postumius to the Great Twin Brethren, who at Lake Regillus led on snow-white horses his last victorious charge on the Tarquins and the hapless Legions of the Thirty Cities. Further to the east was the Temple of Vesta and in mid-forum an ancient altar marked the spot where the great gulf had yawned until Manlius Curtius, in the full strength and beauty of manhood, clad in complete armor and harnessed as became a Roman knight, leaped into its fathomless depths as the most precious gift which Rome could offer to appease the offended deities, and near it the sacred vine, olive and fig tree carefully preserved or renewed from generation to generation. On the western border the equestrian statues of Maenius and Camillus, the conquerors of the Latins, recalled ancestral valor and devotion.

Here then in the open air took place most of those great trials whose comedies, tragedies, eloquence and wisdom have come down to our own day as unsurpassed classics of forensic literature. Not all of these, however, have come down to us as they were spoken. When Cicero defended Titus Aunius Milo,

charged with the murder of Clodius, notorious for his profligacy and violence, he appears to have taken up the cause of a man whose own murder had been attempted in the affray in which Clodius himself was slain by Milo's bodyguard. But a certain senator, named Tediis, brought the dead Clodius back to Rome, and as Antony exposed the gaping wounds of Caesar, exhibited the mutilated Clodius to the Roman populace, who demanded vengeance on the slayer of their leader.

In the Senate, Pompey suggested a trial before a commission, and when Cicero appeared in the Forum, unbroken ranks of veteran legionaries lined the dual branches of the Sacred Way, and held the avenues and alleys leading therefrom. But beyond these guards every available spot, overlooking or within hearing of the Forum, was thronged by the turbulent populace and the armed and vengeful relatives and clients of Clodius. In spite of his living wall of legionaries, and his own assertion that the great majority of the citizens of Rome admitted the justice of his defence, Cicero lost courage and was unable to deliver his carefully prepared and really splendid defence. Milo was convicted and banished, and when later he read the speech which should have been delivered, said:

"If Cicero had spoken thus, I should not now have been eating figs at Marseilles."

Yet here were uttered the masterpieces of the world's oratory—the eloquent appeals of Scipio, the dignified utterances of Cato, the fiery periods of the Gracchi and the splendid and successful orations of Cicero.

Under the early Kings and to a considerable extent under the consul and praetors, minor causes were succinctly disposed of wherever the judge and the parties were met, sometimes in the streets, at the house of the praetor, or in the general market-place, the Forum. In these cases, the parties and the judge "talked over matters" with little or no regard to ceremony, the rules of evidence or the intervention of advocates. Such simple methods of "justifying" have obtained in almost every country in the earlier periods of its history. So Absalom "sat in the gate" of Jerusalem and other cities and meted out justice to the Jews, gaining their hearts thereby. So St. Louis, the good French King in the thirteenth century, used after hearing

mass to lie reclined at the foot of a great oak in the wood of Vincennes surrounded by his courtiers, and ask if there were any who had suits to be heard. If parties appeared, two of his bailiffs were chosen to hear and determine the cases in his presence. But the Roman praetor held more impressive sessions at his tribunal, choosing a number of assessors called *Judices*, who sat on either side and a little behind him. These appear to have been chosen out of the *Centumviri* or hundred men representing the thirty-five tribes, three to each tribe. Just how many sat and to what extent they made up the final judgment of the *praetor* is a matter of some doubt, but as this court dealt chiefly with questions of titles, pedigrees, easements, boundaries, ancient lights, guardian and ward, debtor and creditor, the validity of wills, etc., they probably acted to some extent as *Amici Curiae* or advisers of the court and perhaps as modern jurors. But the criminal courts of Rome differed greatly from our own in that they were constituted to try different forms and degrees of crime. Thus the lowest courts having jurisdiction of municipal and sanitary statutes, disturbance of graves, monuments, etc., and lesser misdemeanors were tried by judges appointed by the praetor, and these *Actiones populares* were usually punished by a fine. Any person could appear as the prosecutor in these courts.

Courts trying "extraordinary actions" appear to have been special tribunals appointed for the occasion to investigate and if need be punish some offence not provided for by established law, or provided against by statutes that failed to prescribe a punishment therefor. Offenders under modern laws often escape deserved punishment because of such failure to legislate properly, but the Romans if necessary passed *ex post facto* laws to reach offenders who deserved punishment. Sometimes the whole Senate, sometimes the consuls or a number of judges were chosen to preside.

The *Judicia Publica* answered to our own courts dealing with offenders against established laws. In these courts the praetor presided, but the cases were tried by a certain number of *Judices* selected from a panel of chosen citizens whose numbers varied from some 350 (B. C. 123) to 4,000 in the days of the Emperor Augustus. Originally

chosen from the senate, the knights and the body of people were finally drawn upon to supply these juries, but the number sitting on any one case is still in question.

Such in general and briefly speaking were the tribunals and methods of procedure in Rome, matters necessary to understand because the laws and language of Rome were largely the basis of our own jurisprudence if not of practice. "All roads lead to Rome" was an ancient saying of wide significance, and over those Roman roads, over which Roman legions went forth to conquer the world, followed Roman influence in commerce, art, religion, law and literature, whose royal pre-eminence has scarcely yet lost its claim to universal acceptance. The lawyers of Ancient Rome were called *Oratores* (orators), a term not confined to those pre-eminently eloquent, but meaning one who addressed the public or a court of law, a sense in which it is still used in modern pleading. Cicero always speaks of another advocate as an orator expressing his opinion of their shortcomings by remarking that one—is a "mediocre," "intolerable" or even bad orator.

In Rome, in the days of the republic, there was no line of demarcation between the politician and the advocate and indeed for a long time no recognized clan of lawyers who for hire appeared in the courts and confined their life labors to legal business. Those who appeared most frequently in the Roman courts were termed "patrons of causes" or briefly "patrons," and they appeared only as a rule for their "clients."

The relationship of patron and client in ancient Rome was somewhat like that between the lord and his vassal in feudal times, and in return for his protection and succor in distress the client was bound to consider first in all matters the interests and claims of his patron. Therefore when a client was sued or prosecuted in the courts of Rome, his patron either in person or by another defended him, or if necessary demanded the debt or property due him.

In process of time some orators became so famous that others than their relatives and friends sought their assistance in the courts, and other noble Romans became so learned in the law that they were known as *Juris consules*, answering to our "counsellors-at-law." But for generations it was considered

unworthy to use these gifts for gain, and under the republic there were sufficient reasons why fees were not required by the orators of Rome. In the first place, the men who appeared in the courts were of great and wealthy houses whose clients paid in many ways for the protection afforded them, and successful advocacy of their rights and safety was the surest road to greater power and higher office.

Eventually advocates began to follow their calling for hire or rather, to use the English term, were retained by an "honorary" or fee in advance, but this was deemed an abuse and was by the Cincian law finally forbidden.

It may be said that the tribunals of Rome which dealt with important criminal and political causes combined the judicial and the pardoning power, and the successful orator often secured a verdict of acquittal when the guilt of the accused should have ensured a conviction, even if executive clemency might have pardoned or mitigated the punishment. But the great number of men who sat to decide the guilt or innocence of the accused also awarded the punishment; from their decision there was no appeal, and execution followed close upon the heels of their sentence. Every art of the orator and device of the skilful advocate was used to influence the assessors or senators to show mercy instead of to do justice, and a bar seeking only to amass wealth would have been doubly dangerous under Roman methods. Still the Cincian law was not always effective, and one of the few witticisms recorded of Cicero was his retort to Hortensius, who was defending Verres, on trial for his mis-government of Sicily, and had received a costly statue of the Sphinx, one of the spoils of his administration. While Cicero questioned a witness Hortensius cried: "You speak riddles, I can't understand you." "That is strange," retorted Cicero, "for you have a Sphinx at home to solve them."

After the downfall of the republic the motives which had led advocates to plead for their clients ceased to exist, for the Caesar became the sole distributor of offices and emoluments. The advocate now worked for gifts or fees and although against the law, custom and necessity increased the practice. The emperor Augustus revived the Cincian law and fined offenders four-

fold the fees taken; but the law became a dead letter; and under Commodus a decree limited the amount of fees to about \$375 in each case, rendering the advocate liable to a criminal action for extortion if he exceeded it. Nero, Claudio, Trajan and Severus, all issued edicts to restrain and correct abuses arising out of the venality and greed of the Roman advocate under the Empire. At no time, however, was the fee a debt recoverable at law, a theory sustained in England to this day.

Of the high rank of the Roman advocate prior to the decline of the Empire no one can doubt. Julius Caesar, Mark Antony, Cato, Brutus, Pliny, Mutius Scaevola, Pompey, Scipio, the conqueror of Carthage, Caius Gracchus, the author of the Agrarian law, Hortensius, already mentioned, and Hortensia, his daughter, who, when Octavius Lepidus and Antony imposed a tax upon the Roman mothers and no advocate had the courage to oppose it, came forward as the advocate of her sex and spoke so effectively that the greater part of the tax was remitted.

Forensic oratory reached the zenith of its glory in the Roman Republic, and died with the growth of absolute monarchy under the Caesars; a warning to all those who believe that a strong centralized government can gather power except through the decline of republican spirit and popular liberty.

Yet under the Emperors considerable effort was made to dignify and favor "the noble profession of the law." The Pandects of Justinian and the Edicts of Constantine, inspired by Christian faith and practice, did

something to cure the abuses which attended the swift decline of the later empire. Like the Grecians, the Roman advocates appealed to the eyes as well as the minds of the members of the tribunal. Mark Antony, in defending Aquilius, who had crushed a slave insurrection in Sicily, but was charged with corruption and embezzlement, after an eloquent appeal for gratitude to the brave soldier who stood beside him, suddenly threw off the folds of his client's toga and disclosed the broad and livid scars received in leading the Roman eagles to victory, and Aquilius was acquitted.

By a similar device in his famous oration over the dead Caesar, he uncovered the corpse and disclosed to the crowded Forum the gaping and bloody wounds made by the daggers of the conspirators. So Cicero, when he defended Fonteius against charges of corrupt government while praetor in Gaul, pointed to the mother and sister of Fonteius clinging to him in passionate grief, and reminded them that the sister was a vestal virgin whose only earthly ties were filial and sisterly love.

"Let it not be hereafter recounted," he cried, pointing to the group, "that the eternal fire which was hitherto preserved by the midnight care and vigils of Fonteia, was extinguished by the tears of your priestess. A vestal virgin raises to you in suppliant entreaty those hands which she has hitherto been wont to lift up to the immortal gods in your behalf. Beware of the danger and the sin you may incur by rejecting the entreaty of one without whose prayers or if the gods were to despise them, Rome itself would lie in ruins."

THE first of a series of articles descriptive of American professions, trades and avocations is here published, giving a comprehensive revelation of the dignity of the life and work of the "American people." The initial article on "Attorneys-at-law" will be followed by articles on Bakers, Blacksmiths, Druggists, Merchants, Grocers, Engineers and Dentists, and other trades and professions. These articles are the results of many years of research, and a wide range of reading and thorough investigation by the author, Mr. Charles Winslow Hall. There is a sentiment associated with all trades, professions and avocations, and if any of our readers have a suggestion to make in reference to the forthcoming articles, the editor will be glad to receive it from them, addressed to him personally. The next article will deal with the history of the English and American bar and jurists.—Editor.



ABELATED REQUIEM

By Mary L. Cummins

STHE motor car rounded one corner of a rural cemetery, Grant Davis leaned forward, motioning with his head toward a shaded road to the right.

"May Dan run the car up there?" he asked Hamilton Scott, who sat in front next his chauffeur. Then, with a glance at the other two men, "It will be a cool place to rehearse, and we have half an hour before the service commences."

Scott nodded, turning sideways and leaning one arm on the back of the seat. Davis drew four male quartette books from a flat music case and felt in his vest pocket for his tuning-fork. Striking the latter gently on the edge of the car he gave a key-note. The four men bent forward until their heads almost touched, and it was as though an unseen hand had softly brushed the keys of some deep-mouthed organ. Then, on the primal stillness of the air, the first bars of "Lead, Kindly Light," floated out in exquisite harmony.

It was wondrously beautiful there in the quiet of the country, under a cathedral vault of tall, interlacing elms. To an untrained ear it would have seemed almost incredible that such subtle modulations—which seemed more the result of some mutual, psychological impulse than of practice—such perfection of phrasing and enunciation could have been produced by four different personalities. Even Dan admitted to himself that "those fellers could

sing, all right." For the real test of perfection in art is its ability to reach and strike the human note.

When the hymn was ended, Davis, second tenor and nominal head of the "Schumann" male quartette, looked around with a pleased nod.

"Voices 'gum-up' all right, don't they?" he said in a relieved tone.

"Sure," Scott's "blond" first tenor asserted cheerfully.

"Ought to. We've got a bass today, and no mistake!" Quimby, the baritone, offered the remark with a slightly diffident smile.

The man at his left, a man well past fifty, with iron-gray hair and vivid dark eyes, nodded quietly in acknowledgment of the compliment, as he idly turned over several leaves of the male quartette book. Davis' satisfaction that the music was going well found vent in a whistled bar of the "Prize Song" while he fumbled in the case at his side. For one new voice, even the voice of such a man as Myron Stillman, implied risk, and the "Schumanns" were deservedly jealous of their well-earned reputation. Besides, this was a Masonic funeral—the Masons being their best patrons—and out of town, which meant double money.

Davis had been almost in despair, when, by chance, he met the once-famous oratorio singer, the day before. Grundler, their regular bass, was ill, and the man who usually took his place had gone off on a concert tour. On such an occasion he could

not well work in raw material. All this Grant Davis poured forth to his friend and former teacher, together with the fact that Scott would take them down to Woodhaven, where the service was to be held, in his car, Scott being one of the favored few with whom music was a hobby and not a means of livelihood.

"If I can help you out, Grant—" Myron Stillman's voice, so full even in speech of the singing quality, so deep and resonant that it seemed as if his whole large body was one vast sounding-board—broke in on Davis' tale of woe.

"*You?* Would you come with us, Mr. Stillman? Why, that's great! The boys will feel all up in the air!" And Davis sighed the relief of the climbing musician who once more succeeds in saving his artistic reputation.

"What's the next number?" Stillman asked now, as he laid down the male quartette book.

"I've something here—" Davis hesitatingly drew out four manuscript sheets—"It—it's never been published, but we've sung it a good deal, and the Masons always like it." This he seemed to offer rather apologetically to the older man.

Stillman took the roughly jotted sheet, held out to him.

"*Requiem,*," he read slowly. Then, with an almost imperceptible lifting of the strongly marked brows as his eyes went to the composer's name, "MacDonald?"

"Yes!" the word was one quick intake of breath from Davis.

As though it had been a question, Myron Stillman nodded. The young director struck his tuning-fork and gave the key.

Twice they went through the "*Requiem*" before anyone spoke. Stillman turned the paper over between his hands, looked with a slightly perplexed frown at the marvelously wrought-out ending and again, at the name of the composer.

"That is a very beautiful thing," he said slowly.

A sudden spot of color showed in Grant Davis' cheeks. A light, half-triumphant, half-bitter, leaped to his eyes. His sensitive mouth was momentarily twisted by a spasm of pain.

"I always thought so. It is the best thing he ever did. Perhaps the only thing—

really worth while." The admission came with reluctance.

"It was the last, too, wasn't it?" Quimby asked.

"Yes—it was the last."

Myron Stillman moved slightly. He felt the vague disquiet of a man who suddenly finds his own mature and conservative judgment refuting itself. He had never thought much of MacDonald's groping compositions, which always seemed to him like exercises in harmony, unfinished and unconvincing, and yet—here was a gem.

If Stillman was not, as a rule, enthusiastic about his own work and that of others, it was because it all fell so far short of the standard his mind enthroned. Twenty years before he had written a song and sold the copyright for a hundred dollars. It was now a classic of its style. Out of its sales the publishers still reaped their thousands. Best of all it had given great promise of good things to come. And yet, he had never since done anything which could compare with it. He realized now that he never would; had long ago accepted the fact that he was not born to rank among the immortals. But he knew good music when he saw it, and this "*Requiem*" of MacDonald's was a masterpiece of exquisite and unusual modulations. The man who wrote it might well be ready to sing his *Nunc Dimittus!* Had there been in that frail boy, after all, the divine spark—clouded and smudged by immaturity and too close application to his work, but still there?

While the four men strolled slowly up the gravelled cemetery path Davis edged a little apart. He was conscientiously trying to swallow the lump in his throat so that he could sing. MacDonald had been his studio-mate and friend. Together for five years they struggled; economized—often living on "the clippings of tin," as MacDonald expressed it, in order to attend one Symphony concert—taught many unmusical young people to sing and play correctly. MacDonald did not love piano teaching as did Davis his vocal work. The one exception was his Saturday class in harmony. He was like a boy playing a game when he scribbled off a figured bass and set his pupils to writing in the other three parts. Harmony, and its offspring, composition, were the things in which his soul, the creative

part of him, cut loose, untrammeled and rejoicing.

Davis could almost see the slight figure coming toward him now, the inevitable sheet of manuscript paper in one hand, a light, half-humorous, half-inspired, in the gray Scotch eyes, with their hint of Celtic mysticism, as he said, "I've got it this time, Grant, old boy! 'Twill either make or mar me—you just listen!" and sitting down to the piano would play, with exquisite taste, a rather commonplace melody.

Partly because of his love for his friend, partly because of a certain strain inherited from an Irish grandmother, Davis usually praised extravagantly. His approbation was the food upon which MacDonald lived and kept on. For his was one of those hypersensitive natures, ready at a touch to fall from the mountain-peak of profound belief in the merit of his own work to the shadowed valley of conviction that it was utterly worthless. He was like an instrument upon which everyone played their own tune. Stillman, with his quiet conservatism, amounting almost to pessimism, his acceptance of the fact that he, and certainly not MacDonald, that very few, in fact, would add much worth while to the world's music, always acted on the younger man like a chilling wind. The stronger, more material personality swept his like a breath from the north, carrying with it every leaf of self-confidence, every green shoot of budding aspiration, leaving the bare, naked branches of mediocre attainment.

All this Davis knew. Knew that one word of commendation from the man now walking ahead of him would have sent the youthful composer back to his manuscript paper with head and heart aflame, would have called forth that exhilaration under which some men do their best work. Now, at last, it had come, and—

He resolutely put the thought aside or he could not have sung. With an effort he fixed his mind on the beautiful ritual which the Master Mason began to repeat. When the dead man's apron had been folded and dropped into the grave and each brother, stepping forward, let fall his little sprig of evergreen upon it, the quartette sang MacDonald's "Requiem." Even Myron Stillman admitted to himself that it was a majestic ending to a majestic service.

"As the people moved away Grant Davis slipped quietly off. He alone remembered that Woodhaven was MacDonald's birthplace and that in a corner of this little God's acre he was buried. Stillman, Quimby and Scott strolled slowly along the well-kept paths, stopping here and there to read some quaint epitaph.

Presently they found themselves close to Davis as he stood, hat in hand, beside a plain granite headstone. It bore MacDonald's name and age and, underneath, the last three bars of the Requiem. That had been Grant Davis' idea. He did not seem aware now that the other members of the quartette had come up behind him.

"Poor Mac!" Quimby said, in that subdued voice in which we speak of a comrade who has given up the fight. "I had forgotten that he was buried here."

Scott nodded.

"There was no music at *his* funeral—he, whose life it was—no music—" Davis was speaking in dry jerks, as if to himself.

"That's so." Quimby still seemed to be recalling forgotten facts. "He died of diphtheria."

"But it was bound to be something," Scott said sadly. "He was completely run down, that was about the truth of it. When I got back from my vacation last August I met him on the street, lean and white and all nerved up. He dragged me into his studio to hear part of that cantata, 'The Pillar of Fire,' that he'd been working on."

"Yes, I know," Quimby put in. "I told him time and time again that he ought to get away and rest, but he'd only say that he was having the greatest summer he ever put in, working on that cantata. He used to play the melody of 'Miriam's Song,' over and over for me. I suppose because there were none of you fellows, whom he knew better, around to hear it—and it was pretty, but not—not—"

"Mac had been too close to his own work for too long," Scott said with conviction. "He had lost all perspective with regard to it. That cantata—the whole of it—was just an expression of his physical condition—strained. Not the kind of thing of which he was really capable."

"But he wrote the 'Requiem' after that?" Quimby suggested.

"Yes," it was Davis who spoke now.

"When I got back from Gloucester I locked the cantata away. And for a week he lay on a couch in the studio, doing little or nothing. Then one night he got hold of a sheet of manuscript paper and wrote the 'Requiem.' It—was his 'Swan Song'—two days later he was taken to the isolation hospital. A year ago, today, he was buried."

Myron Stillman looked up quickly.

"A year, today?"

Scott and Quimby started. The musical rumble of Stillman's voice when he spoke in that low key seemed to come almost from under their feet.

"Yes," Davis answered.

Quietly the older man stretched out one hand and drew a copy of the "Requiem" from a book under Quimby's arm. The latter gave him a quick look of interrogation and he nodded. Scott touched Davis gently, on the shoulder. Silently they fell into their places, Quimby and Davis in the centre, Scott and Stillman at each end. There was no need for any explanation.

Scarcely more than a whisper stirred the stillness of the air, for they did not want to attract the attention of people entering and leaving the little cemetery, but each man's

voice vibrated with a depth of feeling which shook himself and his fellows. When the strain fell into a minor and there were a few notes of baritone solo, Quimby's beautiful voice had the wail of a muted 'cello. The "Amen" was as though a mighty hand had been laid upon life, drawing its gropings and uncertainties into one great security, harmony and peace. It was more than a resolution. It was a solution.

While the other three men turned away, Davis sank on one knee and touched the gold lettering of the "Requiem's" last bars, where a shaft of September sunshine fell athwart it.

"May be you know—old fellow," he whispered. "And Myron Stillman sang—and he thinks you did—a great job—I'm going to give—your 'Requiem'—to the world."

On the gravelled path, as he walked toward the cemetery gates, he stooped and picked up a sprig of evergreen, Masonic emblem of immortality. And as he turned the fragrant spray over between his hands a wave of conviction swept over Davis, that, somehow, MacDonald knew what had taken place that day, and that, somewhere, he would do better work for the knowing.



Grand Opera in its Boston Home

Dr Mitchell Chapple

TO the soul, music combines in itself the power of steam, the agility of electricity and the fidelity of the printing press. It is civilization in a conch-shell. Love is a vast lily whose petals gleam faintly just under the wave of life, and sometimes sway and float out above it. Up from this lily there arises an odor. It is music. 'The orator,' said Quintilian, 'should know everything.' How much more should the musician understand all things! For the true musician is as much higher than the orator as love is higher than law. The Greeks did well therefore when they made their word 'mousike' signify a symmetrical and harmonious education of all the powers of man."

From Lanier's poem, "THE SYMPHONY."

FOR years Boston has enjoyed the distinction of being the musical centre of the country, and now that a Grand Opera House has been built—worthy of a city wherein real, operatic art is being nurtured—the "Hub" may well lay claim to being one of the great musical centres of the world. At one time it was considered essential that students of grand opera should spend several years in Europe, studying under European masters and making their debut in European musical centres. The unrivalled success of the New England Conservatory of Music, which has built up the largest institution of its kind in the United States, suggested to Mr. Eben D. Jordan, President of the Conservatory, that it would be well to establish a school of grand opera in connection with the Conservatory, and thus provide a home for permanent grand opera in Boston, such as has been provided for music of another kind in the famous Symphony Hall, with its celebrated orchestra. The same purpose which impelled Richard Wagner to erect the notable structure on the hill at Bayreuth has erected in Boston an American mecca for musical students, such as Wagner gave to the music-lovers of Germany.

To make it a success as a business enterprise, as well as the centre of the highest and best in grand opera, was the aim of Mr. Jordan in erecting a grand opera house on Huntington Avenue, in the outskirts of the Boston Fenway. The new building was planned exclusively for the production of classical and standard operas, and already promises to be to Boston what La Scala is



Photo by Chickering

ALICE NIELSEN
AS "MADAMA BUTTERFLY"



Photo by Chickering

CELESTINA BONINSEGNA
DRAMATIC SOPRANO

to Italy. When the "bravas" and applause ring through the building, no one has any doubt as to the success of grand opera in Boston. The hearty support, not only in generous subscriptions for boxes, but in the purchase of all the other seats, indicates that Americans as well as Europeans are

capable of appreciating grand opera as an institution. The season will outlast anything ever attempted in any other American city, and henceforth grand opera will be an integral part of life for Bostonians.

* * *

After making a tour of Europe, visiting every important opera house, Mr. Jordan finally decided upon a model for the new opera house in Boston, which has, since its completion, been pronounced without a peer in America. The depth of the stage is not equalled by any theatre in the United States. Not only both tiers of boxes, but every seat in the house, affords an excellent view of the stage. Not a single pillar obstructs the view, or mars the fine sweep of contour. With the exception of a large paint shop at Swampscott, the business and mechanical departments are all concentrated in this one structure. The temperature of the opera



Photo by Chickering

LYDIA LIPKOWSKA
SOPRANO IN "LUCIA"

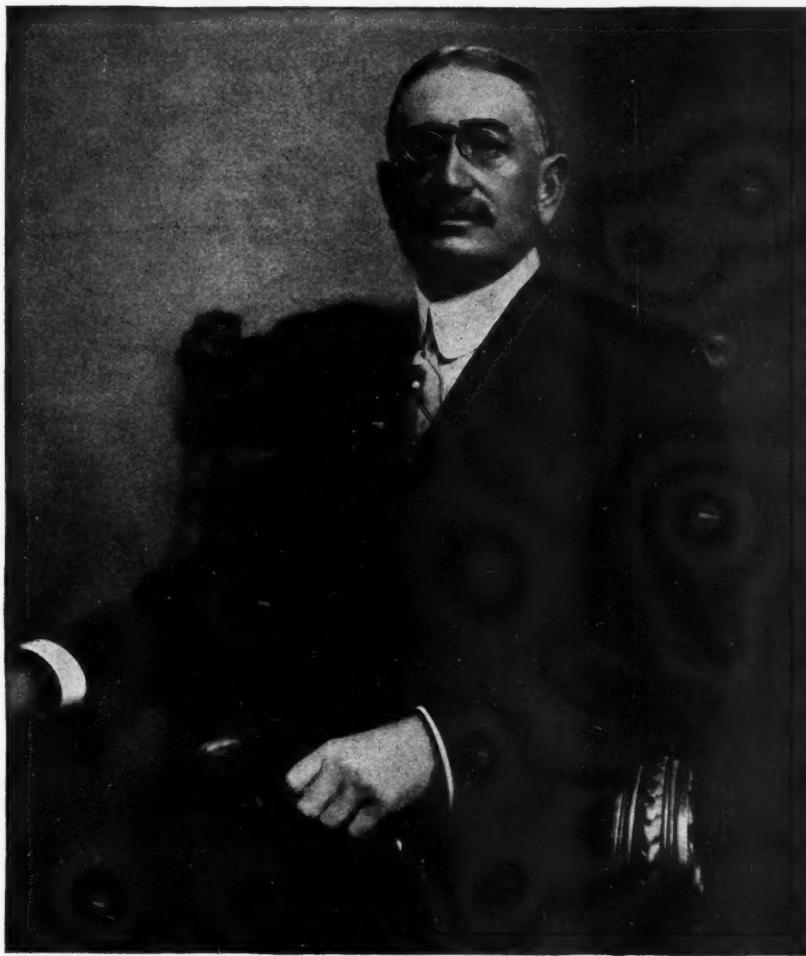


Photo by Dupont

MR. EBEN D. JORDAN
PRESIDENT, NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND BOSTON OPERA COMPANY

house is maintained at an even sixty-eight degrees, no matter what the weather outside may be. Automatically regulated, it never rises or falls. On the floor under each chair is a cast-iron ventilator so arranged that as the air passes through it presses against the floor, and, without creating the slightest draught, reaches the person occupying the chair. The vivified air is drawn off by fans, located in the roof, and each opera box has its own supply of air. The decorations of the house are in delicate tints of crimson,

and indicate at a glance the avoidance of meretricious display of any kind. In the great corridors and foyer there is a fashionable promenade between the acts—that social feature without which it would seem grand opera cannot be rendered.

In Mr. Henry Russell, son of the distinguished English song-writer, Boston possesses a director of grand opera who is unequalled in his ability for bringing the highest form of art into operatic productions. He brings the new and the classic into touch with

popular movements, and secures artists to carry on the work in a way that can only be done by an enthusiast in art. Delfino Menotti, the *réisseur général*, and Arnold Conti, the musical director, are men well known to all lovers of grand opera, and have been connected with its production the world over.

* * *

The opening of the new opera house in Boston was an event quite as significant—if not more so—in the history of the city as the opening of Symphony Hall. For a year previous the scene-painters and members of the orchestra and chorus were hard at work perfecting the ensemble of the operas to be given, always endeavoring to render in completest phrase the thought and intent of the composer, rather than to make the performance merely a medium for the work of the stellar operatic world.

The permanent subscription boxes insure at least fifteen weeks of grand opera, which means maintaining a keen interest in matters musical, as well as in opera. This permanent rendition will create a very different feeling than that engendered by the spasmodic enthusiasm of a week or two of grand opera, preceding or following Lent, with a hurly-burly not consistent with the production of magnificent music. Another feature of the new building is that it affords an opportunity to persons not possessing plutonic pocketbooks to participate in the pleasure and inspiration of grand opera. This fact alone creates the belief that grand opera is to be a permanent factor in the life of the city in the

future. On the opening night, November 8, 1909, the addresses made by Mr. Eben D. Jordan and Governor Draper were fitting preludes to a work which promises so much for Boston. Indeed, the entire Commonwealth was represented on this auspicious occasion.

Debutantes' night is scheduled for Saturday, and on one of these Saturdays the famous opera "Lakme" was given. The work of the French composer Delibes is full of weird musical phrases, suggestive of the occult mystery of India, with its strange Hindoo rites, its dark jungles and its curious customs. Viola Davenport, a Boston girl, made her debut, and secured enthusiastic applause from the students of the Conservatory and the large audience of music-lovers. Their attitude spoke volumes for the Boston determination to develop native musical talent to the highest state of perfection. The primary purpose of the opera house in these Saturday evening performances

is to provide for young students of grand opera an opportunity to make their debut, as at La Scala in Milan.

In sharp contrast to debut night was Monday night, subscription night, when boxes, orchestra and balconies were filled with beautiful women and well-dressed men, showing that Boston society was out in full force to hear the rendition of "Aida."

The scenic effects, the score and the music were full of the magic and mystery of the Egypt of centuries past. "Aida" was written by Verdi for the express purpose of preserving, in musical form, some of the old romantic incidents of Egyptian history. Marvelously has he succeeded. Egypt,



Photo by Chickering

EUGENIA BRONSKAJA
SOPRANO



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HENRY RUSSELL
MANAGING DIRECTOR, BOSTON OPERA COMPANY

land of romance, lives and moves before the audience. The story, handed down through many centuries, was once enacted in the cities of Thebes and Memphis; the first act in the latter, in the palace of the Pharaohs. The audience was entranced by the force of that splendid music; every outside interest was forgotten—at that moment there was not even attention to spare to the perfect conditions which made it possible to give undivided attention to the performance. A flaw in the scenic features, a hint of defective training in the chorus, might have detracted from the charm of that great volume of tunefulness and harmony which arose and swelled through the building, or sank to the softest pianissimo.

Between the acts, the audience commented on the perfection of every detail—the fact that the atmosphere was neither too hot nor too cold, and that there was a delightful

absence of the "stuffiness" so common to public buildings. The fact that the opera house was perfectly ventilated and appointed was reflected in the pleased satisfaction expressed on every face. In older opera houses the beauty of the music lifts one now and then above the discomfort of surroundings, but here nothing marred the perfect enjoyment.

* * *

The initial presentation of the old time favorite opera, "Trovatore," was another triumph for the Boston Opera House, and further emphasized the wide scope of the achievements of a single season. From the massive choruses of "Aida," and the mysterious and thrilling "Lakme," to the performance of such an opera as "Trovatore," indicates the range of the permanent artistic talent employed.

In the brilliant glow of electric lights automobiles, carriages and people thronged

Huntington Avenue, inevitably suggesting something of the excitement incident to the opening of the baseball season, which occurs yearly in the park nearby. The white-gloved crowds on the street cars and side-walks imparted a festive air to the fashionable avenue of Boston. What a tribute to the genius of Verdi it was to see his arias and melodies as high in favor as they had ever been, despite the lapse of years.

In the new building the old, favorite opera was mounted in a way that far surpassed the great productions in Italy. In the camp scene the soldiers pranced back and forth on real horses, across the spacious stage. Each of the well-known arias was applauded to



Photo by Chickering

JOSE MARDONES
BASSO

the echo, and the old-fashioned heart-interest in "Trovatore" quite surpassed itself in this modern performance. Even the *blase* and severe-scowling musical critics forgot their dignity and sat open-mouthed while they listened to the strains of Manrico's song

from his prison tower, and the plaintive duo "Home to our Mountains," which is known the world over. It was the old, old story, "many waters cannot quench love."

In the collection, "Heart Songs," contributed by twenty-five thousand people, dwelling



Photo by Chickering

GIUSTO NIVETTE
BASSO

in all parts of the country, the arias from "Trovatore" were by far better represented than those from any other opera, for long ago the people decided that Verdi belonged to them. It is an opera partaking of the nature of a concert programme, for like pearls on a string; the songs follow each other in quick succession, and each is beautiful in itself. The scenic setting at the Opera House gave just that touch of reality which makes opera so attractive and permanent.

Perhaps the greatest charm of music is its democracy—the fact that it comes with



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CONSTANTINO AS MARIO CAVARADOSSI IN "TOSCA"



THE NEW BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

the same appeal to workingman and millionaire, prince and peasant. In every human soul lies hidden the harp, whose "wild sweetness" may be awakened only by the touch of the skilled musician or the thrilling tones of the singer. It is the universal language of the emotions. The masterly utterances of Verdi, in his melodies, need no interpreter.

Perhaps no audiences offer a greater variety of studies in individuality than those gathered night after night at the new Opera House in Boston. One gazes with delight at the young man in a tall silk hat, who promenades with the young lady with rosy cheeks, who does not seem to be so much impressed as she should be with her escort's very, very dignified manner. There is the lady apparently clad in "Lesbia's" "robe of gold," and the lady who is gowned in a material of silvery sheen. Every-

one is clad in the Grecian style, "long and narrow," like the hapless Barbara Allen's lament. Then there are the elderly ladies, whose simple elegance is restful to look upon, and the chat in the foyer is full of intellectual appreciation of the opera. Boston society is there at its best to listen to the glorious golden tones that come from the lips of Constantino. The grand march of "Aida," the magnificent Egyptian costumes, the Nile and the peculiar eastern scenery; the mysteries of India, in "Lakme," and the familiar and beautiful music of "Trovatore" all seem to gain an added grace from the exquisite color tones of the new Boston Opera House. The soft greens and blues are like the setting of an exquisite dream, rather than a modern reality, and no matter what opera one listens to, exquisite color pictures and memories of rich, sweet music are carried away in the mind and will linger while life lasts.



New England Farming of Today

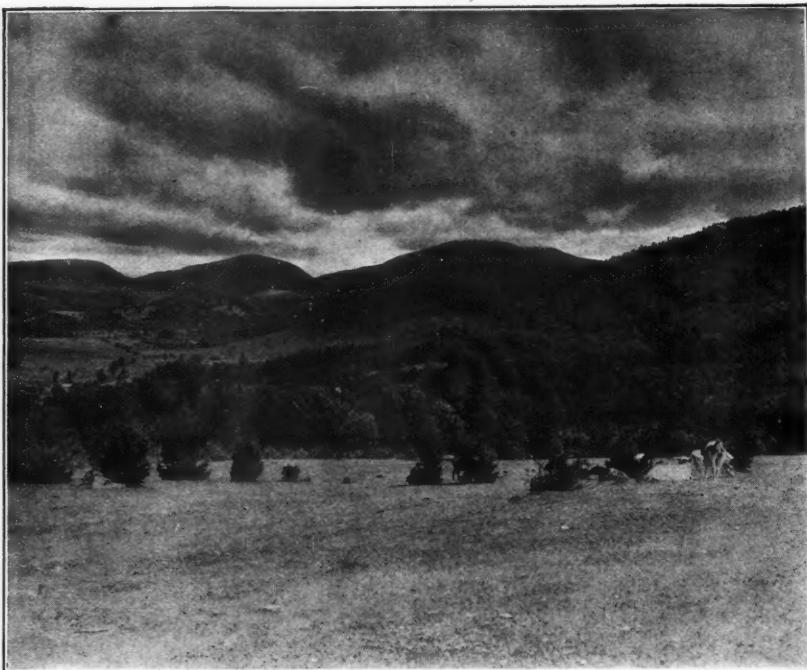
Wailland L. Roy Osborne

"I ONLY lay claim to an invincible willingness to be made wiser today than I was yesterday, and a lively faith in the possibility—nay, the feasibility, the urgent necessity, the imminence—of very great improvements in our ordinary dealings with the soil. I know that a majority of those who would live by its tillage feed it too sparingly and stir it too slightly and grudgingly. I know that we do too little for it, and expect it, thereupon, to do too much for us. I know that, in other pursuits, it is only work thoroughly well done that is liberally compensated; and I can see no reason why farming should prove an exception to this stern but salutary law. I may be, indeed, deficient in knowledge of what constitutes good farming, but not in faith that the very best farming is that which is morally sure of the largest and most certain reward."

THUS spoke Horace Greeley, forty years ago, prefacing a series of essays on Practical Agriculture—described by him as “an Art based upon Science.” And while that quaint philosopher hesitated not to discourse learnedly and at length upon any subject of human knowledge, in this instance at least the mantle of prophecy seemingly had fallen upon his shoulders. For upon the products of the soil has been builded the material prosperity of the nation; and today, perhaps

more than at any other period of its existence, farming—the intelligent, up-to-date, business-like, systematic tilling of the soil—points the way to a lucrative and dignified profession. And, speaking broadly, by farming we mean all the allied branches of husbandry—orcharding, dairying and poultry-raising, as well as the tillage of field crops.

Today, with agricultural colleges established in every state and territory in the Union, and a great and wisely conducted National Department of Agriculture eager to aid the farmer in every way, that



A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND HILLSIDE PASTURE

most ancient and honorable of all employments of humankind stands well up at the head of industrial occupations.

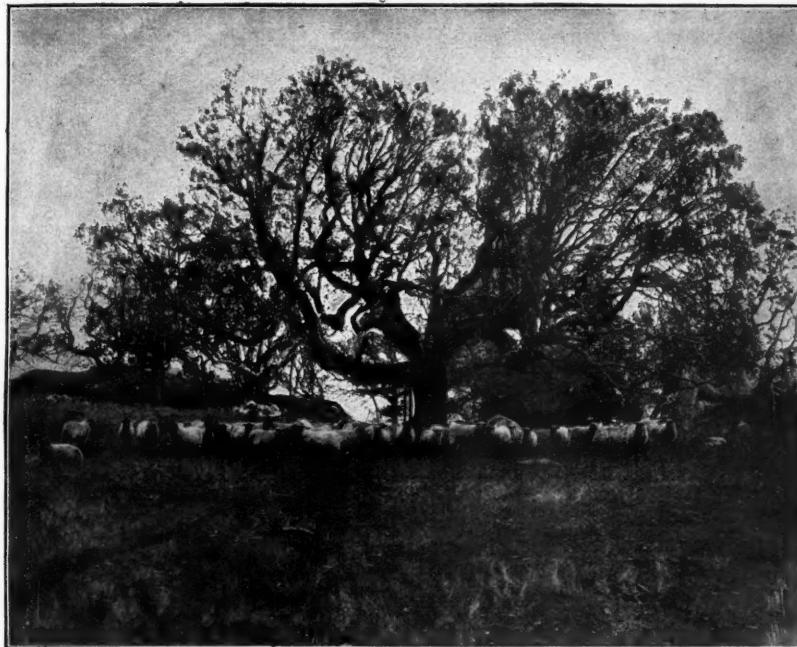
* * *

Now let us consider for a moment the position that New England, as compared with other sections of the country, occupies in farming. Others have written glowing words with the golden waving wheat fields of Saskatchewan for their theme, or the bursting grain bins of Minnesota and the stately green aisles of the fertile corn belt of Kansas. The black-cheeked apples of Oregon, the seedless orange of California, the grapefruit of Florida, and the marvelous wealth of the market gardens of the South Atlantic states have had their meed of praise—but who has written the paean of the New England farm?

Two points I wish particularly to emphasize: what New England has done and is doing today in farming—and what she might do. In 1900, out of a total value of \$4,739,118,752 for all the farm products

of the United States, Massachusetts alone produced crops worth \$42,298,274, and while the absolute acreage in use in Massachusetts during the decade ending with 1900 had decreased twenty-two per cent., the value of her farm products had increased in the same period fifty-one per cent., a striking instance of the benefits to be derived from a more intensive system of cultivation.

But simple figures, while interesting to a statistician, are at best but dry reading to the average mind. Therefore let us resort to the sugar-coated expedient of comparison. "Intensive cultivation," so called, has reached its highest state of perfection in the market gardens lying about Paris, where land rent runs to \$250 per acre or more per year, and four crops are taken from the soil between February and November; and on the island of Guernsey in the English Channel, where farming land is valued at twelve hundred dollars per acre—two instances that move all writers upon agricultural topics to wonder-



SHEEP ON A BERKSHIRE COUNTY FARM

ing awe; and yet, in the near vicinity of Boston, gardeners growing lettuce, radishes and cucumbers under glass are clearing three to four thousand dollars per acre per year without attracting more than passing notice.

Again, Massachusetts alone produces agricultural products annually three times greater than California, which has nine times her area, and four and one-half times greater than the storied state of Kansas, with thirteen times the area of the old Bay State. And during a period of forty years, covering the greatest productive period of the West, Massachusetts averaged a larger yield of corn per acre planted to that crop than Illinois, Kansas, or Indiana. And this too in what is essentially a manufacturing state—the most densely populated save one in the Union.

Nor are the other New England States behind in this particular, New Hampshire and Vermont leading the entire list, with Maine and Connecticut following closely after Massachusetts. A Connecticut farmer

won three first prizes at the great Omaha Corn Show.

In the yield of wheat the New England states, exclusive of Massachusetts, in the past forty years have shown not only a steady increase in the quantity produced per acre, but a larger average annual yield per acre than any of the grain-belt states of the Middle West, or even the great wheat-producing states of California and Oregon.

“Away up back, on the
rock-bound farms,”

sings Holman Day, the poet laureate of Maine, and yet Aroostook County is perhaps the richest agricultural county in the United States. They raise potatoes in Maine—good ones, and lots of them. From the crop of 1906 upwards of eleven millions of bushels were shipped, besides the immense quantities of small or inferior tubers that found their way to the starch mills.

And the secret of successful potato-raising in Aroostook County has been in the method of cultivation as much as in soil conditions.



CORNSTALKS THAT REAR THEIR TASSELLED HEADS ALOFT IN RANK LUXURIANCE

Now farmers in other counties of Maine are adopting the approved methods of cultivation and are amazed at the profitable yields they are taking from lands that have borne but niggardly for generations.

And peaches! Down in Glastonbury, Connecticut, there is a man who has given quite a lot of time and study to peach culture. You may have heard of him—his name is Hale, and wherever throughout the length and breadth of this broad land people eat peaches his name is known. His is the last word on peach culture—absolutely the last word, and while he raises peaches in Georgia as well as in Connecticut, the foundation of his success was laid in the Nutmeg state.

Up and down the whole length of the sun-kissed Connecticut valley, as you ride by on the train you can see fine apple and peach orchards and dairy farms. Time was, now twenty years ago, when every farmer in the valley raised tobacco—when Connecticut seed leaf was esteemed as one of the finest grades of the fragrant weed. But now we can import our tobacco cheaper than

we can raise it, and its cultivation in the Connecticut Valley has gradually dwindled away.

* * *

Generalizations on any theme are dangerous. It has become too much the fashion in recent years to speak slightlying of New England farms as run down, worn out, abandoned. Abandoned they may be—too often are, but more often by reason of the deflux of the farmers' sons to the ever-beckoning city than by reason of a lessening productivity of the paternal acres.

Run down, too, are many New England farms, by reason of improper tillage and lack of care—but worn out, never! Were it possible to "wear out" the soil, then France, England, Belgium and Italy, and other parts of Europe where agriculture has flourished continually for centuries upon centuries, would be as barren as the desert of Sahara.

A proper method of tillage and the planting of leguminous crops, which not only supply humus and nitrogen to the soil,



WHERE THE GRAIN FALLS BEFORE THE STEADY SWING OF THE SCYTHES

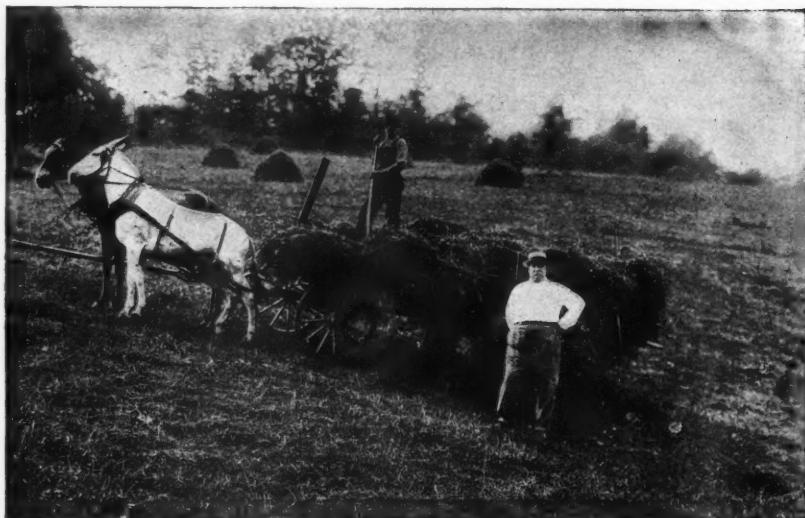
but return to the top soil the potash and phosphoric acid obtained by their tap roots down deep in the sub-soil, is often all that is needed to transform apparently sterile land into fertile and productive acres.

By such simple methods, scientifically applied, Robert S. Seeds of Birmingham, Pennsylvania, has seemingly solved the secret of unlocking the hidden fertility of the soil, obtaining such astounding results in the way of enormous crops that he actually sells his soil by the bushel, like commercial fertilizer, to inoculate other farming land.

Up among the Berkshire hills, in north-western Massachusetts, the broad acres of many of the old mountain farms are being turned into extensive sheep ranches, where great flocks of high-grade Southdowns, Dorsets and Shropshires graze at will, as evidence of an approaching revival of sheep-raising in New England. And all along the historic South Shore—the birth-place of the Nation—southward from Boston to the Cape, are scattered poultry and duck farms from whence are shipped daily, in ever-increasing numbers, live and dressed poultry,

ducks and eggs. The raising and marketing of South Shore broilers is an important industry in itself, peculiar to this one locality; and the thousand of white Pekin ducks waddling with portentous solemnity and vociferous garrulity about the pens of the South Shore duck farms are an interesting and curious sight.

And cranberries! What Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner would be quite complete without a liberal allowance of cranberry jelly? Scattered all over the Cape section of Massachusetts are great cranberry bogs, hundreds of acres in extent, that return to their owners small fortunes every year. So great an industry has the cultivation of cranberries become in Massachusetts, that each year sailing vessels make the long voyage from the Azore Islands, bringing hundreds of Portuguese cranberry pickers to gather the crop for market. At the season's end they sail for their island homes again, while the hundreds of barrels of bright red berries that they picked find their way to the markets of the West, the New England states and Europe.



PRESIDENT TAFT IN A LONG ISLAND HAYFIELD

And now that we have seen something of what New England is doing today in agriculture, let us consider somewhat briefly the possibilities of her future.

A committee appointed by the Boston Chamber of Commerce, after an exhaustive study of the situation, said that:

"The importance to New England of reawakening interest in agriculture cannot be overestimated. The resources of the section are practically undeveloped; the market is almost unlimited; the climate, transportation and other factors favorable. Why New England should not compete with the West is hard to understand, but the reason, when analyzed, is seen to be little more than a state of mind. The feeling that we cannot compete is a fallacy."

Was it Henry Ward Beecher who said, "Doubtless God might have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did"? Whoever it was, his assertion has the cordial support of a large majority of the American public. A well-known authority on horticulture has assured us that, so far as climate, soil and locality are considered, this luscious fruit might be successfully grown in every town in Massachusetts, and statistics would probably show that the consumption of strawberries per

capita is larger in this state than in any other in the Union—yet many carloads per year are shipped to the Boston markets from the berry section of New York State during the very season when the domestic berry is being harvested. The reason for this anomaly is not exactly evident—it is evident, however, that if berries raised in New York State can be profitably marketed in Boston, then Massachusetts farmers are overlooking a ready source of revenue.

One other profitable branch of agriculture that has been largely relegated to innocuous desuetude throughout New England is bee-keeping. Not many years ago nearly every farmer kept a few hives of bees. Now they are almost a rarity upon the average farm, and the production of honey, outside of certain suburban districts, is in the hands of a comparatively limited number of specialists. And yet, owing to the peculiar market conditions existing in Massachusetts, there is in this state an almost unworked mine for the bee-keeper. In no other state can there be found the same combination of possible harvest and waiting market. Vermont and New York are famous honey producing states, exporting the larger part of their annual product, while Massachusetts, combining the favoring apicultural conditions of both these states with an almost unlimited

demand, produces but an insignificant local crop. If only because of the useful and necessary work they perform in the pollination of the blossoms of fruit trees and certain field crops, every farmer should maintain a few colonies of bees to insure against crop failure due to insufficient fertilization of blossoms when the weather conditions are unfavorable for the flight of other insects that ordinarily perform this work.

But bee-keeping is now a science where our forefathers made it just a makeshift. It is no secret in sections where large apiaries are kept that "swarming" of bees is undesirable; that honey need not be dark colored or stained by the pollen tracked in by working bees; that the wax can be largely made by machine for the bee, etc. All these facts have been worked out by up-to-date bee-keepers.

Currants, raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries, cherries—all of these can be profitably raised almost anywhere in New England. There is scarcely anything today in small fruit culture that promises so much profit as the blackberry, and there are not one-tenth enough currants raised in New England to supply the demand. The buying public is also hungry for cherries, and will pay good prices for them, but nobody in New England thinks it worth while to raise them.

* * *

Massachusetts is the birthplace of the Concord grape, and yet tons of grapes are

being shipped each fall to the Boston markets from Ohio and New York, because Massachusetts farmers will not make an effort to supply the large and constantly increasing demand of their own home market. Then too, except among the Berkshires, as fine peaches can be raised in Massachusetts as are grown in Connecticut or Georgia or Texas, and perhaps as profitably, yet peach culture is almost entirely neglected in this state.

Eastern Massachusetts is peculiarly adapted by climatic and soil conditions to the raising of pears—no finer ones can be grown anywhere in America, and there is a tremendous demand for the Bartlett, the Seckle and the Bosc; yet Massachusetts farmers seem content to let the fruit-growers of the Pacific coast raise all the pears consumed in New England, ship them across the continent and pocket a handsome profit.

But in orcharding, perhaps, lies New England's greatest potential future profit. Probably no other opportunity open to the owner of farm land in New England offers as great possibilities as apple-growing. Exhaustive experimentation has shown conclusively that New England soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to the growing of the best standard varieties of apples. It is a demonstrated fact, upon which expert orchardists agree, that New England grown apples are of unequaled flavor. The available market is practically unlimited. The



HOMEWARD BOUND AT MILKING TIME



Courtesy of E. A. Strout Company

PASTORAL SCENE IN SLEEPY HOLLOW, KENT'S HILL, MAINE

American people are today eating more apples than ever before in the country's history, and Europe's steadily increasing demand for American grown fruit has reached already such proportions that millions of barrels are being exported annually.

Why New England farmers have allowed this vast market to be monopolized by the apple-growers of Oregon and Washington is a mystery past fathoming. It costs the Western grower about four hundred dollars per carload to ship his apples to the Boston or New York markets—and he stands that great drain on his profits and grows rich besides, while the New England farmer, with the market at his very door, the best soil and the best climate in the world for growing fine apples, and an agricultural experiment station in his own state ready and eager to show him how to select and plant and care for his trees and market his fruit, whines about "the hard times" and the lack of opportunity for New England farming.

The truth is that, if New England farmers could be stirred to action, there has never been a time in the history of the nation when the opportunities for making money on New England farms were anything like as great

as they are now, and one of the greatest of these opportunities lies in apple-growing. But "the old order changeth"—and to take advantage of this opportunity the New England apple-grower must break away from the old time fashion of orcharding, and take a leaf from the book of his Oregon or Washington competitor. In those states the raising and marketing of apples has been reduced to an exact business proposition. The Western orchards are cultivated as systematically and fertilized as thoroughly as any field crop. The trees are trained and pruned and cared for carefully, sprayed for prevention of insect pests, protected from frost by "smudge" fires in iron pots designed for this special purpose—indeed, watched and tended with unending care. And the results justify the expenditure of time and care in the quality of the product, its appearance, and the price that it commands.

It is unbelievable that New England farmers will long continue to content themselves with gleanings where the Westerner has reaped. The New England market belongs by priority of right to the New England farmer—he has but to exert his latent force, intelligently directed, to come again into his own.



"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

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CHAPTER XV

TERMAL grasped the Hungarian's hands. "A hearty welcome for you," he exclaimed. "We are thrice blest today. Oron is here."

"Ah, he could fill the earth with joy!" returned Hum. "He—my benefactor!" he exclaimed, as Oron came from the library.

"Nay, nay, Audoifa. I have been but the instrument of good. *Wohares!*"

"Now for the repast!" exclaimed Termal joyously. "After that, this house shall be filled with music and merrymaking."

"But, Padu," asked Zenia, "who prepared the table?"

"No questions, my daughter! All goes well on this auspicious day."

"Oh, but who arranged the flowers?" exclaimed Fulma.

Termal's eyes twinkled, but he did not reply. A striking effect in ebony and ivory stood opposite.

"I know," I said, nodding.

"Why, Motoo!" exclaimed the girls.

The African cabinet disclosed additional treasures, while a cheery group surrounded the bountiful board.

"Now, my boy, the ones with the red caps," ordered our host.

Oron glanced at the flasks. "That was a goodly vintage, Termal."

"A rare one, Oron, but I would have it even better, for this occasion."

"Why, I have seen bottles something like those, at a wedding in my country," announced Tom. "I should like to go to a Zoeian wedding. It would be jolly."

"A simple pleasure and one easy to give," said Termal. "My niece, Elida, is to be married soon. We will attend her nuptials." My comrade was getting in fair work, I thought, with numerous savory viands. He paused.

"Elida!" he exclaimed. "Why, does she—live on a plantation near Huan?"

"Certainly, Tooma."

"Do you know her?" asked Zenia, with surprise.

"Well, this is how it was," said Tom. "We were out one day examining the caraway. No, I'm a little mixed; that wasn't the way—we were way off on the road from Hokenda, and Hum—I mean Audoifa—was talking about th—the temperature, I guess, and it was all so dry it made me thirsty, you see, and we went to the plantation, you know, for—"

"Yes, I see," said Zenia. "It was another orange-seed game, I presume. It is my opinion, Tooma, you are one who believes in having plenty of material on hand to use—"

"To choose from," asserted Fulma sagaciously.

The slight applause I initiated, at Zenia's implication, was checked by her sister's acuteness.

"Thanks, Fulma," returned Tom. "You are just delightful! Zenia doesn't mind taking the peel off."

"One has to," persisted the defendant, "if she would know what is inside."

This time I let go. Oron and Audofa looked up inquiringly, from an animated conversation with Termal.

"Some explanation is due," I said, "but, with your permission, I will defer it until after the repast."

"That is wise," persevered Zenia. "Oron might lose his—appetite."

Well matched, I thought.

"Not with all these good things to choose from," Hum remarked, with startling acumen.

"Oron, that reminds me," I said. "Do the women here choose their husbands? It is not generally the way elsewhere."

"It is in this manner," he explained. "Our daughters are wooed here as among other people, I presume; but our maidens choose from their suitors one whom they believe to be worthy of the love and fidelity they are prepared to give."

I looked at Fulma. I thought the rich rose in her cheeks had deepened. I wished I knew what fancies lay beneath that golden crown.

"Among other nations those high sentiments do not always have the greatest weight," I said.

"Then the holy state of matrimony cannot be blessed, Feanka."

"It is not in every case," observed Tom. "Occasionally, there is considerable of a mix-up."

Oron's brow knit slightly, and, as if to divert my comrade from the subject, said: "I have a message for you, Tooma, from Soratiya. He wishes you to teach your art in the schools at Huan whenever you are ready. This, you perceive, is in response to your laudable desire for work."

"I am ready now!" exclaimed Tom.

"Why, Tooma," said Zenia, "there are many things you haven't seen yet."

"And some you have not," he returned.

"Well, I should like to know where they are."

"Look inside the orange, my sister."

Oron, having the wire again, went on: "Peroma has arranged for the addresses here. Our people at Hokenda and Huan want you to return. Your coming is, as you must know, my brothers, an important event in our history. And Feanka, the College wishes you and Audofa to compile, as far as possible from memory, the history of the Manifestation to your race. Before the next recession we may devise methods by which to obtain your sacred books. We want them exceedingly. Remember, my sons, you are our guests; and are freely welcome to all we can give. Before commencing active work, you must visit all parts of our country. For the present," he laughed, "I think your time will be fully occupied."

"Audofa," said Tom, glancing at the many features of our happy environment, "think of the night in the death-shaft!"

"That suggests the skeleton at the Egyptian banquet, Tooma."

"With this difference," said Tom, "that was to remind the guests of their mortality; while my words have to do with immortality. We rose from death into transcendent life."

"That was well expressed," said Termal.

"Wasn't it beautiful!" exclaimed Zenia, her eyes fixed on the handsome speaker. "Please say it again."

"Want me to repeat it? Well, here goes, for your benefit. We rose to a life full of sunlight and flowers and angels."

"Angels, Tooma? Why, where have you seen angels?"

"I saw one in the garden, today."

"And what was the angel doing?"

"Talking to a tall man. Someone had given her a rose. I think there was another somewhere around."

"Little Sunshine," said Termal, addressing Fulma, "you seem pensive."

"Do I appear so, Padu? I was thinking. Dear Oron," she asked presently, "ought one to act without forethought?"

"Ordinarily not, my child. There are, however, times when the inner voice speaks so clear, it is to be obeyed without hesitation."

"I thank you, my father. Motoo—Audofa's glass!"

"Not much like the Baruti here," remarked Hum, as the boy poured the wine.

"No, sir, Mr. Audofa! Baruti aren't in it."

"Ah, my boy, you have absorbed much from your former teacher."

"How is that, old shipmate?" exclaimed Tom. "Oh, I am reforming fast! I go to school to a zealous missionary. Not the ordinary kind of missionary; but a real sharp, wide-awake, sometimes not over winning one. By the way, Audofa," he hurried on, evidently to forestall adverse comment, "think of the contrast between these good things and our spreads round the old camp-fire. Scott, they were tough!"

"They were, Tooma. It was by a rough way we entered the kingdom."

"The land flowing with milk and honey," I added. "This cream is delicious," I said, pouring some over the luscious peaches. "I am told it is made from the cocoanut."

"It is," said Termal. "It will interest you to see how our milk preparations are made."

"Milk is not as nice as music, Tooma," asserted Zenia.

"But more nutritious," declared Fulma.

"You are opening a field for debate, my daughter," said Oron. "I would advise a due portion of each—under existing conditions," he added, with humor.

"Zenia," said Tom, "you have what we call, in English, 'musicitis.' It is one of those things that raises one's temperature and quickens the heart. Don't worry over it. I have had two bad attacks since I came to Bacca. Just now—"

I had opened the circuit. "Oron, did your people never keep cows nor have beasts of burden?" I asked.

"Many centuries ago, Feanka, we had kine and used bullocks as draught animals, but when our science men discovered that a creature's milk is best limited to the rearing of its offspring, and our motor powers were evolved, they were no longer essential to us. We then pensioned them for faithful service, as was their due. In time they became extinct."

"Mercy on us, Fean!" exclaimed Tom. "What would Oron think of Chicago?"

"Is it not the practice there, Tooma?"

"Well, hardly. The truth is, Oron, that in my city and every other place I know of except this Elysium, the only reward that awaits an animal's life service, is either to become, by ways I forbear to describe, part of a human being, or to be converted into products that will put money into his pockets."

"Yes, I have learned that other nations eat the flesh of animals. It is a practice we cannot comprehend. To us it seems abhorrent and unhealthy."

"I should tell you, Oron, that there are a few men and women who abstain from flesh food from a sense of right. They believe that life, as manifested, is sacred. They are looked upon as weak-minded persons by many of our scientists and doctors."

"Their line of thought differs widely from ours," said Oron.

"Tooma," asked Zenia, "did you ever—"

"Ah, now, Zenia," interposed Tom, "I have entered upon a new life."

"Well spoken, my son," approved Oron. "Old things have passed away; all have become new."

"Good!" exclaimed Termal. "Well, now for soul refreshment." He nodded to Fulma. We followed our graceful hostess to the music room.

I say we—two of our group lingered—and I overheard the following colloquy; "Zenia, when you are smoother, I have something to say to you."—"When your Zoeian is smoother, I will tell you something."—"And I, you."—"What is it, Tooma?"—"Oh, I am not smooth enough."—"Oh, yes, you are, tell me!"—"Not for a—"—"What?"—"Don't ask me; I shall not tell you."

I turned just in time to see, by the signals, that the threatened cyclone had passed. Further, that my comrade had evidently discovered the other angel.

"Now for music!" exclaimed Termal. "I will get my *vilo*. I know about the others. Audofa, how about you?"

"Oh, someone must listen," said Hum. "I have a reserved seat."

"Not so," I cried. "You once promised to teach Motoo the *czardas*. Why not teach us?"

"Oh, do," implored Fulma and Zenia. "What fun, Tooma!" cried Zenia.

"Jolly enough," assented Tom, "but I have never seen the dance."

"Oh, what's the difference? We can do it."

"Of course we can—you and I. What a lark!"

"Dear friends," appealed Audofa, "I haven't trod that measure in thirty years. The last time I danced it was on the green in my native town. I don't believe—"

"Well, I do," I said, "and if Fulma will make a beautiful living picture for us, you cannot refuse."

"Nor do I really wish to refuse. But tell me, Feanka, why change the tense?"

"My old shipmate," I said, "your compliment is subtly exquisite."

"And then, we haven't the music," he continued.

"Never mind that," said Termal. "Give me the measure. Now for the *vilo*."

I took Fulma to the hall for instruction.

"What do you wish me to do, Feanka?" she asked.

"Dress the same as on the day I first saw you; put some flowers into the antique vase; hold it in your right hand, and stand so that when I open the door you will be like a picture in a frame."

"Why, how strange!"

"Yes, I know it all sounds odd to you; I will explain another time. Will you do it, Fulma?"

"Certainly, if you so desire."

The Subagino stone flashed. I raised the hand that bore it, to my lips—then retained it.

She looked at me earnestly, trustingly.

"Now go, dear," I said. "I will call you."

Meantime, Termal had returned, tuning as he came.

"Now, Audofa, how is that measure?" he asked, raising a note.

"Like this," said Hum, taking the instrument.

"Hold!" cried Termal, springing up. I will get my other *vilo*. Why, man, you have skill! Your tone is fine! This *vilo* will suit you. Now—I will play the accompaniment."

I rose as the wild *czardas* rang out. I might have known that the old Hungarian was a musician, but I was not prepared for what came. As the two *ilos* sang on, I went to the door and glanced out.

"Just right, little queen. Always right," I said. "Wait a moment."

When the number was ending, I threw the door wide open. The old musician's brow furrowed, as with intense concentration.

"Fulma! Josephine!" he exclaimed. "Stand as you are!"

As he freed his wrist, he spoke to Termal. Then arose a theme wild and enchanting. An interweaving of masterful conceptions in harmonious tones. The while—Termal played a wondrous accompaniment.

In the opposite door Moto stood as though transfixed.

With tears in her eyes, Fulma presented the vase to Audofa.

"My dear child," he said with emotion, "The flowers are typical of yourself; and lovely as the beautiful image that, for years, has existed in my heart, unrevealed."

"It was superb!" said Oron. "You have a noble gift, my brother."

"Ah, my fingers have handled too many ropes."

"Henceforth, the *vilo* only, Audofa," said Termal. "Now for songs, and then the dance. It's a fair night after a glorious day."

"Do not change your dress," I said to Fulma. "I want you just as you are."

Her dark-blue eyes lighted the smile that played round her lips: "Just as I am?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, just—as—you are."

Then the songs! Oron's grand bass enriched our music as his joyous spirituality ennobled our lives. The musicians contributed delightful obligatos. Our dear old comrade had forgotten the reserved seat. He was within the rail of the orchestra now; his face aglow.

"Now for the *czardas!*" cried Zenia, in wild glee.

We were apt pupils. The motif had quite enough of earth to be entralling to hearts in which love was building her altars. We yielded to the witchery, stopping only when the ices and fruit were served.

"Well, that takes the edge off every other dance," exclaimed Tom. "Have another ice, Zenia."

"Thank you, Tooma, I am not specially fond of ices. They are so chilling."

"H-m, yes, they do rather lower one's temperature. Better not eat another."

"O Tooma, have you had any more attacks of—of—"

"'Musicitis?' Yes, I had an awful one tonight, but with your help I shall pull through."

"And how did Blue Eyes like the dance?" asked Termal.

"O Padu, it was rapturous! Do you not think so, Feanka?"

"Assuredly; but most any dance would have been under the circumstances."

"How so?"

"That is a deep question, my daughter,"

said Oron, laughing. "You must not expect a hasty answer. Yes, it was a rhythmic movement. We must have it at my house and at our festivals. Now, dear ones, I shall have to leave you," he said, rising. "Tomorrow will be our annual opening day at the Public Library. Feanka, you and Tooma bring the girls. Afterwards, partake with us. It will give us happiness."

"And us as well," I returned.

"*Yolo, yolo*, to you all. *Subaketa yune*."

"All aboard for the restafa!" I exclaimed. "Audoafa, we are to have you tonight."

"Oh, no," objected Termal, "I can't spare him. We want to talk for hours. I have much to hear and to say. Ah, this has been a happy day; I wish it would never end."

"Many another for you, my good Termal," I assured. "Come on, Tom! Happy anticipations for the morrow. *Yolo, yolo*, all!"

"Fean's in a tearing hurry," I overheard my comrade say while making his adieus.

On the way home, I said to him: "Tell me, were you ever really engaged to that girl in Elgrane?"

"Engaged? Not much! I never knew which she liked best, Dick Watson or me. Both of us hovered round her considerably. Why do you ask?"

"Because, one can, without undue effort, see how the land lies between you and Zenia. She is dear, my chum. To be sure, she is an only daughter, but I don't anticipate much difficulty in that direction."

"Think not? Well, I own the coin. But speaking of seeing—one needs but a fraction of an eye, to see something else."

"Yes, I understand. I confess."

"And you have decided?"

"I—think so, Tom. I don't quite know."

"Don't quite know? Why, she belongs to you. Zenia thinks so."

"Zenia? How do you know that?"

"I am not offering testimony, my dear Hatfield."

"Well—I shall talk it over with Oron tomorrow."

"Correct thing to do, Fean. I believe that what that man says, goes."

"Of course it does. Why not?"

* * *

The Library at Hokenda was a collection of books pertaining to their own history,

scientific works, ethical poems, romance even, and other miscellaneous writings.

When I recalled the fact that these people—isolated for unknown ages—had never had any contributing thought extraneous to themselves; never experienced those vivid contrasts between good and evil that make up the world's history; never seen the reverse side of the fair page on which peace, plenty and happiness were inscribed; never, as a people, known want, remorse nor shame—I marveled that they could portray, in their works of fiction, the multitudinous emotions incident to environments in which they had had no experience.

Their history was a record of all developmental, political and social events in their race from a remote antiquity. Their books on science were inestimable treasures. They represented the profound, untrammeled, concentrated thought of the College for centuries. Unfettered by the corroding cares of life which divide men's minds, these seers had illuminated the obscure labyrinths of hypothesis with the light of reality; had crossed the boundary of that realm called by others "the unknown." Their concentrated thought had produced wonders surpassing those of the accumulators.

The books were printed on paper resembling parchment; and bound in a way to elicit praise from a member of the "Grolier Club."

As we strolled through the superbly decorated rooms exchanging salutations with stately men and women, and I felt the presence of the treasured woman by my side, it seemed as though I was floating through a blithesome dream; one from which I would suddenly awaken in my old home. We came to an embrasured window where one could rest and enjoy a fine view of the park.

"Dear little woman," I asked, "why were you surprised at Oron's rose? The perfect crimson rose, which, ere this, has fallen to pieces?"

The hand that bore the emblematic ring rested on my arm, and soft eyes, wonderfully deep and soulful, looked into mine; then sought the fringe of the scarf with which she was toying.

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you," she hesitated. "Did Oron tell you anything—say anything about the rose, Feanka?"

"Nothing, Fulma."

She still hesitated.

"Then let it be enough for now," she smiled, "that I tell you the rose you gave me lies between the leaves of my sacred book, my Master's words."

"A precious book," I said. "Did you ever thus place a flower before?"

For a moment her eyes rested on the park's soft verdure, then met my inquiring look. "Never, Feanka," she said, giving me her hand. Then, the sunny smile of pleased recognition on her face, she exclaimed: "Oh, there are Oron and Loredo!"

"Welcome, welcome!" said Oron, advancing. "Oronena and our children are here. We will gather soon and return home. But where are Zenia and Tooma? Did they not come?"

"Why, ye—yes, they came," I said, "but—"

"We have not seen them lately," admitted Fulma.

Oron laughed. "I think I understand," he said. "I presume they are among the romances."

"Why, I am almost sure they are there," said Fulma.

Loredo's thoughtful eyes seemed suddenly swept by a dash of railing.

"Does the manifestation seem less obscure than when you were by the lake?" he asked me. "Do not let the vision fade, my brother," he said, as we parted.

I suspected Oron.

On the third floor was an inviting balcony from whence came familiar voices.

"Oh, there they are!" exclaimed Fulma.

"Hello!" I cried. "We have been looking for you."

"Ah, indeed! How long?"

Tom's question was inconvenient to answer. I waived it.

"Well, have you seen everything?" I asked.

"Oh, no, not yet," said Tom. "Time enough."

"Time enough? Why, Oron and his family are waiting for us. What have you been doing?"

"Been doing? Why, you see, Fean, Zenia and I have been—been looking at—that—er—that beautiful green grass."

"Green and red are complementary colors, dear boy," I ventured.

"Nonsense! You might better look at the pictures, Fean."

"Nothing finer to be found than what is before me, my chum. The grass, I think, is of the sweet scented variety. However, we must go at once."

* * *

This was one of numerous holidays. So it happened that two young Zoeians, who emphasized their attentions to Oron's fair daughters just enough to suggest possibilities, joined the merry group that gathered in the music room at Oron's hospitable home; the room so full of sweet melodies and sweeter memories, among which, after all, nothing was more endearing than the Oronena's loving welcome.

"Ah, Feanka," said Oron, pointing to Fulma, "our little daughter's heart is glowing with a new joy. They are going to sing. Let us walk awhile in the park."

"And go to the Rose Pavilion," I added, "the abode of peace; the birthplace of a higher and nobler life for me."

He rested his hand on my shoulder as we walked. His attitude invited confidence.

"Oron, I told you that I loved Fulma," I said.

"Yes, my son. She will be the worthy recipient of all a true man can give. She has awaited your coming. It is, as Loredo says, 'a wonderful example of an immutable law.' Fulma is our foster-child; she has been a treasure and a joy to us for many years; a borrowed jewel. Now, in the name of our nation, I give her back to her own race through its worthy representative. Had it been Zenia, Termal must needs have been consulted."

"She too, is loved," I said.

"That is quite evident, Feanka, but not strange. She is a winsome girl, who, though often wooed, has not been won. Another instance of the irrefragable law."

"Will Termal oppose?"

"No, I have already spoken with him."

"Say this to Tooma," I pleaded. "He will not declare his lovè until assured of Termal's and your approval."

"That is true nobility," he exclaimed. "I will remove all barriers, before he leaves."

"Another matter, Oron. At the next recession—"

"I know what you would say," he interposed. "It is yet a long way off. When it comes, your and Tooma's filial duties, Fulma's rights, and Zenia's inherited dis-

position, will determine your course. Leave all to the Father's guidance. If you go, we will aid your departure and most heartily welcome your return."

"Our return!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Feanka, what man has done once he may do again. I shall lay the matter before our engineers."

Then he further unfolded to me his plans for the acquisition of our sacred books; his plans for my comrade's and my advancement; his solicitude for our bodily and spiritual welfare. "Why, Feanka," he said, "I love you and Tooma as my own children; yet not my children—we are all brothers and sisters in the great family of our Father. It is meet that we love one another. Kesua so taught us. Now, my son, in regard to our trip, I have arranged to leave the second morning hence. Tlesia will accompany us. It will be a pleasant party and we shall have a good time. Oronena desires our presence. (A man in gray was approaching.) We must return."

"One word, Oron. No earthly parent could be dearer to his children than you are to me."

His strong arm made response, as he drew me to him, with warmth.

* * *

The wealth of wisdom uttered by Loredo as we sat at Oronena's charming repast thrilled me. Words not common to this earth, but so humanly spoken, they found a ready acceptance by earth's children.

"Your thoughts illuminate the feast," I said to him.

"If so, Feanka, they are but reflections from a great luminary, Paerdo. Come and spend a day at the College whenever you will. We will sit by Paerdo while he opens to our inner vision the portals of eternal life. We are coming to Baccá," he went on in lighter tone, "to hear your address and see more of Tooma's fine pictures."

"Is it not trying to your arm, Tooma?" asked Zenia.

"Well, a bit, perhaps. There are less fatiguing exercises for the arm."

"There are, indeed," laughed Oron, in appreciation.

As we left the dining room our host invited Tom into the library. When I next saw him, his face told me what he had heard.

The memorable day was drawing to a

close when we left for Baccá. Termal's lavish hospitality awaited our coming at Bestofall. I never more fully realized how apposite the name was. An hour later, Tom was stretched on the lounge in our snug quarters at the restaffa.

"This is a jolly good place," he said yawning. "I am tired. Glad we are not to start on our island trip tomorrow. Hey, but we shall have a royal time, or I am mistaken. By the way, Hat, that was a rare thing Oron showed me in the library."

"Showed you, or told you, Mr. Thomas Selby?"

"How the dickens did you know it?" he shouted, sitting up.

"I am not on the witness stand, my dear boy."

"Good! A 'Roland for an Oliver.' We are quits. There's my hand."

"Think of your possible descendants, my boy," I said, grasping the proffered member.

"Why, Fean—they would be people of—mark."

"So they would, from both ancestors, my schoolmate."

CHAPTER XVI

Tissan was our first stop. Here were the optical and jewelry works; and it was here that the great lenses of the telescopes were made. Unfortunately, none were then in process of manufacture, but we were compensated by other wonders in the optical house.

"The better way," said the director, "will be to show you results, rather than the complicated methods by which we obtain them. Arrange a group and engage in conversation."

Then issued a lively discussion concerning the grouping which ended abruptly when, to our surprise, the director exclaimed: "Now, look and listen." We saw ourselves life size, in action, and heard our words repeated.

At the Jewelry works Oron said: "We must have some mementoes of our visit. Select as you like." Tom appealed to me.

"Well, why not one of those jeweled hearts," I said, "it would be very suggestive."

"Oh, Zenia needs no more suggestions; and as for hearts, she has two now. No, that is not—I have it!" he exclaimed. "This

little blazing star will be just the thing in my girl's hair. Besides, it has five points; they represent my five senses. She appeals to each of them."

"I doubt if Zenia recognizes the association," I said. "However, your selection is a good one."

I found just what I required; a delicate neck chain. Fulma noticed my selection. "That is not strong enough for a man," she said.

"Think not? Well, it might help to secure a small woman; and thereby may hang a tale."

"Your words are not clear, Feanka."

"No, dear, I know they are not. The day after we reach home, we will go to the bower on the hillside. Then I will make them clearer."

A ride of five miles, and we came to an orange grove where all work was done by machinery; even the pruning of the trees and gathering of the fruit. One of the men came forward to see Tom and me. "I want to stand by the men who passed through that canyon," he said. "I once went into that place as far as the rock from whence you saw the star, but did not venture further on account of the hot vapor. And you entered the rift thousands of feet below. I don't know how you escaped."

"They had Divine protection," said Oron. "You should know that, Badron. Now for the reservoir," he went on, "then return to the park, listen to the music and meet our people."

Before we left, delicious fruit with cakes and wine were served. Tom said: "If one were to embark for his last voyage, these generous Zoeians would insist upon refreshments before he weighed anchor."

The reservoir was a fine piece of masonry embracing several acres. An attendant took us out in a boat, about thirty feet in length, without rowlocks or oars. No works were visible, nor any sound like machinery in motion. In reply to my inquiry, Oron explained that the boat was propelled by atmospheric impulse delivered beneath the surface from two air chambers that acted synchronously or alternately, as required.

"This boat," remarked Tom, "is like some people I know, who have no visible means but are kept going by the wind."

It is difficult to say in what way Oron

would have treated my comrade's statement, had not Tesia alluded to the hour. We turned ashore and went to the park. Here a crowd of the Tissan folk were assembled for music and social intercourse. It was their daily custom. Our arrival caused a flutter of excitement. While a number had met us before, the majority knew us only by hearsay. Wherever we moved groups gathered about us. I was conscious we were looked upon as beings from another planet, and, although nothing was said to foster such a thought, I knew that they wondered how men of our stature could have endured such hardships. They were, however, delightfully courteous.

The music was fine. At these afternoon concerts, we should call them, boys and girls, clad in light blue robes and gowns with golden girdles, sang the Zoeian folk-songs, accompanied by the orchestra. During an interval Tom and I, with the girls, went about while Oron and Tesia talked with numerous friends.

"Fulma," I said, "yonder is a place where we can sit, apart from the crowd, and listen to the music."

"Yes, it is charming here," she said.

"Charming everywhere in Zoenia," I added.

"And yet," she said, as she gazed intently at the Subagino ring, "you would go away and leave it all."

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Because it is true. I think of it often. You will try to reach your native land, when the time comes, to see those dear to you."

"Well, is it not natural, little queen? My father and mother are there."

"Yes, I suppose it is natural," she said. "I have never known a mother's love. Even with these dear people, I have had sad moments, unaccountable to me, until you told me my history. Now I understand. At times I long to rest my head against a mother's heart and feel her warm, loving embrace."

I looked into the blue depths; they were filling with tears.

"Fulma," I hazarded, "would you care if I left this island?"

No answer did she make. Only the flash of the jewel, as her hand, again and again, swept away hot tears. "Let us find Zenia," she said.

"One question, dear Fulma. Could you

love any one well enough to leave this beautiful home and face perils and hardships in the lower world?"

"Feanka, do you recall what I told you on the hillside? I think not; otherwise you would not ask that question. You do not understand a woman's heart. You should know that with the one I choose, I would go to the confines of the universe, and count every obstacle an opportunity to prove my love for him."

I sought her hand, but it was not granted. I felt that I was deemed unworthy.

* * *

Dinner at the restafa was excellent. Under its pleasant influence Fulma's smile returned. Tom was sparkling; Zenia vivacious; Tlesia, as usual, dignified and gracious; Oron, a mine of wisdom interveined with mirth. He always had some thought gem he could instantly so set as to engross the attention of his hearers. In reply to Tom's allusion to the condensed quality of the Zoenian food, he at once took up the subject:

"We have found," he said, "that the nearest perfect food is that in which the maximum amount of nutriment is obtained with the least expenditure of energy by the consumer. The more we can break down the material cells and release the spiritual essence, the higher becomes the food value of the product. For our nourishment must come from the vitality within the grain, which is but the vehicle for its manifestation. The nutritive element is invisible. In our system, we thin the veil between the spiritual and the material as far as may be. Our science men are now working on a problem. Should they solve it—and I think they will—we shall discard the material entirely."

"And live like the air plants?" asked Zenia.

"Yes, in a way, my daughter."

"That wouldn't suit the people in the lower world," exclaimed Tom. "They want a good square meal."

"A square meal, Tooma? That is not clear to me."

"I might say, an all 'round meal, Oron."

"It is difficult for me to associate form and dimension with food values. If your remark has to do with palatal indulgence, Tooma, then I must say that the people you refer to have a hard taskmaster."

"Yes, hard on their pocket and their digestive apparatus," asserted Tom.

"And a restraint upon their spiritual unfolding," concluded Oron.

"Padu, let us have songs and games tonight," said Tlesia.

"Assuredly, daughter. I am to spend the evening with the governor, but I will join you on my return."

"Oh, I am going to call Padu," cried Zenia, reaching for the *kanjoot*, "and find out what he and Motoo are doing."

"And I shall go into the next room and talk with dear Madu Rea," said Fulma.

Termal informed us, among other things, that Audofa was to spend two days with him.

"Oh, Padu will have a good time," laughed Zenia.

"Of course he will," said Tom. "If he has Audofa, he won't miss any of us."

"Tooma," exclaimed Zenia with feeling, "do you think if—er—I were—oh, if I were away from home and somebody came from —er—from Hokenda, you wouldn't—I mean Tlesia and Feanka wouldn't miss Padu?"

"Why, where do we come into that equation?" Tlesia asked.

"It's a scorcher," exploded Tom. "I can't answer it; for I shouldn't know at which end to commence."

"Oh, dear Oron!" implored Zenia, blushing furiously.

"Zenia," said Oron, with a comical expression, "your question is somewhat ambiguous. What you mean, I think, is that you would expect Tooma to miss you, though I came to see him while you were absent. That is," he added, "if you were fond of each other."

"Why, Oron!"

"Thanks, Oron!" exclaimed Tom. "You always say just the right thing. Why, I should be wretched. Hello, Fulma! you have missed lots. We have had a show; a regular—"

"Tooma, please be silent," pleaded Zenia.

Our merriest hours were passed with Oron. Head of the Zoenian nation and the National College though he was, his mind and heart active for the commonwealth, he had "a spirit of comradeship" that endeared him to all. And so, on his return, he added new zest to our pastimes until he, pleading morning engagements before leaving for Detna, bade us good-night.

"The light has gone out," exclaimed Tom. "We might as well close up."

"Some one else can say the right thing," said Tesia.

All but one laughed approval.

* * *

Detna was where the exquisite furniture and wood carvings we had seen were made. It was here also their tapestries were woven. The latter process specially interested us, but nothing excited our wonder so much as a device for special irrigation. "Watch the operation," said Oron, as we halted by a large garden. A man had brought out an elliptical shaped, perforated case. Upon release of some motor force within, it rose about sixty feet and gave off a dark cloud from which a gentle shower fell for fifteen minutes. Then the case descended and was ready to be recharged.

My comrade's commercialism was at once dominant.

"Rain-while-you-wait," he said to me. "Think of an agency for that machine in the southwestern states. Big thing for a dry bank account."

Here as elsewhere Tom and I yielded to the urgent requests of this gentle people for "stories and pictures." Even Oron never grew tired of them; never wearied by their repetition. He always had some word of praise ready for us.

After Tom's address here, Fulma remarked: "The oftener I hear Tooma's stories, the better I like them."

"How about the speaker?" asked Zenia.

"I will answer for her," said Tesia. "Our admiration for the speaker equals our interest in his subject."

"It was my question," frowned Zenia.

"We will stop at Suswan," announced Oron, with tact. "I wish you to see our steel works; also, a remarkable sundial. We have had the old dial since our earliest history, but for the past two hundred years have used only this perfect instrument."

* * *

At the Suswan steel works the carbonizing process was of primary interest. They could render the surface metal so hard as to resist any ordinary steel tool. It was here that the car-way rails and rolling-stock were made. When the hardness of the rails was demonstrated to us, Tom casually remarked: "That's why they were so hard to understand the first time we examined them."

At the granite pedestal, Oron pointed to

the sundial; the most complicated instrument, of the kind, I ever saw. "It compensates for the equation of time," he asserted.

"That is," said Tom, "the dial and a perfect timepiece agree at all times."

"Precisely, Tooma, you state it clearly."

"Let us prove it," I said, consulting my watch. "It should now be half past the fifteenth hour."

"And so it is," cried Zenia, clapping her hands, as she watched the sharp shadow cast by a thin gold wire.

"Oh, don't be so happy, Zenia," objected Tom, "we have a timepiece in our country there's been more said about than will ever be told of that one."

"Which one is that?" I inquired.

"Well, you ought to know, Fean. 'The Old Clock on the Stairs.'"

"What is a 'clock,' Tooma?" asked Tesia.

"Why, a thing to tell the time. The one I refer to was made by a countryman of mine—a Longfellow."

"A careless fellow," declared Tesia. "Why did he put it on the stairs?"

"To mark the ups and downs of the family, sister."

"You are not as clear as the line on the dial," said Tesia.

"But as truly associated with sunlight," added Fulma.

"Good!" exclaimed Oron. "Well, we will now go on to Mantel."

* * *

Mantel, near the eastern boundary, being not far from the mines, we visited one. We descended a shaft where each man had to devote his entire attention to his particular charge. Before we again reached the surface, I learned, as never before, how a pure-hearted, loving woman trusts a man. I made another discovery—auricularly. Tom and Zenia were coming out of a gallery. They paused at the mouth. "Tooma, were you very much pleased at what Tesia said to you at Tissan?"—"Scott! She said lots of nice things."—"I mean after Oron bade us good-night."—"Oh! of course I was. I think she's jolly. Why?"—"I shall not tell you."

My comrade's whistle, though low, was suggestive.

Our trip gave me opportunity to see the working of the Zoenian system; especially here, where we passed several days, going

among the vineyards, frequenting the wine-presses, and mingling with the home circles. I freely confess I sought to find some trace of discontent; some indication of envy; some evidence of self-seeking—but in vain. The dominant chord—love, loyalty and contentment—vibrated everywhere.

The last evening of our sojourn, as it proved to be, my chum and I were having a heart to heart talk; "taking account of stock," he called it. "Fean," he exclaimed, "these people, positively, are more refreshing than ocean breezes on a hot day. It is curious. I don't know as it is, either; for you and I have seen and experienced enough to make me believe that they are—well, something more than human."

"That has been my opinion for some time," I said. "Then there is the old tradition; and more remarkable still, Hum. Why, we should not recognize him elsewhere. His face, figure and manner of speaking have changed in a way we do not understand. There is some strange power, beside the solar energy, at work here. Do you suppose the girls know anything about it?"

"I think not, Hat. I am sure Zene does not."

"Ever ask her?"

"Never a word! Oh, she is human enough."

"Too much?"

"Not! By the way, we must go to Baccia tomorrow for those addresses."

"We shall be away for two whole days, Tom."

"Goodness! Has it got as far as that, Fean?"

"About that distance, my chum. How is it with you?"

"Oh, I don't know. There's a bit of a fog."

"Why, how is it possible?"

"Zene has a little foolish kink about Tesia. She thinks—"

Oron entered. "I have changed our plan," he said. "I must return to Hokenda. We will leave the rest of our trip for another

occasion. We will stop at Pandro, where our mechanisms for lightening labor are best seen in the handling of large stones, and the sawing and polishing of marble. Thence, we will go with you to Bacca; then Tesia and I will return home. Do you approve, my daughters?" he asked of the three who had just come in.



The last evening of our sojourn—my chum and I were having a heart to heart talk

"I hardly know," said Tesia. "We are having a splendid time. I have enjoyed every moment, but I wouldn't miss the addresses on any account; especially Tooma's pictures."

"Thanks, Tesia!" returned Tom. "I will make a special one for you."

"You are very nice and obliging, Tooma."

"Dear Oron," asked Fulma, "will you and Tesia not remain with us until after the addresses?"

"No, daughter. I long to see Oronena; but we shall return. Oh, yes, we shall return," he reiterated. "It is always a joy to listen to our brothers. We have not heard from you, my Zenia."

"I shall be glad to reach home," she said. "I am not sure about going to the hall."

Oron gave her a questioning glance, but said nothing.

CHAPTER XVII

Fairer day than the one on which I drew Fulma's arm within mine and we wended our way to the bower on the hillside, there cannot be. Even here, it was conspicuous.

"Voices of gladness from earth and air mingle in joyous welcome," I said.

"Yes, the Father's blessings are lavishly bestowed, Feanka. They are enriching."

"You are very rich now, little girl, in all that makes for beauty, purity and love. Rich, too, in another way. In England, a large fortune awaits you."

"What is a fortune?"

"Why, houses and lands, stocks, bonds and other things."

"Of what use are they?"

"Of no use here, dear; but there, potent to purchase pleasure or relieve misery."

"I do not understand," she sighed. "I know not whereof you speak."

We had reached the hillside. There was the bower in which her heart had thrilled; here the emerald turf where the tide of her life had turned; beyond and far away, the blue horizon; above, the fleecy sprites coqueting with the sun-god; near by, the voice of a golden robin.

"Come, sit on the turf," I said, "and drink in this radiant beauty."

She came and toyed with the heather a while, lost in thought. Then she turned to me—her tender voice had an undertone of regret.

"Feanka, I fear you think me a stupid woman. There are so many things you tell me, of which I know nothing. I could not know. Why, I was only an infant when I came where all such things are unknown; came to this realm of love."

A shadow crossed the field of blue and gold.

"Yes, I understand, dear. You were a fresh blossom transplanted into Paradise without passing through the gates of death. Why should you know?"

Her dimples played hide and seek beneath the love light in her eyes, and her sweet lips parted just enough to say, plaintively:

"Try not to think me dull or unappreciative."

I drew her to me. "Beautiful flower of love and hope, you are the brightest, sweetest, dearest woman I ever met. I love you as only a true man can love a noble woman. I love the very air you breathe, the turf on which your feet rest. I love you, body and soul. Oh, my darling, if you would but choose me."

She nestled even closer, laid her fair hand on my shoulder and looked at me through her smiles. "Feanka, my dear one," she said, "I have chosen you."

"Sweetheart," I said, "when did you choose me?"

"When I pressed the rose, dearest. It was your declaration."

"My declaration?"

"Yes, beloved. Such is the custom here."

There is a love rite as sweet as it is old; one which like the grain of musk, never loses its fragrance. The irresistible lips were sealed. . . . As the waves of her golden hair fell over my arm and her eyes grew liquid, I asked:

"How much do you love me, my precious darling?"

"Oh, Feanka," she exclaimed passionately, her arms about my neck, "I love you next—"

"Little sweetheart, why did you not finish the sentence?"

"Why—how could I?" she laughed.

Some experiences come but once in one's life.

"See, here is the little chain you thought so fragile," I said. "It will hold the precious locket, and bind you and me for life, my Fulma—my Josephine." . . .

Distant voices caused me to rise and look down the slope. "Come here, dear," I called. "Look—it is the oft repeated tale."

"Yes, the old sweet story—why, Feanka—do you believe?"

"Yes, I do—appearances justify the belief. Hello!"

"Hello, yourself!"

"Come up and join us! Now, little treasure, be very sober."

Presently Tom and Zenia came in view. The cheeks of the Zoeian beauty had an excess of rose.

"Why, I say, Fean, how long were you standing on that bank? Why didn't you call out?"

"There are times, Mr. Selby, when silence has its reward."

"Reward your grandmother! But say, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, we have been 'looking at that beautiful green grass.'"

"H-m; yes, I see! Good deal of a summer-house—superb view—no use, my schoolmate; own up!"

Zenia rushed forward with outstretched arms. "Oh, Fulma!" she cried.

"Come to the bower, my chum. How is the fog?"

"Vamoosed, Fean!"

Some chronicle may record four happier persons than those who descended the hill-side with songs and merry jests; paused by the streamlet in the ravine where ferns and lilies abounded; toyed with the rippling water; stood by the quiet pool to watch the reflection of gladsome faces; or romped in overflowing joy. I doubt it.

Again in the garden, we rested where Tom's pent emotions had found voice in the English song.

"Zenia," I asked, "do you know yet the meaning of the four words that aroused your curiosity?"

"Yes, they are the dearest words I ever heard."

"Did you learn any new ones?"

"Ask Tooma—he can tell better than I."

Termal met us. "Well, children, had a good time? Where have you been, and what have you been doing?"

"We have been to school," replied Tom meekly, "and have learned to conjugate one word."

"Work enough for one day, Tooma. Motoo, are you there?"

What was the matter with the boy, that he opened the ivory cabinet and did a "meriba"? Never mind—the wine and fruit were deliciously refreshing.

"Beoteen wants us tonight," said Termal.

"In that case," I said, "we will go to the restafa, and return later."

"Nothing of the sort," he protested. "This is a restafa, and"—he winked—"I have some attractions not to be found there. Now, take an old man's advice, and wake up things in the music room."

Beoteen led us at once to the chamber of marvels where the gigantic telescope awaited the master's touch. To describe that monstrous searcher through space is beyond my pen. A sixty-inch "refractor" implies a massiveness and complexity that must be imagined. Yet, under Beoteen's finger, it became a thing of life, a revelator.

"We will visit our nearest neighbor tonight," said the director. "When we explore remoter regions, we require the mantle of darkness. The satellite so dear to lovers must be veiled."

Beoteen was poetical—was he psychic, as well?

"Another time," he said, "I will show you the planets and the twin stars."

"Beoteen is just lovely," whispered Zenia.

"Director," inquired Tom, "how do you move the Leviathan?"

"It is quite simple, Tooma. Come up to the observation platform, and I will show you."

He selected and adjusted their wonderful binocular eyepieces. "Now observe what happens when I touch the silver knobs," he said, pointing to a keyboard.

His fingers passed lightly over the keys; the great dome opened and revolved to position; silently the mighty instrument assumed the requisite angle. All was ready.

"Feanka, you first," said Termal. "We have been here before."

"Why—there are real mountains—and valleys—and bodies of water," I exclaimed, "and—what appear to be clouds."

"Certainly, Feanka. Do not your instruments resolve these things?"

"Well—yes, in a way—but it requires the eye of an astronomer or a layman's imagination to see them. Our scientists believe the moon to be a desolate, uninhabitable region, having no atmosphere nor other elements essential to life."

"Our glasses tell a different story, my brother. We think it may be the abode of beings as intelligent as ourselves; possibly of higher attainments. I cannot explain this as clearly as Paerdo or the Madu Rea, but we believe our satellite may be the temporary abiding place for manifestations which have passed from earth life and await new and higher incarnations."

"My people have much to learn," I said. "Why, one can imagine he sees houses and temples."

"Under favorable atmospheric conditions, appearances suggest their existence," he said. "I should expect to find them there."

"How near to earth does this glass bring the moon?" I asked.

"Within sixty miles."

"Sixty miles!" shouted Tom. "Why—one could walk there."

"Oh, Tooma," exclaimed Zenia; "you wouldn't—"

"Go there?" he assisted. "No, not without good company."

After gentle parley, Tom took my place.

"What!" he exclaimed, looking alternately into the tube and along its outer surfaces as novices with the microscope are wont to do—"why, I see a boat!"

"Oh, where?" cried Zenia. "Let me see! No, no, don't leave the seat, just move a little. There, that is better. Ah! but I can't see very well, Tooma."

"No? Well—how is that?" (His right arm had changed position.)

"Just right—oh, don't move, or you will spoil it all. Now for the boat. Why—I can't see it. I don't believe there was one."

"Possibly not," admitted Tom. "It may have been an illusion."

"Which undoubtedly has been dispelled," laughed Beoteen.

"Now, Fulma, your turn," said Termal.

I stood behind her. The others had turned away to see something suggested by the director. "What do you see, sweetness?" I asked.

"All that you saw, my beloved—but there is something missing."

"What is it, dear?"

Her loving eyes met mine as I bent over her, and her fragrant, sunny curls clustered on my arm. . . .

"Beoteen, we have had a charming evening," I said at parting. "Thank you."

"Come again, soon," he responded graciously.

"I have a proposition to lay before you," said Termal on our way homeward. "It is that we celebrate, some day, by going to the birthplace—the Zoeian birthplace—of our Little Treasure."

"Hurrah!" shouted Tom. "You are level-headed, Termal."

* * *

The canyon through which Termal once carried a "burden" had a ragged, yawning

mouth at the base of a precipitous ledge, the lower boundary of a narrow, rocky basin a thousand feet in length, inclosed by low, irregular banks covered with luxuriant foliage. It was an attractive spot.

A cloudless sky canopied a gay party. Tom, who, with Moto, carried well-filled baskets, said that "we ought to be jolly with such a commissariat."

"We can't camp amiss, but there is one particular place I prefer," said Termal as we went down the basin to the mouth of the rift. "Fulma, my child, do you see that flat rock under the overhanging shelf just beyond you?" he asked.

"The one by the curious shaped stone, Padu?"

"Yes, dear. There is where you once lay asleep wrapped in an old tattered garment, while a man, footsore, bleeding and exhausted sat by—alternately watching and dozing—until your faint moans roused him to renewed action. It was frightful! Even now, it chills me to think of it."

"Now, Padu, dear," pleaded Fulma, "there are to be no clouds today; no retributions, no vain regrets. They are all gone. Why, Padu, if I had not lain there, I should not be standing here."

"Yes—that is true, my child."

"Correct," said Tom, home from a reverie. "Why, Zene, sweetheart, where should we have been?"

"Been? Why, where we are. We could not be elsewhere."

"That smacks of what we call fatalism, Zoesy."

"I know not the word, Tooma, but I am sure our lives are regulated by an unchangeable law."

I looked at her. These words, from her lips, surprised me.

"All's well that ends well," I said.

"True enough, Fean. Awls and ends have united soles before now. Now, for a group, down at the Blue Bird's old nest."

"Admirable idea," I assented. "Come, darling, you must be the central figure."

"Fulma, rest on your elbow," directed Tom. "Now, Hat, you sit here, and brush the bees away if they come, and they will, for they are intelligent. Zene, dear, you sit at Fulma's feet. Good enough!"

"Where are you to be, Tooma?" asked Zenia.

"Oh, just here, Zene, but I shall not obscure you. That would be impossible."

"But you are going to let Fulma come between us."

"For once, my angel; though I am not sure she may not have to come again."

"Why, Tooma?"

"Oh, I can't tell you in Zoeian. You wouldn't understand. Now, Termal, your old place by the boulder. Hooray! Oh, for a camera!"

"I have an instrument here," said Termal. "Motoo, unpack the basket. It is at the bottom."

"Who is to fire the shot?" asked Tom.

"I, of course," said Termal.

"Well, I guess not," declared Tom; "without you, the picture would be worthless. Can you do it, Motoo?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Tooma, I know how to make it go."

"Very well, boy, place the instrument," said Termal. "Now, what do you see?"

"I see you all, plain and good."

"Are Mr. Feanka's feet in the picture?" asked Tom.

"No, Mr. Tooma, but your hands are."

"H-m, sharp boy! Well—now all look pleasant. Let her go, Motoo."

And thus was produced a picture, a copy of which now hangs in a certain house in Maine. A picture that has attracted much attention and been faithfully described in a Boston daily journal.

Later on, as Tom and the girls were arranging the repast and cooling the wine, I asked Termal how he dared to descend the rift with no knowledge of its terminus.

"That is a question I have many times asked myself," he said. "I was impelled by some inner force. It was a wild undertaking."

The afternoon wore away while songs and merry-makings filled the flying hours. Tom scintillated with wit and jest. Moto's cabinet had remained open all the day. The girls wove garlands of wild flowers. They crowned Termal with one of special brilliancy. I can see him now, standing at the mouth of the rift gazing within, lost in thought.

"Well, we must bottle our happiness and take it home," said our host, glancing upwards. "We have no rein on *syuna* (the sun)."

"Oh, just a little longer," implored Zenia. "I want to go to the top of the ledge."

"I would not try it, my daughter."

"Oh, but I must, Padu. I am a true daughter of a daring father. Come on, Tooma! If you catch me I will reward you."

"All right, Zene. The bait is worth the rise."

The ledge fell vertically about thirty feet to a broad shelf, and thence, as much further, to the base. The summit was gained by a rough circuitous path between and over the rocks.

Moto was gathering the fragments of the feast. He suddenly paused and watched the pair, rushing up the rocks, until they reached the long level on top the cliff. Then he dropped his work, scaled the rocks to the shelf, glanced upward, and appeared to brace himself.

We had watched the race heedless of danger. At the moment, we saw Zenia flying from her pursuer, repeatedly glancing back at him. Then—her ringing laugh changed to one wild scream as she bounded over the cliff. Moto caught her in his arms. Her weight bore him backward, and beneath her, against the rocky floor. When Tom reached the brink, his face was bloodless. Termal and I gained the shelf to find Zenia and Moto insensible, her white arms clasping his dark neck.

I shouted to Fulma to bring wine and water; and in answer to Tom's mute appeal, I cried: "I don't know what has happened. Hurry down and help Fulma."

We mixed wine and water and poured it into Zenia's mouth.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed, "she can swallow." Releasing her clasp from round the boy, we drew them apart. Fulma bathed her face and hands. Moto was torn and bleeding; his face was gray rather than black. Termal knelt and called him by name. A quiver of his eyelids was the only response.

"They are badly hurt," said Termal. "We must get them down. Feanka, you and Tooma take Motoo; I will carry Zenia." He took her in his strong arms—as he had once carried a little child. My mind went back two decades, and I looked at the beautiful woman who had promised to be my wife. At the bottom, we laid them by the rivulet.

"Give me napkins, handkerchiefs, anything of the kind you have," cried Termal, "the boy is bleeding badly. Keep cold water on Zenia's head. Give her a swallow of wine occasionally, open her gown, rub her hands. I will come presently." Then he bound up Moto's wounds, all the while uttering words unknown to me. Under Fulma's ministrations, Zenia finally regained consciousness. Aside from severe bruises, she had escaped injury. "Little wonder," she said, half rising, "let me go to him."

Termal had brought faint speech to Moto. "What is that, my boy?" he asked eagerly, bending low.

"Did—I—save—her?" the gray lips whispered.

Termal nodded.

"What did he say?" asked Tom.

"He wants to know if he saved Zenia."

Tom ran to him and pillow'd the bruised head on his arm. Moto opened his eyes.

"Mr.—Mr. Selby," he murmured.

"Yes, it is I, my boy. What Mr. Hatfield said about you in the rift—do you hear me, Moto?" The lad nodded. "What Mr. Hatfield said was only half the truth. You have won your shoulder-straps today."

"Fortunately, we have no broken bones to deal with," said Termal, when he returned from Zenia's side. "We must get them home at once."

On reaching Bestofall, Zenia grew authoritative. "Take Motoo to my room," she ordered. "All this house can give is not enough for him. But for him—oh, Tooma!" Tom laid her on the bamboo couch.

* * *

Notwithstanding all she had passed through Zenia came to the evening meal as radiant as ever. Her Zoelian physique conquered her physical ills. "Yes, I am bruised," she admitted, "but I shall banish all by morning. Pardon me," she said a few moments later, rising, "I must hasten back to Motoo. The poor boy needs constant attention, I will nurse him—you and I, Tooma."

"That we will," exclaimed Tom. "I once played that role after I—well, after I rescued a ragged little urchin from drowning. But you can't know what that means, Zoesy."

"Nor I," said Fulma. "I wish you would explain. Whatever you did, I know was a noble act."

"Not as heroic as Motoo's," my comrade blushed, "for I was sure of my life."

"Others may think differently," asserted Termal, coming in; "however, the boy astonished me. His prescience, his quick estimate of the probable arc through which Zenia would fall, his strength, were wonderful. A braver soul never incarnated. What did you mean by the shoulder-straps, Tooma?"

Tom explained.

"Ah, yes. Well, he has won something even better. He has gained the esteem and love of our nation."

"How is he now?" we asked.

"I have stopped the hemorrhage, and made him comfortable, but his flesh is growing hotter. I do not like that. I may send to the College, but I think I can manage the case. I have had some experience. The Father will heal him."

"You believe that, Termal?" asked Tom.

"Certainly, if the conditions are right. Don't you, Feanka?"

"I hardly know what to think," I murmured.

"Well, He will!" he asserted with conviction. "Now, the girls must go to rest. You and Tooma go to the restafa; I want the boy all to myself. Put this calamity out of your thoughts; be cheerful, and rest assured we shall all be able to attend Elida's nuptials next week."

* * *

It was a typical Zoelian wedding. A blend of colors, music, flowers, good fellowship and festivities. Manifestly, each one desired less his own happiness than that of others. A wedding, wherever celebrated, is, or should be, a joyous occasion. One never allied to what might justify my comrade's one-time remark: "Things are all right when the train pulls out, but look out for broken axles, weak rails, misplaced and other variety of switches afterward."

It was the custom of these people to be married at meridian. They believed marriage to be a reunion of principles primarily a unity. With them, the union of man and woman typified the fruit-bearing plant that owes its fertility to the vivifying influence of the sun. Hence, they chose the hour of its greatest effulgence. With them, marriage was a spiritual sacrament, not a civil contract.

Music was an important feature on these occasions. As I have not spoken of the

orchestra in detail, I will here say that the stringed instruments were of various sizes and designs. The strings were of gold and silver alloy, so made as to give them all the qualities of cat gut with increased resonance and pureness of tone. The wood wind instruments were complicated in structure, with wide range. The strange shaped, but mellow horns were made from silver, copper or brass. In addition, cymbals and silver bells were used. The music was delightfully exhilarating.

The ceremony was extremely simple. The future bride and groom, attired in white, knelt before a member of the College and joined opposite hands. Then the woman said, "I would be one with him whom I have chosen"; and the man followed, "I would be one with her who has chosen me." Then in unison, "Until we are called away."

The one officiating (in this instance, Loredo) swept his hand round the living circle and declared, "In the name of Kesua, our Master, I bind you with the bond of love." This was all. It was a vivid contrast to our ceremony. No vows uttered to be broken; no hollow mockery of love where passion or ambition alone reigned; no shield for wrong-doing; no convenient adjustment of conflicting circumstances, with the hope of release through a lax judiciary or the potency of wealth; no sacrifice of youth and beauty to debauched decrepitude; no hypocritical felicitations nor sentimental grief.

Love, trust, hope and joy mingled in a rich wedding anthem, and the wedding bells were the peals of mirth from the lovely Zoelian belles, as they wove garlands for festivities.

As Elida and Retram rose, Tom whispered to me: "As easy to enter as a 'catch-'em-alive' mouse trap, and as hard to escape from. Simple, but ironclad."

Loredo came to us with greetings, con-

gratulations for Zenia, and earnest inquiry about Moto.

"A daring act," he said. "One inspired by deep and lasting devotion to you, Zenia. You have not seen Audofa? It is not strange. So many seek to welcome him as a brother Zoeian. I think," he said, laughing, "we shall meet at another wedding ere long."

"Who is to be married, Loredo?" asked Zenia.

"Truly, daughter, who? Do you think we old fellows at the College do not know how the wind blows? Well, it will be a great event. We will make it a national affair."

"And we shall make it an international affair," exclaimed Tom. "Hey, won't we, Zene?"

"Ah! Oh! Tooma! Why, there are others here."

"Only Loredo, and he will never tell. Come on, sweetheart, we must find Audofa—God bless him. I say, Loredo," he called back, "can't you make the solar power move the days along faster?"

"I must apologize for my comrade's lapse into English," I said, "he is overflowing with happiness today."

"It is not necessary, Feanka, I like the language and I like the man. Well mated," he said, watching the gleeful pair; "as well mated as two others I might name."

Wedding festivities usually ended at sunset, but when we saw Termal preparing to lead the Huan orchestra and Audofa standing by, we knew that we were to have the *czardas*.

The fairy isles were gathering; Loredo had said adieu; Audofa had come to us and gone. The merry-makers were departing—Termal, with Tom and Zenia, still lingered by Elida.

I gazed into Fulma's sparkling eyes.

"Well, dearest, what is it?"

"Oh, my love," she asked, quivering with delight, "will ours be like this?"

(*To be continued*)





CHICAGO

BY JOHN M^GOVERN

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE has been faithful to its name. Perhaps, therefore, a national and optimistic view of one of the Great Republic's most remarkable cities—and that view taken by a resident for more than forty years—may have a proper place in these pages.

When I came here, in 1868, Chicago claimed 250,000 inhabitants; now it claims two millions. I heard an ardent and old-time Chicagoan, the other day, declare for three millions. Up to only twenty years or so ago, an adult Chicagoan who had been born here, like the late beloved "Biff" Hall, known to all the actors—I believe he first saw daylight on the site of the Brevoort Hotel—was a rare personage; now, most of the city officials were born here.

The large county of Cook in the state of Illinois lies along the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan for about forty miles. We may consider a strip of territory about twelve miles wide on the eastern side of this county of Cook as practically Chicago. For a good part of the way the Desplaines River is the western boundary. (It is locally always called "Dess Plains.") The corporation of Chicago taxes some 190 square miles of this territory (at the Court House). There are nearly 350 suburbs. The "business centre" of the city lies centrally on its eastern side. This bad arrangement, caused by the desire of the first comers to get near the great lake, favors the suburbanite. In bad weather he hies him to his nearby depot, and joyfully leaves a scene (which he has helped to create) nearly as forbidding as are the precincts of a slightly active volcano. Yet it is not bad weather all the time, and bad weather in the suburbs has terrors of its own for the true cityite.

After entering Chicago, it takes about an hour, on the train, to reach a terminal at the "centre." This is the celebrated "half-hour" of the suburbanite. You cannot ride on a train, or send freight *through* Chicago—you must change cars or break

cargoes or trains, while the city levies a tariff of bus-fares, hotel-bills and transfer-charges. This evil reacts on the town, increasing its already sufficient ills and multiplying the number of its industrious detractors. And when your cargoes have been broken, or your goods landed from the Great Lakes, you may send your teamster after them to twenty-seven different freight-depots. It is the greatest *entrepot* the world ever saw, but it is by no means free.

The growth of corporations and corporations of corporations (as we read of Kings of Kings) and the age of science brought migrations of humanity unparalleled since the fall of the Roman Empire. The goal, the object at least of second interest to the discontented, the swiftly moving, and swiftly multiplying race, was Chicago. Here on a low, gray plain it lies, now the fourth population in the world, yet only three-quarters of a century old. Its finance is great—as three to New York's twenty. Do not despise the comparison, nor deem it ridiculous, for Chicago's three represents a weekly sum of ready money as large as that of the ancient and great cities of Boston and Philadelphia together, and as large as St. Louis, Pittsburg, Kansas City, San Francisco, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Minneapolis and New Orleans all combined. And in New York's twenty Chicago believes there is much "skating," "ringing" and over-certification. The present banking houses of Chicago form one of the most impressive architectural sights of the world.

What is Chicago? I will try to guess and to tell. It is a population in number like Canton, in China. It is impressively great, because, for instance, it daily uses 300,000 telephones and over sixty hospitals, some of them very large ones indeed, for here surgery, off the battle-field, has found its busiest haunts. The dead are buried in forty-six cemeteries. Ten of them are Jewish, and there are Polish and Bohemian burying-grounds. The Union printers are filling

their third large lot. There are about three hundred great schoolhouses, many of them groups of buildings. When President Taft visited the city in 1909, he was greeted by 150,000 little children, massed on the Lake Front Park, and about 450,000 more were playing at home.

When the poet Byron went to Venice (in "Beppo") he saw "Greeks, Romans, Yankee Doodles and Hindoos." If his lines had been longer his enumeration would have been stronger, but he could not have seen or imagined such a cosmopolis as we have here. And the new-comers have their native costumes laid away in their new homes. One day, at the World's Fair, about 10,000 Poles came down from Humboldt Park, dressed in red boots and white pantaloons; you would have thought you were in Warsaw. Professor Lutislawski, now of San Francisco, who first became interested in Chicago when he was at Kazan, on the Volga River, has written a loyal and eloquent appreciation of the Polish race, and I guess he is about right. We owe much of practical good to the Poles of Chicago. They offer examples to many other peoples of nurturing industry for the sake of art and real happiness.

One of our wide-awake educators at the University found that Chicago daily speaks forty-seven different languages. Many of the "colonies" have their own newspapers. Sit here in little Vernon Park awhile, where Mr. Finnegan still keeps all so neat, and where the Irish once held full sway; a Russian pope goes by in his robe and black casque—and he is good-looking, too. A French basilica rises yonder. But generally the Jews expelled by Russia live roundabout. The territory already occupied by Hebrews is a mile wide and three miles long, on the West Side alone, and no such crowding was seen before their day. They are law-abiding, orthodox, and perhaps the most industrious of all the immigrants. Their synagogues are rising in surprising number, and the fear and hatred of the elderly Hebrew for the Christian is slow to pass away. Notwithstanding, the young people make rapid advances into American ways.

There always has been a "spirit of the hive" at Chicago, in the very face of its destiny as Cosmopolis. Volney invented but Chicago produced that sublimest triumph of

peace—the World's Parliament of Religions of 1893. The Chicagoan who did it was named Bonney (there is a sound of *good* in the name) and probably the great event taught Theodore Roosevelt a lesson, for he was here and built the log-cabin for the Rough-Riders on the Wooded Island.

Here the songs of the Civil War were first sung, and I heard Professor Elisha Gray first make use of the word "telephone" at the *Tribune* office in 1876. And many believe the telephone was invented here—the telautograph certainly was. Here were invented the refrigerating and the Pullman cars; the fortress-factory; the reaper and mower; the department store. Here were invented and here evolved the derricks and dredges that now swing and grunt over the entire planet. The golden mud of the arctic circle goes through machines made on the West Side that cost \$50,000 apiece. But, above all, here was invented the water elevator and the "Chicago construction," now a chief feature of the twentieth century and the age of steel; the water elevator made the sky-scraper feasible.

Our architects and builders went all through the business while the East held its breath. First, the basement was entirely filled with limestone pyramids, and the outer walls were of cyclopean thickness; thus the Calumet Building was erected, eight stories high, still standing, and the Montauk, ten stories high, that was demolished to make way for part of the vast First National. I did not relish walking in Monroe Street across from this Montauk tower of Babel—but I got used to it!

Next came the basement full of limestone pyramids, but the cyclopean wall was built like a cross, in the centre, with terra cotta facings on the street exposures. Of this type was the Tacoma, at the northeast corner of Madison and La Salle streets. Marshall Field began the Woman's Temple on this plan, and then undid \$100,000 worth of substructural work, and erected the steel frame of today. The Rand-McNally was the first real steel or cage-like building, and was constructed with then unusual attention to fireproofing.

Since those days the architectural evolution at Chicago has been toward caisson-foundations and subterranean floor-space. The Masonic Temple *açœ*, long before the

Chicago Fair, to thoroughly astonish the world, and to slowly awaken the emulation of New York City.

Twenty-one stories make a building high enough for Chicago, the inventor; and lower structures are better still, but New York has more serious ground restrictions. Its towers are perhaps practicable. Yet its streets would be deemed too narrow for Chicago sky-scrappers, and the inventors are prone to feel that in Gotham there may yet be need of a Baron Haussmann, to tear down and let air in below.

In Chicago the La Salle Hotel, the Blackstone Hotel, the University Club, the Gas Office, give examples of Chicago's maturest cyclopean conservatism, after contemplating the effects of heat and cold, driving snow, hurricane and electrical storm. The La Salle Hotel can furnish 1,170 guests with separate rooms—seven hundred with bath—and, at the highest, the sojourner is only nineteen stories above the ground. The Park Row Building at New York looks about six stories too high in the practiced eye of the Chicagoan after he has accurately counted its twenty-six real stories. It is prodigious, and so, of course, on to the City Investing. Water rocks out of the wash-bowls on the days of big wind—and narrow Broadway is windier than Chicago. Ye plumbers, invent for New York a chronometer-balance washbowl!

Chicago, reckoned by the world's standard, is truly a provincial city, but mind you it has only a provincial indebtedness—I believe about ten dollars per capita to New York's \$170. Reckoned in what the laborer personally receives, Chicago is the cheapest place to live in in the world. This condition has endured for forty years.

The general odor of Chicago is good, except in the extensive stockyard district. Foliage almost everywhere mitigates the rigors of summer. Willow trees send their tap-roots down to water, and the real difference in necessary shade between the suburban retreats and many hundreds of the city's avenues is not discovered to be important.

Now let us come bravely to the subject of the nation's transportation, and grapple with the part that Chicago plays.

Besides its wide streets, its sky-scrappers, its palaces, its shade-trees, Chicago is a

car-yard and a factory—the largest the world has ever seen. Hither, sometime, and sometimes often, come the two million freight-cars of the United States, to be bunted into line by our noisy switch-engines. And all these freight-cars, with tens of thousands of passengers, mail and express cars, roll toward the Loop (the inner Chicago). Possibly even the far-off reader occasionally hears of this Loop. It is in itself merely an elevated double-track, third-rail electric road, any particular span of it much like the elevated railway on Sixth Avenue in New York; but at Chicago, for many hours in the day, the tracks are crowded with five-car trains, going in opposite directions. The Loop is seven city blocks long and five blocks wide. If we stand, say, at Madison Street and Wabash Avenue, with these trains thundering overhead, with long street-cars rolling their trolley-wheels against the resounding iron structure above, with wholesale trucks rattling their iron axles over the rough granite pavements, and automobile horns and policemen's whistles punctuating the din, we shall find ourselves in one of the noisiest places on earth, only London, the traditional boiler-factory, and a Chinese theatre or wake outclassing it.

This Loop, however, noisy and hideous as it is, relieves the sidewalks of the presence of hundreds of thousands of people, and, beside, is one of the most convenient adjuncts ever applied to passenger transportation. The stores of some of the great merchants and the fine Lake Shore depot, have doors leading from Loop platforms; thus you may step to New York, or to a local ribbon-counter, on the same level. The five other great depots are all near this Loop, two of them just across bridges, all of them less than one-third of a mile away.

At these six depots the principal car-yards of North America begin. One of the railroad systems, the Northwestern, is erecting a new depot that covers three city blocks northward from Madison Street. The Pennsylvania will have quarters beside it anon, and this will put a new face on the West Side of Chicago. The car-yards of the C. B. & Q. combination extend from the Chicago River down-town westward to the Desplaines River, twelve miles. The corner of Clark Street and Wabash Avenue is in the air. Twelfth Street from

Wabash Avenue westward across the entire South Side to Canal Street on the West Side, is a viaduct—a bridge—and you may imagine the miles and miles of the region west of State Street and south of Polk that are given over to car-yards. Twenty-five railroad systems end near the Loop, at some one of the six depots. Some of them, like the Illinois Central, the C. B. & Q. and the Northwestern, carry a heavy suburban traffic. There is no place in the Loop that is not thus surrounded on all sides—north, east, south or west, and not far off—by car-yards, with locomotives ringing their heavy bells and emitting thick clouds of soft coal smoke. I am sorry to admit that there are miles of car-yards on the once-beautiful lake front. The western side of the city is shut in by a wholly unnecessary car-yard, one of the noisiest in the city. Though it has been elevated at much expense (increasing the resonance of its bells, wheels and engines) there are patriotic and hopeful Chicagoans in multitudes who hope to see both the lake shore and the western nuisance driven to proper and more economical quarters southward.

What causes the chief pollution of the damp air of Chicago? Decidedly, it is the smoke, cinders and gas from thousands upon thousands of locomotives. Is there hope of general electrification? Not, I think, among practical men, unless science shall suddenly make one of its most startling advances—something as unexpected and “impossible” as the X-ray seemed in November, 1895. On the contrary, as the populous Eastern passenger terminals shall improve, there may be additional coal locomotives to be utilized in the West, and Chicago *is* the West. In bad weather, or in still weather, the soot from the car-yards rains down on the city, a plutonian shower. It is not so bad as it used to be, to my knowledge, and on clear and breezy days a Chicagoan does not consider it any more noticeable than the dust and dirt of other cities—even New York. And there is a considerable compensation that should never be left out of the reckoning. Chicago is the coolest of the huge cities; it is always relatively hot at all its summer resorts and in its own suburbs. July and August, in 1909, were much cooler in Chicago than in Duluth. The thousands of locomotives throw their exhaust steam

into the air, as well as their cinders. While other smothering cities are sprinkling their streets, Chicago is sprinkling the air.

Finally, it is highly important to consider that the human race has been nurtured in smoke. When chimneys were first built, it was believed that the people must perish, and men “caught cold.” Smoke is antiseptic, and is the foe of annoying insects. It is a natural act for men to congregate where there is much smoke.

Murky cities, like London and Chicago, are also favorable to asthmatics and many other pulmonary sufferers. The annual death-rate here is not large, even if we take into account the youth of the city and its large proportion of men of less than middle age.

What shall a loyal and hopeful Chicagoan say of Chicago’s oozy foundation, seventy feet deep? How can it be remedied? Will it be remedied? The latest type of skyscraper stands on the sedimentary stone below. Can the streets ever be built on the rock-bottom principle? Until they shall be so founded, the ooze will seep up from beneath. And there would be a necessity of having barriers—*mud-custom-houses*—around the rock-bottom district, to clean wheels, hoofs and even feet of the adhesive earth for which the Chicago plain or prairie is famous. With no mud from below, the soot from above could be taken care of, though Chicago is wholly provincial in its sturdy belief that the wind should be depended on to clean the streets. As to the snow, Heaven sends it; Heaven will take it away. The Illinois Supreme Court, long ago, held that a citizen was not to be compelled to clean his own sidewalk, and every Chicago snowstorm since has ruined a great fortune in women’s clothing. The service-corporations may discover a way not to tear up the streets. Science may come upon a new and cheaper concrete. The streets may be apportioned to various uses—automobiles, trucks, cars, carriages. The nation may address itself to the footways and driveways of its great *entrepot*, and at least take care of that part which concerns the six depots and their interrelations.

It is a problem beyond solution at present. The increasing growth of the nation in the West, and the increasing mobility or “fluidity” of property, doubles the pressure on Chicago

every few decades. Twenty years ago we looked confidently and without jealousy for the rise of at least half-a-dozen other Chicagos along the great rivers, and the real-estate booms of those days proved the belief was general that the Lake Michigan port could not alone carry its imperial burden; but more and more still comes hither and goes hence, and the whole Middle West continues to read our daily press and maintain its interest in our purely and even petty local affairs.

Chicago, so we believe, had the leading merchant of the world in the late Marshall Field, for New York City itself has nothing to compare with the wholesale and retail university of distribution that he founded. Mandel's and Carson-Pirie's, at Chicago, are as good as any in New York or Philadelphia, but, of course, the first and middle-class retail stores of New York are far more numerous, though not so conveniently *en masse* as at Chicago. At Christmas the crush is worse in New York, owing to its narrow streets, and Chicago has no danger-spot, like the entrances to Brooklyn Bridge, and suffers from few sleet-storms.

To approach this magnificent shopping district, Chicago, beside its suburban trains and its four (nine) elevated railroads leading to the Loop, operates one hundred and twenty-six different lines of street railway. The cars are new and thirty feet long. The roadbed is new, and by far the best ever laid on a scale so great. Much of the dirt and chaos of recent years passes away with the new *regime*. Most of the cars you see on the streets run from seven to nine miles, and by transfers you can ride some twenty-five miles for five cents. The line to Aurora, which has a fine station on Fifth Avenue (at the Loop), was long the best and swiftest electric road in the world.

One can give, at least to a New Yorker, an idea of the spread or extent of Chicago by means of these car-lines. Suppose you are at Madison Street, which now divides the city by house-numbers into north and south—a street twelve miles long, running east and west, that is, away from the lake, and there has not been a church on the whole street since the Fire of 1871. Now let us suppose Madison Street were at Fifth Avenue, New York, and that Forty-second Street, New York, were our Ashland Avenue,

two miles and a half west of our Lake Michigan. You could take a car at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street and ride westward (in New York) sixty-three city blocks; then you could transfer on the sixty-third street and ride southward fifty blocks further. All the way you would pass through a permanently settled city, usually with stores and three-story cut-stone flats; or you could ride northward about one hundred and fifty blocks on the sixty-third street; or, on the other hand, you could go eastward on Forty-second Street (in New York) for similar alternative journeys. Hardly anyone conceives how vast the new and Europeanized Chicago really is. Would that its inhabitants were as homogeneous as its buildings and its main civic attractions.

Now of Louis Blanc's irresistible organization of labor: The late Mr. Pullman conceived and established the first (then illegal) middle-age fortress-factory; now there are hundreds of places organized rather less benevolently. Mr. Pullman employed or dominated the preachers, lecturers, librarians, hotel-keepers, landscape gardeners—he himself was the city of Pullman, corporate and spiritual. Now we have the great Gary, that even J. Pierpont Morgan journeys to see, where fifty millions dollars are going in; we have the Standard Oil inferno at Whiting; the new Glucose at Argo; the Western Electric at Hawthorne; the Illinois Steel at South Chicago (to be greatly enlarged); Sears-Roebuck; the International Harvester—and so on. We shall have the Colorado Fuel and Iron. We used to think some of these (like the Glucose and the Western Electric) were huge affairs when they were right in town. Our reapers are drawn by camels in Bessarabia, by yaks in Turkestan, by the sacred oxen in India and by the white elephant in Siam.

I used to heartily deplore this medieval, fortress-idea, but when you have forty-seven populations, few of them understanding one another, many of them hereditarily hating one another, what are you going to do—if you do anything and do it now? Evolution came all Mr. Pullman's way, and he was possibly by far the most humane of the captains—until he grew old and hot-tempered.

Art and literature have not flourished in Chicago. In those things Chicago has been

as provincial as the humblest hamlet. But science, since its industrial value was espied, has accomplished many of its chief marvels here. We saw the chemist in his little room with his tubes and his retorts; then we saw the first big glucose works on Taylor Street (now at Argo); then we saw fortified Argo, turning 200,000 bushels of corn each day into left-handed twentieth-century sugar and real starch. One of our boys, George Hale (of the water-elevator family), built a telescope house in his back yard, took photographs of the sun's red prominences in broad daylight, and gave the world the benefit of total eclipses every bright day. One of our court clerks, Burnham (the picture of kindly Joe Jefferson) had the sharpest eyes developed by Western peoples, and espied two, four, six stars where other astronomers, even William Herschel, had seen but one. So Yerkes, the grip-car promoter, thereupon generously ordered Alvin Clarke to grind him the largest glass lens that ever was; it was exhibited at the Chicago Fair and installed at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin; now the big planets have twice as many moons as were formerly imputed to them. Astrophysics has had its central office in Chicago, and Mr. Rockefeller has backed the finest of spectroscopical magazines. At Gary, we hear that the coal will be brought from Pennsylvania; the scientists will coke it and turn the smoke into gas, and the gas will make fuel with which to allure electro-motive force. Had science in general seemed beautiful rather than ugly; had science been fragrant where it was malodorous, paradise would have evolved at Chicago. This juggernaut of science has crunched at least 25,000 comfortable and often palatial homes under its wheels. An edifice, in once most admirable umbrageous surroundings, that alone cost Peter Schuttler, war wagon-maker, \$350,000 to erect, is now a laundry and coal-office. In Chicago, let Peace and Beauty "look out for the engine," as the sign read when the sacredness of life was considered along with the need of progress.

Chicago's park system, once liberal, is now inadequate, and let us hope her boulevards (and all other boulevards) will soon be deodorized. The nation should see that the Desplaines River is parked and cured. Some extraordinary street-cutting

will be done—it has long been talked about. I believe I contributed the first article on the "production" of Ogden Avenue north-eastward to Lincoln Park. It was published about twenty-two years ago in Henry Lord Gay's *Building Budget*, and Isham G. Randolph has been faithful to the idea ever since, as he was immediately interested then. Too bad Chicago did not have circular or elliptical walls, to tear down, like Paris and the oldtime cities!

Chicago's drinking-reservoir is Lake Michigan. No other big population has such a supply. If all pumps failed, or burned, as in 1871, we could go to the breakwater and drink, as we did then. One of the five water-tunnels purports to pump 200,000,000 gallons daily, another 160,000,000; the "little one" supplies 90,000,000. The old Chicagoan prefers "unsafe Lake Michigan water" to any "aqua pura" that he buys or that he drinks freely elsewhere. The pollution of Lake Michigan has been a stupendous folly and crime, but those who did it shared the results—that was fair. The thirty million dollar drainage canal helped some, and sweetened the city, but the average townsmen blesses it chiefly because it makes navigation in the river difficult for large vessels and impracticable for the cheap little craft that formerly swarmed at the "port of Chicago." It does not seem credible that swinging bridges shall endure between the South and West sides. The water-system and the drainage canal are public works by which the grandeur and democracy of Chicago may be clearly discerned. They should awaken the admiration of the world. Chicago will always be a Garden City; trees will multiply. I have a grateful feeling toward the memory of Ossian Guthrie, who died but a little while ago. He was our local geologist and prophet of drainage. He gave his life to the subject, and received but few of the loaves and fishes when the time came to feed the multitude. He held that his grandfather discovered chloroform, but the mossbacks could not chloroform him on the subject of turning our "river" backward, and all his dream came true before he died. It is a noble example for altruistic hopers.

This cosmopolitan Chicago has produced but one truly representative citizen, the late Carter H. Harrison. He could eloquently

promise the people reform (that he knew they knew they did not want) in seven or eight different languages, and thereafter, if necessary, could veto reform in forty-seven—but do not think it ever came to that! He was gratefully beloved, he was foully murdered by an insane man, and he received a pompous, magnificent and fitting funeral. Jane Addams' renown fills the world, and rouses millions of hearts to nobler action. I could wish that Opie Read, the great story-teller, had been born and reared here. It would have delighted his loyal soul to do even more than a filial and pious duty in glorifying this difficult city. We have on our streets as I write, Fernando Jones, one of the original villagers. He early became a maker of abstracts of deeds, and he as a witness touching the condition of property before the great conflagration, occupies a place in local affairs that probably has had no parallel elsewhere. What wonderful folk-lore ought to grow out of the life of Fernando Jones, the ideal "oldest inhabitant"! We all hope he will live to

be more than a hundred, and never grow old, as grandfathers used to do.

So I think this is a fair glimpse of Chicago. Consider it an Austria-Hungary compressed into an Illinois county, but note that it is drawn on a world's scale, not a merely imperial plan. Chicago does not wear gloves—does not carry a cane; it has no time for these "polite" things. We boast that it does more, with better machinery, than any other community on earth. It has a kind heart under its working clothes, and has always counted everybody in as one more Chicagoan. Its morals raise the present average of North America, or its population would not increase so rapidly. In appearance, it is often gray and melancholy, like old ocean; but in spirit, as in history, it is young and ever-hopeful. It is the most prolific inventor that time has produced. It still welcomes everybody who can labor, and its generous salutation thrills forty-seven kinds of lowly people with a growing desire to cast their lots here. And that, also, only increases America's chief domestic problem.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I HAVE tasted the shadow and the shine;
I have tasted the wand'ring fire divine;

I know the delights of the bird and bee,
And the apple plucked from the wayside tree;

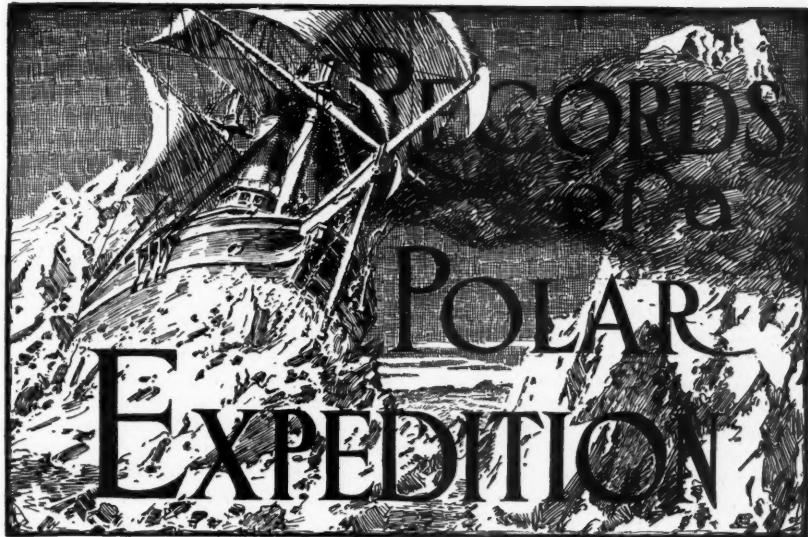
I have drank deep draughts from the skies afar
Where beauty makes steppingstone of the star;

I have eaten loaves and fishes, and fed
Even as vulture on carrion dead;

I have plucked from the thorn in diamond dew
Both the wilding rose and the rose of blue;

And I say to youth and I say to maid:
Stay thou at home and be not afraid.

A crust that is eaten by heart that sings
Is better than feasts that are spread for kings!



(CONTINUED)

By EDWIN COFFIN

Captain Steamer "America"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—These "Records of a Polar Expedition," began in the February number of the National, and make an absorbing story of experiences in the Arctic regions. They are published through the courtesy of Captain Edwin Coffin of the steamer "America," from his personal diary kept during the last Zeigler Polar Expedition. The reader finds himself taken from Norway, where the expedition goes on board the "America," farther and farther into the frozen North. Working slowly along day by day in the midst of floes of ice the expedition reaches Northbrooke Island in August, where they cache supplies, and then continue on their way. The members of the crew hunt polar bears, and cut ice from a glacier to melt for drinking water. In October they begin constructing the sledges with which to make the final dash for the Pole.

OCTOBER 14.—Wind south southeast, and fresh in gusts; later calm and clear. Sledging ice to the ship from the glacier. Mr. Rillette is having one sledge finished off for Mr. Fiala, who is to use it on a trip to the northeast end of this island, Cape Flidgley, and will start soon as the sledge is finished. Dr. Vaughn accompanies him. Mr. Peters wishes to install a tide gauge on the ice, alongside the ship. I have given him very little encouragement, as I didn't feel that the position of the ship at this place was permanent. He concluded to get the frame made and get ready. 'Twould be of no use to put the tide gauge in for less than one month. The berg which had been in sight

disappeared last night. Ice is opening out in big leads off shore to southwest. Mr. Haven wrestling with the sewing machine, trying to sew a canvas bottom on the tent. Steward off with a large baking pan for the chief to make smaller. Mr. Peters having a heavy weight made for his tide gauge. Long for a box to keep his long barometer; Truden after condensed coffee keeps the boys busy. Four dogs fell into a crevasse on the glacier and were not missed until the next day. Fiala, Vaughn and Antone Vedoe located them and hauled them out with ropes, Dr. Vaughn being lowered down to make them fast. They were down on a ledge about thirty-five feet. The crack

RECORDS OF A POLAR EXPEDITION

extended to the water about one hundred feet—near as they could judge by dropping chunks of ice and hearing them splash in the water. At 11 P. M. wind south, and snowing. Barometer 30-05; thermometer 10° above. Bears do not seem to be very plenty. If we depended on them for fresh meat would get left.

OCTOBER 15.—Wind light and variable, southerly. At 8 A. M. thermometer 7° above. Mr. Fiala came with a pony and took the sledge to camp. He will start for Flidgley. Truden off making the tide gauge frame. Morning watch reports a bear seen out by the cache. We walked around the cache this morning, but could see no tracks. Case of white dog again or shadow. Today is the day we lose the sun. February, next, will be the next time to see it just partially visible on the horizon. Yesterday I had a seven hundred pound anchor planted in the solid ice with two parts of steel wire hawsers made fast to it, also two large manila hawsers, as extra fasts, so when this outside ice goes off to be sure and hold the ship. 11.30 calm, bright night. Not a cloud in the sky. Moon rising over the glacier brings out all the snow-white ridges of the high glacier, making a lovely scene which is only seen in Arctic regions. Thermometer 4° below.

OCTOBER 16.—Calm until 8 A. M. After, east southeast wind with thick fog most of the day. Three of the crew went over to Cape Auk on the ice, hunting bears. Saw none. Report many fox tracks around where the bears were previously cached. On the way back saw two foxes, not near enough to shoot. Considerable water off to the west as shown by the clouds of black fog rising there. The new ice does not gain in thickness much. Also keeps very soft, and wet on top. The dogs don't care to go on it. Prefer the old rough high ice.

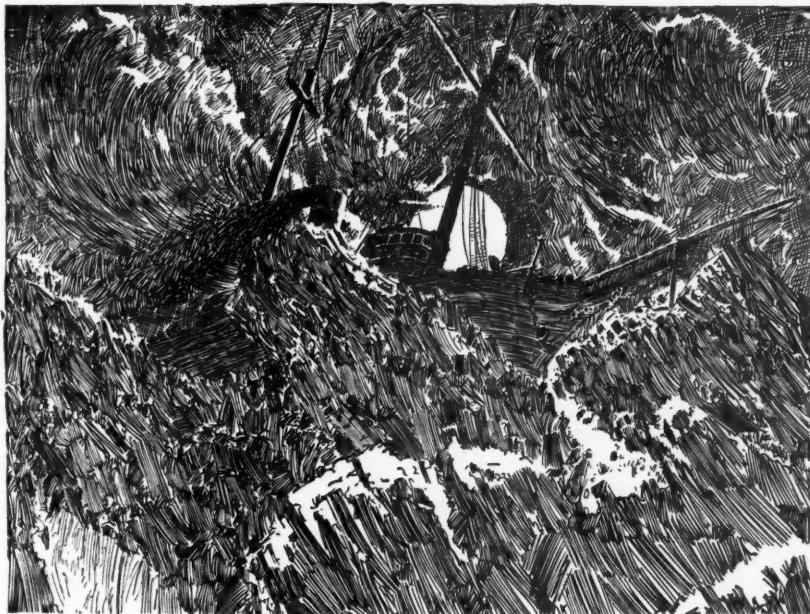
OCTOBER 17.—Blowing a moderate gale southeast. For a wonder the snow is only drifting very little. The ship lists a little with every strong breeze, the ice is so soft and the water from the overboard condenser pipe keeps the ice open for eight feet underneath it. Ice remains the same, plenty of water off shore. Thermometer 3° above. Gale broke at 3 P. M. At 7 P. M. wind breezed fresh east. Lieutenant Truden was the only one off from camp.

OCTOBER 18.—Variable light local airs. Thermometer 12° below. Four men went over to Cape Auk hunting. Saw no signs of bears. Ice remains in same condition. All hands taking a Sunday's rest. The ship is all prepared for the long winter, everything in good order. The sailors have a large comfortable forecastle below the main deck, with a stove which gives them all the warmth they need.

OCTOBER 19.—Blowing a moderate gale from northeast. Thermometer 18° below at 9 A. M. Had a little reminder of the ship's situation this forenoon when the crack inside of us widened out and left the ship all clear. It moved about 2 feet and stopped. I went out on the ice and followed this crack both ways one mile. Found it held by a small point of ice west of us. At 6 P. M. wind is blowing hard northwest, which closed up all the holes outside and jammed the crack together in places only. Snow drifting badly. At 3 P. M. sent my mess boy, Jimmie, to camp for news of the sledge party. Found they had not returned. Rather a rough night to camp out on the glacier. Up to date we have seen six bears, including cubs. 10 P. M. calm. 12 midnight blowing north.

OCTOBER 20.—Blowing strong from the north through the night. At 3.20 P. M., moderate fine weather. Thermometer 13° above. No change in the ice. Long nights now; just a little light the middle of the day. Run the dynamo from 6.45 A. M. to 11 P. M. Mr. Haven finished tent No. 1; 'tis all right and weighs eight and one-half pounds only, built for two men; three can use it very well. Mr. Haven said he hoped they will pitch it north of 86° 34'. The highest north of Captain Cagni of the Duke De Abruzzi expedition. Too warm in my cabin for comfort tonight—had to open the outside door, with the heat from the engine room only. Housed so snug is the cause. Had to fit two large traps over the engine skylights to let the heat out of the room.

OCTOBER 21.—Calm all through the night. Thermometer 12° below and clear. I saw the Cape Flidgley party coming into camp over the glacier at noon, one and one quarter miles distant from the ship. Four inches of ice in the propeller hole this morning. The ice cracks off every day now on shore.



About 8 a. m. the worst pressure of all came, and the longest in duration. It came from ahead and shoved the ship bodily up and astern fully seventy-five feet.

Mr. Fiala reports the ice solid on Flidgley to the north, with pressure on the land. The dogs and sleds worked fine. Mr. Fiala had frosted his heels, and Dr. Vaughn his fingers.

OCTOBER 22.—Blowing after 9 A. M. Thermometer 4° above, increasing after 5 P. M., from east southeast. At 8 P. M. in a very heavy squall of wind the whole outside icepack cracked and moved off, leaving the ship in clear water; the ship strained away from the ice enough to break the wires connected with the camp at the same time. Dark as pitch. I cannot even see the water alongside. The air is thick with fine snow. As soon as possible we got steam up. Another gust came along, tearing up the water and sending it flying over the rails, when the head fasts parted, and the ship swung, and held by the stern fasts. Rung up half speed astern to keep the stern fasts from parting until I could get the big anchor down. All at once the engine commenced to turn slow and stopped, and away went all the stern lines. Let go the anchor as soon as possible in the darkness,

paid out eighty fathoms of chain, which held the ship, and she swung to her anchor all right. Then I investigated and found the propeller all wound up with one of our stern lines, which must have parted at the same time as the bow fasts. It was a hard-looking job. Luckily this ship has a propeller well on deck, directly over her wheel; so we could work on the cross beam, which was out of water two feet, one man working at a time, and relieving each other. By using an electric bulb we could see to work and also just how badly 'twas wound up. Hard job with no tools to work with. At 12 midnight still at it.

OCTOBER 23.—Blowing the same as yesterday. Still cutting away on the propeller. Ship holding to her anchors. At 12.30 got the wheel clear and turned it over by jacking. Had six men on the bars in the engine room, then started turning with steam to cut out what remained between the propeller and the stern bearings. At 1 P. M. there came a fierce gust which carried off the ship as though the anchor had been a straw, listing her over rather more than

was comfortable. Started steaming nearly head on to the wind, going on opposite tacks of two hours (near as I could on account of ice). This method would help me keep my reckoning. The anchor hanging with the long scope made an excellent sea drag to hold her nose to the wind in the heavy squalls. To get broadside to the wind would force the ship rail down to the water if not a worse mishap. At 2.30 P. M. the storm lulled a little until 4 o'clock when the gale came on worse than ever, blowing seventy miles an hour, I should judge. The engines could hardly keep the ship's head to the wind. On the eastern tack at 7.30 came up to ice, and worked through it into thick mush ice. The wind having all let go, I kept the steamer heading east for where I judged Cape Saulen ought to be. At 9 P. M. the anchor struck bottom solid. I stopped the engines, and found the ice drifting about, southwest. Up to this hour we had not seen five hundred feet clear of the ship. The compasses nearly all day were running all around. Other times they would not move. This I tried by turning the ship in the mush ice. The ship would make eight or more points before the compass would move. There was some great local attraction. I had observed this in Northern Alaska off Point Barrow, but not to so great an extent. At 10 P. M. tried to heave up the anchor by hand; got to the forty-fifth fathom shackle, but no more could we get with all hands on the windlass, so had to give it up. I wished to steam near the land or shore ice. Will wait until tomorrow for a little light. At 10.30 a thick fog and breezing from the north. The ship commenced to drag. Paid out seventy-five fathoms of chain and rang up slow speed ahead. Plenty of ice (flat) looks as if it broke off the edge of some bay ice. Blowing northeast at 11.45, and thicker than ever. If it would clear up I ought to be able to see the land—Crown Prince Rudolf Island—if my reckoning is right. At midnight it seems inclined to clear up toward the land. Have had very little sleep. The crew are standing regular watches since the ice broke off. Two of the crew are on shore (night watchmen) which makes us a little short handed on the ship.

OCTOBER 24.—Strong easterly wind in gusts. At 7 A. M. the big pack ice drifted

down on us. It cleared so I could see three miles, and I found my position in the pack. We were in a bight about one mile inside with solid ice all around. Stopped steaming and when the solid ice came against the ship it dragged the anchor off the bottom. Backed out and steamed south around the point of the pack, and hauled in through the mush ice. At 9.30 Cape Saulen came in sight bearing southeast, one-half south, four and one-half miles distant. Steamed until the anchor brought upon bottom solid; then stopped and tried to heave it up. Had to give it up as there was so little light to make fast to our old quarters. Much against my will, I gave orders to cut the chain. Which was done with a hack saw. We soon rounded the Cape, and sighted the camp with the good ship "America" looking like a floating berg. Tied up to the ice head on, with temporary fasts for the night. Got dinner for all hands at 4 P. M. Everyone thankful to get back, for it truly has been a time of much danger. The "America" has once more proved her worth in navigating Arctic seas of ice with all the elements against her. Tonight as I lay in my berth I seem to hear the shrieks of the gale in the rigging and grinding of ice on the sides. It looks like mild weather tomorrow. Now I will go to sleep and let her go.

OCTOBER 25.—All hands busy making ship fast. The water is all frozen over. Steamed alongside our old berth through the young ice. Planted two anchors in the ice and shackled the port chain (1½-inch wire) to one anchor ahead. Ran wire hawsers through the other on the quarter, using manila lines for springs. Now, unless we unreave running rigging, we have no more fasts to put out. No, the cold weather cannot come along too quickly to suit me, for 'tis our only salvation to freeze in before the ice pack comes in with a westerly blow. I think now even the field party recognize the serious position of the ship. Even after the ship freezes in it will be a constant care for the ship's company for weeks to come, or until some new conditions take place. With my twenty-five years' experience among ice in Arctic Seas (ten as master on one ship), I find there is much to learn about the treacherous ice of which I have always kept a close record, but as no two Arctic seasons are alike, or the movements of ice

packs the same it keeps one guessing. In our Arctic business we find that men in their first year's experience think they know it all; the second year they think there are a few things they don't know, and the third year they say, "Why, there is much more about icing than I thought," and so it goes along until they get quite sure there is much to learn. By the light of lanterns the ship was made fast as securely as possible, at 4.30 P. M. I wish to say here, that all throughout the perilous trip we have had the past three days, all the crew worked well; showed no signs of fear; every order given by the officers was carried out cheerfully and quickly. Loss of sleep and extra work done proved that our Yankee seamen were all right. The engine room department was the same. The officers on the bridge were ever alert and always at their post of duty. Unlike other Arctic ships on the Atlantic side, the "America" has a fine pilot house, which I had built in Trondhjem, so the men were comfortable while steering the ship. Mr. Fiala and Mr. Peters came off with lighted lanterns at 2.30 P. M., for a short visit, and reported everybody well, and the animals all in good condition. Thermometer 8° above at midnight; calm and thick fog.

OCTOBER 26.—At 2 A. M. all the new ice broke off from the bay ice and drifted off to the west, and at 10 A. M. there is no big ice in sight from topmast head. Found a coil of four-inch line today which was put out for extra fasts. Engine connected, all ready to steam at any minute, as we have always fifty pounds of steam up to run the dynamo. Commenced to fill coal bunkers. Dr. Shockley, Mr. Peters and Mr. Porter were off this forenoon. Dr. Shockley came alongside this afternoon for a few minutes and returned. The weather conditions make the boys get back to camp quickly. At 6 P. M. the wind east southeast, strong and increasing. The ship is straining hard on all the fasts, but unless it comes to a howling gale the fasts will hold. The first to part will be the stern or quarter lines. Then the ship will swing head on holding by the one and one-half inch chain, which can only break in seaway. All easterly winds to north blow off the ice, consequently there can be no sea only a back wash, which is small. All clear water outside of us; blowing fresh enough so it does not freeze.

OCTOBER 27.—At 3 A. M. the wind moderated slowly, and at 9 A. M. came a lull. Hauled in slack of the lines, which had stretched out, to get the ship alongside the ice and get a gangway out. At 1.30 P. M. it is calm with a low barometer. Looks like southwest wind, which I don't care to have at this stage of the game. Today Mr. Fiala said he would send his baggage on board. It was so much brighter on the ship, no noise, no confusion, and he could do his writing and figuring without being disturbed. I was very glad he made up his mind to stay with us, only to make the trip on shore every day will be a task at times. Running the dynamo from 7.45 to 10.30 P. M. at present. Mr. Haven started in again making tents.

OCTOBER 28.—Variable light winds; thermometer 14° above, and snowing. I find the ship is leaking a little more on account of having so much ice on her sides, from our late experience, which we have not had time to chop off. At the water line the ice is forty-six inches thick, bringing the ship down to the old leak. I don't think we started any more seams this last trip. Ocean all frozen over and no big ice in sight. At 5 P. M. the wind breezed east and carried all the young ice out. The boy, Jimmie, was the only one to go to camp.

OCTOBER 29.—Light variable winds all around. Clear. Thermometer 2° above. Ice conditions remain the same. Finished coaling the bunkers at dinner time. The steward came off after pans. Mr. Fiala is on shore for the day. The crew are working on sledges.

OCTOBER 30.—Same weather. Thermometer 1° above. At 11 A. M. a little twilight, just enough to see one mile. Don't see any ice off shore, as the young ice telescoped in all directions last night. I presume the pack is moving in at a distance and crowding it. Got stores from our cache on the ice. All busy, excepting the watchman, working for the field party on sledges. At 9.30 P. M. young ice squeezing up pressed the ship on two ice spurs, which protrude from under the floe ice.

OCTOBER 31.—The young ice to the southwest of us is about ten inches thick, and is covered with snow. It looks like old, heavy ice. The pack moving in with the southwest wind has piled it up in all shapes—some

quite high ridges. It makes a noise like surf thundering in on the beach at a distance. The near ice breaking up sounds like tons of glassware falling. I can't say at this time, "the stillness of an Arctic night." The pressure reached the ship at 12 noon, and brought up on the floe, piling up over it. The ship was out of the direct line of pressure, so did not get any heavy squeeze. At 5 p. m. wind veered to the north; the ice slacked up and moved off south thirty feet and stopped.

NOVEMBER 1.—Wind north, northwest, light and clear; thermometer 22° below. No water in sight; where the ice moved off last night it is frozen over this morning. Mr. Fiala held religious services on the ship at 2 p. m., also on shore in the evening.

NOVEMBER 2.—No movement of ice today. Five finished sledges sent to camp. At 3 p. m. it is quite dark, although it is clear. Commenced stopping dynamo at 10 p. m. to economize on coal.

NOVEMBER 3.—Wind north and west; light. At 9 a. m. thermometer 26° below; fairly clear. The ice freezes in the propeller hole four and five inches during the twenty-four hours, but much slower on the outside ice, which now is eleven inches in thickness. Mr. Nichols and Mr. Vedoe are making dog harnesses. All the others are working on the sledges. At the camp and the ship everything works smoothly now. All looking forward to the dash north. Any member of the crew will be offered a chance to volunteer to participate. And I am confident most of them will go. The ship's position is better with a bulwark of new ice, probably three to six miles, to take the pressure from the pack coming in from the southwest. But as the ice will break off with the next blow from the north to east, it will depend how near the ship it breaks off. We can only stand and take it as it comes. There is no way of evading it now.

NOVEMBER 4.—Two bears came to the ship today. The dogs sighted them and took their trail. The bears separated and the dogs ran one into a little crack, when the men came up and shot him. Went to camp for a pony and hauled the bear to the ship. All the bears run. Not one so far has showed any fight. Thermometer 26° below. By the moonlight I can see there was a heavy pressure from the northwest, as the ice is

piled up high on Cape Saulen, and also nearer the ship. No pressure felt here. Could hear the noise of ice breaking all night. Thermometer 29° below.

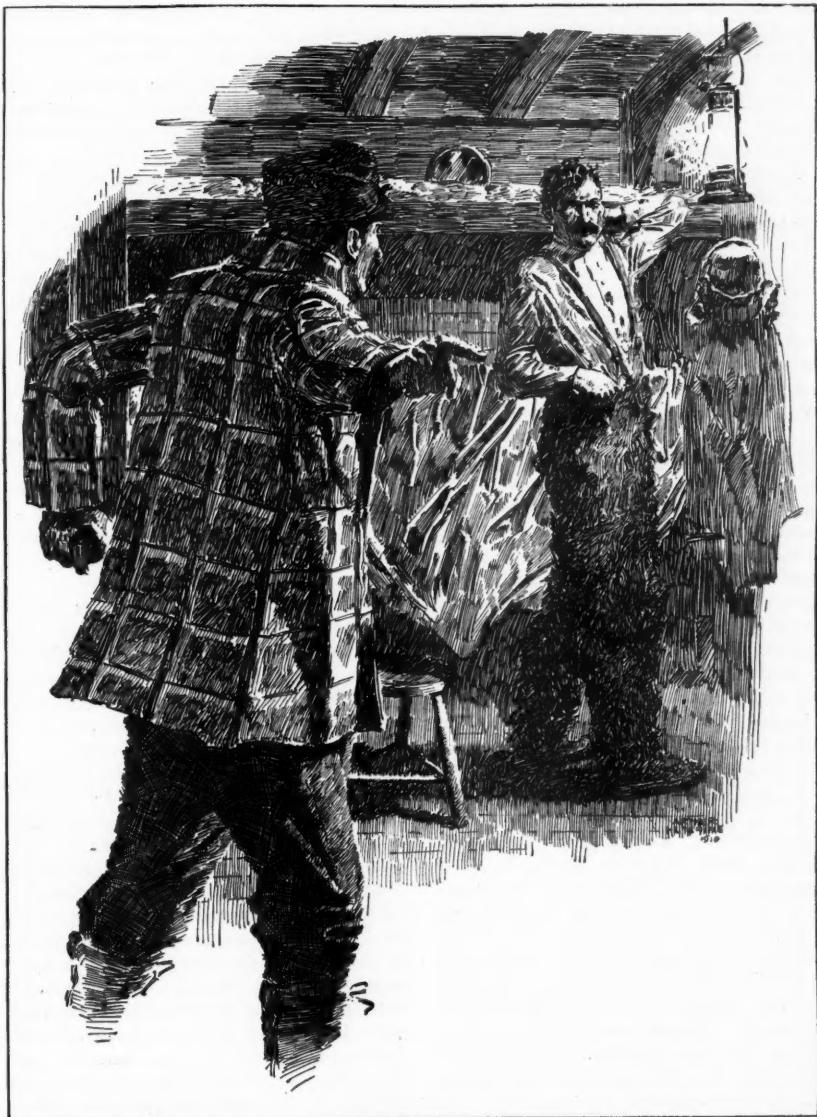
NOVEMBER 5.—Calm and very clear all night. Mr. Haven cut a new propeller hole; found the ice thirty inches thick against the side of the ship. Ice is stationary. Seventy feet outside the ship the ice has cracked through; the first time the ice goes out it will go at that crack, leaving just seventy feet of protection. At 11.30 a. m. can just distinguish a dark spot which I call the camp. Have to use a lantern outside during any time of day. Crew all busy on equipments.

NOVEMBER 6.—Wind in same old quarter, north and west; light and clear; thermometer 16° below. Frost fog with the moon showing faintly through is all the light we get today at noon. The electric lights on poles on the trail to the camp are a great help in bad weather. Six men off from camp this evening. Fog overhead, otherwise a fine night.

NOVEMBER 7.—Variable north and east winds, and calm; same old fog. The ice moved out from the seventy feet crack about twenty feet and stopped. Sent seven new sledges on shore. Working regular hours from 9 to 1 and 2 to 6 p. m. Two engineers went to camp to fix the arc light in the house. At 9.30 p. m. thermometer 28° below. Bright moonlight. I can see many leads of water off northwest. Mr. Peters took supper with us, and he and Mr. Fiala took a long walk, the evening was so fine. Have had a long spell of good weather; expect we will pay for it when the easterly winds come again.

NOVEMBER 8.—Very clear most of the time. Lowest thermometer 38° below. Today, Sunday, is our day of rest. Mr. Fiala held religious services in the carpenter's shop between decks. The moon looks cold—almost a silver color. The dogs don't mind the cold; they are either lying curled up on the snow or hunting for something to eat. The cook took a short walk; thought his nose was frozen when he came back. Nose was all right. Had to face the wind coming over the glacier. The ice around ship is unchanged. At Cape Saulen it broke off in a line to the southeast, which shows tonight in the bright moonlight.

NOVEMBER 9.—Light and variable winds from all points, and calm; thermometer 39°



Mr. Haven came to my door and said, "The wind has changed, blowing southwest, and the ice is coming back."

below; clear. Five men off from camp. Mr. Fiala informed me this morning that he would put the members of the field party on night watch at the camp. A very good move. Gives two more men to work on board. I presume the boys will like the change. There is no change in the ice to be seen from the ship.

NOVEMBER 10.—Light variable north winds and calms. At 8 A. M. the thermometer was 42° below. The air is full of frost fog. At 12 noon the thermometer at camp was $45^{\circ} 50'$ below, at the ship $44^{\circ} 5'$ below. Shut down the dynamos at 9—saving more coal. The steward wanted to exchange the coal from the camp for ship's coal, as their coal was mixed with ice. Was making pork and bean biscuits for the trail. Ice the same, six inches made in the propeller hole. Mr. Peters and Dr. Shockley were off this afternoon. Mr. Fiala went to camp and took supper with the boys. I took a walk on the ice seaward and landward; gone about twenty minutes. With a deer skin coat I did not feel the cold at all, as it was dead calm. Could not realize that it was nearly 50° below. With a fresh breeze it would have been another thing. Then 'tis only safe for two to go out together, so at the first sign of freezing, known by the exposed part (the face) turning white, immediately take the hand from the mitten and press it over the spot turning white (do not rub), and it will draw the frost out. Each man is supposed to be watching the other. I have often tried this method when wintering at Herschel Island, north of Mackenzie River. I learned it from the Eskimos at that place in 1894. At 11 P. M. I can hear the ice crushing up off to the south and west, as though it was moving quickly, at the ship 'tis just perceptible. In the darkness it is impossible to tell which way it is moving. I should judge from the westward. With no wind behind it there will be but little pressure here. First increase for the Ziegler Polar Expedition: five puppies were born this morning.

NOVEMBER 11.—Calm and light variable northeast winds. Lowest thermometer 46° below; 9 A. M., 42° below; 10 P. M., 32° below; in my room this morning 56° above; 11 P. M., 62° above. In the upper cabin they said it was rather cold this morning, but they did not mind it. Ice now still brought up

on the land. Several cracks opened out on the new ice near us. Seven inches in propeller hole this morning. Took one man two hours to cut it out. Mr. Fiala went on shore this afternoon. No one off from the camp until evening—Mr. Peters, who came off with Mr. Fiala and returned at 9.30. The weather is fine and was clear all day. At 10 P. M. everybody turned in. The cook told me today that he couldn't sleep, because he used all his time thinking what he would have for breakfast. Work is going on on expedition equipments. One of the firemen is sewing fish-skin soles on hair seal-skin uppers for the trail. Takes all kinds of mechanics to cope with the needs of a polar expedition, as there is much alteration and always something new to be made, which calls out all our inventive genius. There is nothing like work to keep men out of mischief in these latitudes.

NOVEMBER 12.—Wind moderate southwest. Thermometer 23° below. The ice has been grinding and crushing all the night, off in the distance. Gradually it sounded nearer. At 1 A. M. we commenced to feel a pressure at the ship, and later on the ice commenced to break and shove under the ship and by her to the floe. It was three feet thick on the inside and about two outside. The pressures would make the ship crack and fairly groan; then it would let go for a while, and then come with a rush, piling up the ice on the floe twenty feet high. Looked rather dubious. Had Mr. Haven call all hands and be all ready to leave the ship at a minute's notice. Another bad pressure came and gave orders to throw all necessary clothing and expedition equipments out on the ice, which was done amid the horrid din. There was no excitement, and everything was done in good order. The pressures all let go before all the equipments were taken out, so we left off taking out the rest. Upon investigating, I found the ship was squeezed out one foot, fore and aft about the same; the ice had destroyed all signs of a hole over the propeller. Many thicknesses of ice were shoved under and over each other, and I could not tell if any damage was done to the propeller, or to the rudder, which is shoved hard over to starboard. I dug down to the upper blade and found it unbroken; the two lower ones cannot be got at. Some of the heavy iron

plates on the after side are started off. The rudder is splintered on the inside. The propeller cannot be moved from the engine room. As soon as possible I will clear away and investigate. Now the cache of provisions on the floe ice had to be moved as the pressures cracked the ice inside of it. Had the ponies had plenty of help and finished moving the cache at 1.50 P. M. The outside has all the marks of a heavy pressure. There are high ridges and ice sticking up in all shapes everywhere. The last squeeze the ship had was the worst, when it smashed the three-foot ice, and that was the last of it. Afterward I found a partial crack one hundred yards inside of where the cache was moved; it did not run out of the floe as the other crack did. Now there is the liability of the bay ice breaking off, carrying off the ship and all hands in the darkness before we know it. In all fresh easterly to north winds I will have a continual watch kept at the places liable to go, and that is, under the circumstances pending here, all that I can do. All material needed for the day's work will be brought on board only. Of the stores for the ship, I will keep about one week's consumption on board. At the best 'tis only a fighting chance for the ship to live until spring. I can see that the crew are now fully aware of what might happen. All hands were tired and turned in early.

NOVEMBER 13.—Wind breezed up fresh after 12 midnight, south southeast. At 5 P. M. it is blowing, and the air is thick with drifting snow. The feeling of insecurity among the men was evinced rather forcibly early this morning, when somewhere between 4 and 6 A. M. eight of the men left the ship and went to camp, thinking the ship would be carried out with the ice. It was very dark, and as the wind was in the right direction to move the ice, they stampeded and were missed only when some of the officers turned out. The boys came back again toward night, not feeling any better for their little vacation. Dr. Vaughn and Sergeants Moulton and Truden were off and stayed most of the day in the upper cabin, the guests of Mr. Fiala. Rough traveling today to and from the camp. Thermometer 15° below. During a lull at 12.45 P. M. I could see the ice had broken off to the west and south, from Cape Saulen in a line north

and south. No movement of ice near the ship today.

NOVEMBER 14.—Wind southwest and clear. The thermometer took a sudden rise, and is now 24° above. I took a good look at the ice this morning from Saulen. It broke off inside there, and now runs southeast as far as can be seen by the color of the horizon, about six miles. The nearest water now is one-half mile due west from the ship. I noticed that the steamer's first mooring place seemed to have had the most pressure of any place along the floe. Lucky the ship was not there. There was some big ice at that spot which would quickly have made an end of the "America." Made another examination of the rudder, and think it is unbroken. The stern part is cracked, twisted and a little out of line. I am quite sure it is no worse than it looks. Put all the men that could work clearing away the ice that is piled up under the stern to get at the propeller. No leak and every other part of the ship is O. K. Will have all hands send clothing to camp tomorrow, leaving necessary clothing for present use. The wind breezed up west northwest this afternoon and the ice off shore closed up to the west. Called the men together and had a little talk with them. Mr. Fiala also talked with them on expedition affairs at quite a length. I am sure the boys will not be the first to leave again. Hoisted one boat to the davits from the ice today, although a boat would be of no great service in this temperature, except, perhaps, to cross a narrow lead just broken off. In the event of the ship being carried off with the ice the boat would be no use. They are built of oak and weigh eighteen hundred pounds—too heavy to haul over any rough ice.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15.—The wind is east at 7 A. M., in puffs quite strong. The thermometer has taken a drop to 25° below. Just examined the ice in shore and off shore, and find no change in it. Last night the ice was crowding in, making its usual hideous noises. I should judge it was one-half mile off. At 3 A. M. stopped working. No pressure at the ship. I went to bed at 2.50 A. M. Very low barometer—28° 80'—and the thermometer rising 19° below—looking like a southwest blow. The wind was variable and light, west to north at midnight, and snowing fast. Had no religious services

today as the stove was being repaired in the carpenter's shop. Mr. Peters was off to supper.

NOVEMBER 16.—Wind light and clear north and west. Barometer low, $28^{\circ} 90'$. Thermometer 30° below at 9.30 A. M. Must have been quite a breeze off shore as the ice has squeezed up hard and brought a light pressure on the ship. Cape Saulen keeps off the direct pressure coming from the northwest. At 4.30 P. M. the pony teams came off and took all the spare clothes for all hands to camp. Mr. Nichols is making nose bags for the ponies. The ice is moving off shore again this afternoon. I am pumping the ship every two days; takes thirty minutes with steam.

NOVEMBER 17.—Wind light with some snow. Frost fog later. Thermometer at 9 A. M. 13° below; barometer $29^{\circ} 20'$. At 2 A. M. the ice could be heard crowding up on Cape Saulen, but there was no pressure at the ship. The arc light from the camp was brought off to be repaired. All hands busy at the same kind of work. I don't see the firemen working on boats any more. I believe the long nights are telling on some of the nervous temperaments. At 10.30 P. M. I went out on the ice with my electric lamp to examine the ice. Found a new crack about one hundred yards out, running into the old floe crack about forty-four miles ahead of the ship. Calm at 11.30 P. M.

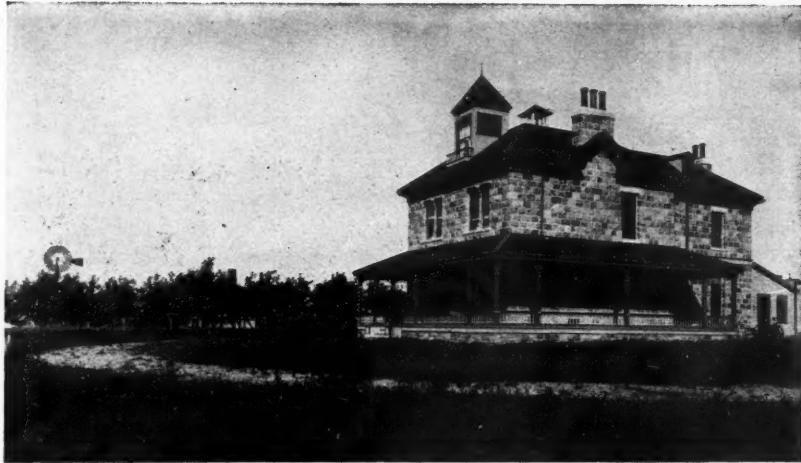
NOVEMBER 18.—Thermometer 36° below. No movement of the ice last night. I examined the ice around the ship and found it unchanged. The chief reports the engine on bottom center and wants to move it bad. Looks now as if we never would be able to cut away enough ice to find out how much propeller we have left. Five men are at work steadily, and I hope to get through directly over the propeller sometime tomorrow. The worst trouble is there, as layer on layer of ice is crowded under, and the water now comes in and freezes as fast as it can be scooped out. The men are constantly getting their feet wet; then have to come on

board and change. Mr. Haven is doing this work.

NOVEMBER 19.—Light variable winds and clear. At 9 A. M. thermometer 27° below. The aurora is showing, but not bright enough to give assistance in seeing the trail to camp. The men always use a lantern or electric lamp wherever they go. It is impossible to see the trail without, excepting in the moonlight. I have found so much ice underneath the stern around the propeller that I am quite uncertain if it is possible to clear it enough to turn it. First Officer Haven has to leave his tent-making for this outside work, as the second officer has equipment work to finish. Water showing up off Cape Saulen, where the ice seems to be moving continually of late. I went out to the main crack in the ice, one hundred yards outside ship, and found it opened last night about eighteen inches and working. At 3 P. M. frost fog makes it feel colder. Sent six completed sledges to the camp. A 10.30 P. M. the ice was moving in from the west, but soon stopped.

NOVEMBER 20.—Thermometer 19° below. Working, cutting over the propeller with small results. At 12 noon cut through just enough to feel one blade. Could feel ice against the stern post seven feet further down. At 2 P. M. had to give up, beaten on this job. Now we can cut another hole for water in case of fire. Two pony teams off this morning. The outside ice moved out about two feet and shoved up in ridges. At 7.45 the wind is blowing thirty-six miles an hour. Gave orders for a watch to be kept on the floe in shore near the crack of November 12, to give notice of the first movement. All hands are ready to leave the ship tonight, should the ice in shore break off, before it breaks off outside the ship. If it does break off first outside the inside ice will not move, as the crack has not widened since opening and now must be frozen together. At 11.30 P. M. the first officer and I examined and found the ice firm at all points.

(To be continued)



A PROSPEROUS RANCHER'S HOME IN ALBERTA

A GREAT COLONIZATION PROJECT

By JOHN S. DENNIS

IN 1894, the Dominion Government withdrew from homestead entry and sale, in the Province of Alberta, a block of land containing three million acres, along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway just east of the city of Calgary. This reservation was made to enable a settlement to be effected with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company of the balance due them on their land grant subsidy and to enable that company to undertake the construction of a vast irrigation system to cover the fertile Bow River Valley included in this block, it being realized that such a project could only be successfully accomplished by so administering the lands therein that the promoters would not be hampered by vested interests created by the alienation from the government of any of these lands. This project, the greatest irrigation undertaking of its kind on the American Continent, is now being pushed to completion.

It has an average length east and west of about 150 miles and an average width of forty miles north and south, and it is expected

that this block of irrigated and non-irrigated land will ultimately be divided into some fifteen thousand farms, sustaining six individuals each, including hired help, making a rural population of ninety thousand. The ratio of rural to urban population according to the last census was as three to two. This would make a town and village settlement of sixty thousand, or a total population in the block of one hundred and fifty thousand people. The colonization of this vast area and "the creation of the most closely settled and prosperous mixed farming, dairying, and stock-raising community in Western Canada" is the ambitious program the railway company is now carrying out in a most aggressive manner.

COLONIZATION FROM THE RAILWAY STANDPOINT

The land business of this great transcontinental railway is, naturally, a side issue. Its business is transportation. Its interest in the mere sale of an area of land tributary to its system fades into absolute insignificance



A GARDEN IN ALBERTA

compared with its vastly greater interest in the creation of new traffic. The land is sold only once, whereas the occupant is a customer of the company for all time to come. The making of homes for the creation of this traffic is its all-important aim to obtain these results.

So it is that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in addition to spending the vast sums necessary to construct the irrigation canals in this great block, is undertaking the greater work of colonizing this whole enormous area. Success beyond anticipation has so far been encountered in this colonization work, but the titanic proportions of the enterprise can hardly be grasped. It is so vast that the task of a generation must be reduced to a decade. The traffic department wants business.

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY AT HAND

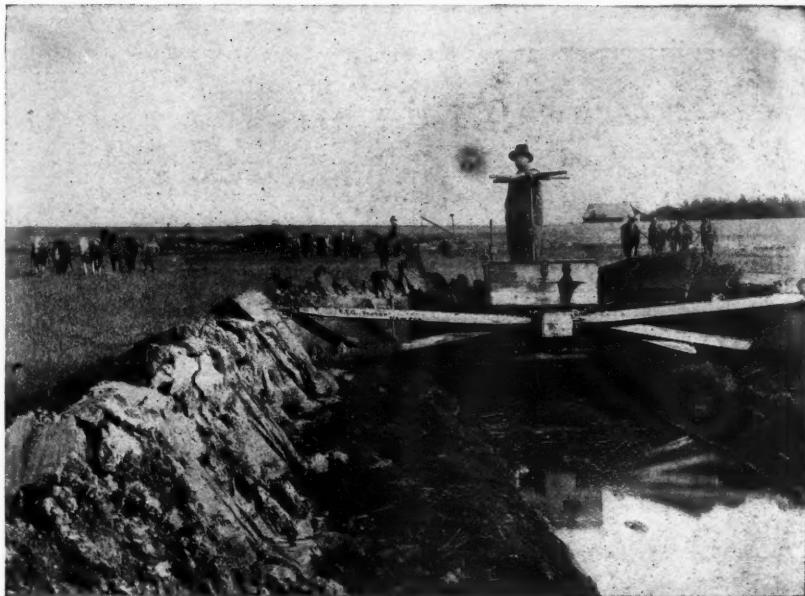
Those who know predict that the present era will be the greatest in the history of southern Alberta's development. The magnificent crop just harvested, which will be found to break the record for any part of the American continent for many years, has created an increased confidence on the part of capital, both north and south of the line,

and a widespread sentiment in favor of settlement and investment. One of the golden opportunities which occur at long intervals is at hand, and the railway company proposes to utilize it.

CO-OPERATIVE HOME-MAKING

The Canadian Pacific Railway has been offering its land for sale in this irrigation block at reasonable prices and on long terms for payment, but now they are going a step further and inaugurating a system which is nothing less than a general invitation to the farmers in over-crowded districts of the world to come to southern Alberta and go into partnership with the Canadian Pacific Railway. This is no mere catch phrase. It means what it says. The company will offer new settlers a land contract under which the land pays for itself. No crop, no payment.

The most striking feature of this novel departure from the past policy of railway companies in selling their land grants is the apparent confidence the company has in the ability of the land to pay for itself. To the well-informed, however, this is a safe proposition in that a large number of farmers in southern Alberta have been getting sufficient



WORK IN PROCESS ON AN IRRIGATION DITCH

out of the land to pay for it in full almost *every year*. Be that as it may, the proposition is undoubtedly one that will appeal to the average farmer, and it is confidently expected that where one farmer is being put on the land under the present system, ten will be located on the "crop payment" plan.

ADVANCED DEVELOPMENT POLICY

In its efforts to encourage actual settlement at the earliest possible moment, the company goes a step further. A great many purchasers of land are unable to move on to their farms at once, and would, therefore, be greatly assisted if they could have the preliminary development work done for them so as to enable them to get a crop growing and a cash revenue coming in as soon as possible after going into occupation. The company, therefore, agrees to initiate farming operations for absentee land-owners on a contract basis. No charge is made for the time of the employees devoted to supervising and inspecting this work and only a small percentage is charged to cover the actual outlay in supervising the expenditure of amounts deposited for development. The work is entrusted to responsible parties only,

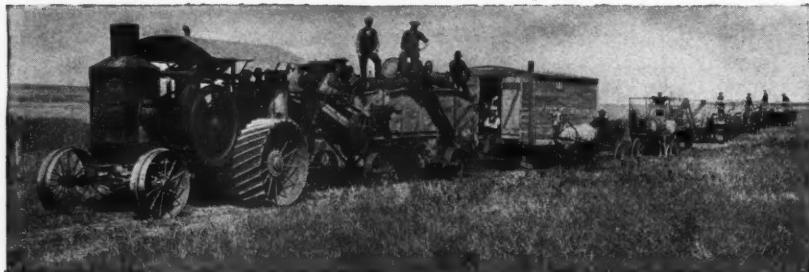
and it goes without saying that the company by reason of being in a position to contract for thousands of acres of breaking, harrowing, discing, seeding, etc., annually, is in a position to demand the very best class of work at the lowest prices going.

AN EDUCATIONAL PROPAGANDA

The company, realizing that the bulk of the settlers coming into occupation of the irrigated lands will be more or less uninformed as to the proper methods of handling and applying water, has placed at their disposal expert advice and assistance. It operates at central points farms devoted to demonstrating the agricultural possibilities of the district. The staff of the company's demonstration farms is always ready to assist new colonists, and on some of the farms are maintained pure-bred bulls and boars for the free use of the settlers. The maintenance of these demonstration farms is in line with the general policy of endeavoring to create a prosperous agricultural community.

THE SPECULATIVE FEATURE

Land-selling as an occupation "out West" has earned the contempt of the farmer to such



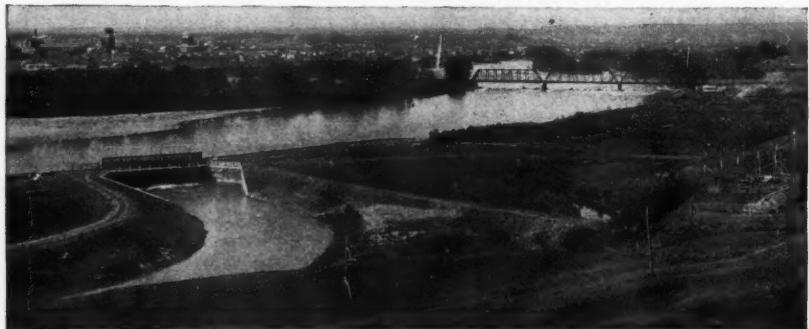
THE THRESHING OUTFIT TRAVELS FROM FARM TO FARM



VEGETABLES ON THE IRRIGATION FARM AT CALGARY



TEN OF THESE TEAMS WILL CUT FOUR HUNDRED ACRES OF GRAIN A DAY



HEAD-GATES OF THE "BIG DITCH" NEAR CALGARY

an extent that he shuns the real estate man. The operations of the unscrupulous "land shark," who saddled his clients with worthless land and caused him to dissipate perhaps his life savings in a vain attempt to make a living and pay for his land, are chiefly responsible for this. Another reason is the insatiable hankering of some farmers for speculative investment and their failure to discriminate between sound investment and "wildcatting." While the average farmer should buy with a view to home-making, he need not eliminate entirely the speculative feature from his proposed investment. As much clear profit has been made out of farms in western Canada from enhanced land values as from the products of the soil itself.

The fact should not be lost sight of, however, that the only elements that give value to land are population and transportation. Without these the best land would be almost worthless. In the irrigation block, transportation facilities of the very best already exist, and with a proper system of branch lines this area will be as well served as any in western Canada. Actual settlement within the irrigation block is what the railway company desires, and is securing; consequently substantial development and increased land

values will be assured within a comparatively short period. The capitalist speculator is not wanted. The farmer speculator is welcomed with open arms.

CALGARY'S DESTINY

When the railway has succeeded in settling immediately east of Calgary a population nearly as great as the present total population of the whole of the province of Alberta, that city's position as one of the leading wholesale and manufacturing centers of Canada will be assured. Furthermore, there is no district in Canada or the United States where there exists so vast an agricultural area, devoid of waste lands, as that east of and tributary to Calgary, which can be developed under irrigation. This is a civic asset of no mean proportions. A city with the commanding geographical situation of Calgary, and surrounded by a vast body of rich agricultural lands, the future home of a dense consuming population, with available water power, enormous coal resources and nearly every other natural advantage that enters into the creation of a great commercial centre, cannot avoid its destiny. Calgary stands today on the site of the future great western industrial metropolis.



BUILDING A TOWN IN THE IRRIGATION BLOCK

THE LIQUOR SITUATION IN MAINE

By CHARLES EDSON OWEN

DURING a recent interview at the state capitol Governor B. M. Fernald handed a dozen letters to the writer. "These letters," said Governor Fernald, "are letters of inquiry selected from a large number upon the same subject. They are from men of prominence in public life, one from a college president, one from a governor of a great state, two from lawyers, three from legislators and several from clergymen. These men," continued the governor, "are evidently confused and disturbed by numerous statements about conditions in our state as related to the prohibitory law. I would like to have you write for me an answer long and broad enough to give these men and others like them the information they need."

The task was undertaken. To frame a composite answer to a dozen letters, each seeking from different standpoints definite information upon various phases of one subject, and that a vexed and complicated one, was not the work of a single day or a week. Governor Fernald's approval of the work is attested by the presence of the letter herewith:

WATERVILLE, MAINE, Feb. 25, 1910.

Dear Sir:—Your courteous letter of recent date calls attention to numerous statements and comparisons in circulation relating to criminal conditions in our state. Statistics indicating that drunkenness and crime are on the increase and comparisons discreditable to our prohibitory law are cited.

In your estimation the value of the law is in the balance. Unless these allegations can be denied or explained all confidence in prohibition must be abandoned.

This is the way our correspondents usually put the matter up to us. But a new crop of statistics appears with every moon, and new comparisons are constantly coming in. Dealing with statistics and comparisons, therefore, is an endless task; and besides disproving the alleged facts does not vindicate the law, nor admitting them, condemn the law.

A knowledge of other important facts and conditions is necessary before any sound conclusion can be reached as to the real causes of the conditions inquired about.

A newspaper in Oregon published the criminal record of a certain city in Maine, showing that the arrests for drunkenness had increased fifty per cent. in three years. Comparing this with that of a license city of about the same size, prohibition was made to appear a very dangerous proposition. Radical prohibitionists were sorely grieved and license advocates were gloriously elated. In this piece of false logic, the important facts absolutely necessary in order to reach any safe conclusion were wanting.

Our correspondents will be best served by putting before them such important facts and experiences as will enable them to intelligently interpret the significance of many succeeding bulletins of "startling statements and comparisons" as they appear.

But first let me give you the barest outline of the history of the law and the provisions for its enforcement.

The statutes of Maine have made it unlawful to manufacture or sell intoxicating liquors, for beverages purposes, since 1851, except for two years, 1856 and 1857, when the state again licensed the traffic. In 1884 prohibition was placed in the constitution by a vote of 70,630 in favor and 23,658 against it.

The responsibility for the enforcement of the law rests first upon the local officials in each of the twenty cities and five hundred and one towns; next, upon the sheriffs, county attorneys and courts of the sixteen counties of the state. In case the enforcement of the prohibitory law is neglected by both the municipal and county officers the governor, as chief executive, is authorized to appoint an enforcement commission to administer the law in any negligent sections, the expense of such enforcement by the state being borne by the county in which the service is rendered. Thus the ultimate responsibility is lodged with the state.

The effectiveness of the law during its early history is not in question. That it was satisfactory to the people of Maine as late as 1884 is abundantly attested by a popular vote of three to one placing it in the constitution.

About five years after the adoption of the constitutional amendment wood pulp was adopted for paper-making, and Maine experienced a great industrial awakening. Two-thirds of her 31,500 square miles area was forest. Immense pulp and paper plants in great numbers, some of the largest in the world, were erected.

This new industry created at once a demand for railroad facilities, and within the last twenty years more than eleven hundred miles, equal to nearly four times the entire length of the state, have been built, and over four hundred miles of electric railway have been constructed.

Now this industrial revival, this building of pulp and paper mills, railroads, power plants for the electric systems, and cutting and driving such immense quantities of lumber meant the introduction into Maine of thousands of laborers. They were mostly men of the Saxon race, strong, vigorous, with red blood in their veins. These homeless men of strong passions in such numbers were a new source of temptation to the towns or cities near which their work called them.

Bangor has been quoted everywhere as the most conspicuous example of the failure of prohibition to prohibit. Bangor is the natural headquarters of great lumbering interests and the number of men who annually go through Bangor, on their way to and from the woods, railroads, and pulp mills, far exceeds its population. In Bangor, their base of supplies, they plan to spend from three to six weeks of "vacation time," and they seek such "entertainment" as their early education and their "tastes" require.

Responding to this demand law-defying men made a business of trading upon the appetites and passions of these transient visitors. This came to be the regular occupation of a small but desperately persistent gang, in Bangor and vicinity. The extent and character of their business can better be imagined than described. Drunkenness and disorder increased inevitably.

This condition of things, not vigorously handled at the start by the constituted au-

thorities, put some substantial citizens, business men and even some ministers, in a critical attitude toward the law. Many frankly said: "While prohibition may be satisfactory in the towns and smaller cities under ordinary conditions, it does not work satisfactorily in Bangor." Certainly prohibition did not work in Bangor. No one worked it. Local officials, city and county, and even some judges of the court supposed that local sentiment was strongly against prohibition. They therefore conceived "a plan" by which "dealers" in Bangor were "regulated" and tacitly allowed to sell liquors, fines being imposed at stated intervals.

In this famous "Bangor plan" there was absolutely no attempt at prohibition. It was "regulation" pure and simple; and yet its results have been exploited throughout the country by the advocates of the license system as a fair sample of what prohibition will do. Would it not be a marvel if under such conditions arrests for drunkenness and other crimes did not rapidly increase and especially among non-resident laborers? Bangor's police reports faithfully record this increase, and show that, for the year ending March 31, 1909, seventy per cent. of the arrests were non-resident. Bangor's experience has been repeated in modified form in other sections of the state.

But these laborers are not the only invading army which has entered Maine. At the time prohibition was adopted Maine was comparatively isolated, was and still is essentially rural. More than two-thirds of its permanent population live in towns of less than five thousand inhabitants. The largest of its twenty cities is Portland with about sixty thousand inhabitants. Two generations ago Maine's vast stretch of sea coast, measuring three thousand miles and punctuated with hundreds of beautiful islands, was very thinly peopled by farmers, fishermen and quarrymen. Now this picturesque and rock-bound coast has been transformed into a veritable summer paradise peopled by scores of thousands of visitors from other states. Magic cities spring into being each summertime upon our islands and along our coast. Within the past year the bureau of industrial and labor statistics has investigated the value of property owned and occupied for vacation purposes by people outside the state and has recently reported that summer

homes and hotels representing, with their furnishings, over thirty millions of dollars are the property of non-residents within our state. In Bar Harbor alone, the homes of summer residents are assessed at \$3,400,000.

Moreover, it must be remembered that at least two hundred thousand people annually visit the inland lakes and country hillsides where they have established summer residences. Would it be strange if the annual coming of these visitors, four hundred thousand strong, the major part of them doubtless from license communities—would it be strange if their mingling with the people of Maine should break down prohibition sentiment, and weaken the enforcement of law? In the beginning of this summer invasion it was feared that the temperance interests of the state would suffer demoralization. Some mischief was done and gaily reported, but that period is passed. It is confidently asserted, that, as a rule, these summer guests are best suited where the saloon is entirely excluded. We are assured that the summer residents of Bar Harbor are in entire accord with the local officers in the strict enforcement of the prohibitory law. The largest and best summer hotels, catering to the best class of people from all sections, have little temptation to violate the provisions of the prohibitory law. These people come to Maine for rest, comfort and recuperation, and find these in their perfection where the saloon influence is absent.

But Maine experienced a political backsliding as well as an industrial revival. After the adoption of constitutional prohibition in 1884 political inertness seized the busiest, brainiest and best citizens in the state. With prohibition enshrined in the fundamental law it was vainly expected that the end of all effort to overthrow the law had been reached. It was taken for granted that all officials would observe their sacred oath to enforce it. The importance of the careful selection of candidates for officers to administer law was overlooked by the intelligent and well-meaning citizens and as promptly recognized by those whose business the law interfered with. As a result in some sections of the state, the police power quietly slipped into the hands of the enemies of prohibition, its friends in many instances innocently contributing their votes. The political inertness of the best citizens, uniting with

the political alertness of the worst, greatly reduced the effectiveness of the law.

This result was considerably augmented by a serious defect in the enforcement machinery itself. State authority to make laws is necessarily accompanied by state responsibility for the enforcement of these laws. For many years, however, after the appointment and control of the sheriffs were taken from the governor the connection of state authority with the enforcement of law in the several counties was broken. The governor as chief executive of the state was, to use a mechanic's phrase, "shipped to a loose pulley," being absolutely without power to interfere with the independent control of enforcement by each county, city or town. The state's policy was distinctly declared in its constitution and statutes, but by this singular defect the enforcement of the state policy was left optional with each county.

This defect has been remedied: First by the Sturgis law of 1905, giving the governor as chief executive of the state the authority to appoint, when necessary, an Enforcement Commission to enforce the law of the state in any county where local officials refused or neglected to do so; and second, by the statute of 1909 giving the governor power to remove delinquent county attorneys and to appoint others in their places. "Illegal county option" which the citizens of the state as a whole had no idea of endorsing has thus become a thing of the past. Each and every county must now enforce the state law, or pay the costs of having it done by state officials. We wish to warn our correspondents, however, that "alarming statistics" are still in circulation, based, not upon facts drawn from the vast sections of the state where the law has been normally effective, but upon statements drawn from those places where through defective enforcement machinery and bad citizenship the law was temporarily outraged.

Federal interference is now our most serious handicap. If the state had exclusive police control of the liquor traffic within its borders it would be manifestly fair to credit the Maine law with all the beneficial effects, and to charge to its account all failures and shortcomings. But the state of Maine is very far from having full police control of the traffic within her borders.

The United States mail is freely used by the liquor dealers of other states in soliciting orders from practically every voter and from many boys. The federal interstate commerce law protects the delivery of every order against seizure by any officials within the state. The liquor dealers of Boston boast of having built up an enormous mail order and express business in Maine, and a number of wholesalers have combined and, invoking federal laws, have instituted legal proceedings against our sheriffs to restrain them from doing what the law of the state authorizes and requires them to do in the suppression of the liquor traffic. The results of the mail order and express business cannot be justly charged to the prohibitory law. It will not be regarded as an unreasonable estimate that at least seventy-five per cent. of all the arrests and commitments for drunkenness and crime and of all other evils arising from the use of intoxicating liquors in Maine for the past year are justly chargeable to the licensed liquor trade of other states projected into Maine by the mail order and express business under the protection of the federal government.

Let it be distinctly understood, however, that there is no disposition on the part of the intelligent and law-abiding citizens of Maine to surrender the prohibitory policy or relax its enforcement on this account. The state is defending, by her Attorney General, the sheriffs of Maine in the suit brought by the wholesale liquor dealers under the federal statute. Prohibition is the settled policy of the intelligent citizenship of Maine. After a half century of experience the people believe in Prohibition as sane in method and right in principle and therefore capable of securing valuable results for the general well-being and betterment of the whole people. Business and professional men of all political faiths as well as men and women organized for distinctly moral and religious progress are more universally in accord with the prohibitory policy than ever before in the history of the state.

The nature of the commodity, and its well-known evil effects, forbids that the state, as a protector of the home and society, should take any other than a prohibitive attitude toward the liquor traffic. The sense of the absolute righteousness of the policy laying hold of the consciences of the fathers and mothers has sustained the law

through its hard experiences. A native faith in the ultimate triumph of a right policy, because it is right, accounts for the persistence of prohibition in Maine. And this faith is one of the grandest moral assets of the state or nation. It was this faith to which Lincoln appealed in the nation's crisis when on February 27, 1860, in Cooper Union, he closed his immortal address with these words, "Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

You have heard that our law makes hypocrites. No law makes hypocrites. It simply reveals the ready-made article. The quality of Maine manhood and womanhood is not questioned by an intelligent public. "Maine's best crop is men," is a proverb accepted from ocean to ocean.

The traffic is helpless as compared with its dominating strength under the protective system. We have no wealthy, liquor-enriched aristocracy. Three years ago it was officially stated of Missouri that three and one half times as much money was invested in her liquor interests as in the railroads of the state. In Maine the liquor industry as such represents no capital worth mentioning. The entire plant and paraphernalia of the whole illicit trade of Maine would not equal in value one thousandth part of the money invested in her railroads.

If it were possible, the outlawed traffic would be an important factor in the political affairs of the state. No element is more alert and watchful of opportunities. To hold the balance of power and to get control of the administration of the law has always been its chief aim. To openly and defiantly dictate policies and control the administration of government, name candidates and carry elections is scarcely within the range of possibility under the prohibitory policy as we know it in Maine.

It has no social standing. The man of high degree socially is brought low when caught in illicit liquor trade. The proprietor of a fashionable hotel or drug store serves his sentence in jail for violating the liquor law just as any other criminal would do.

From the economic standpoint Maine certainly has not suffered on account of her policy. One-half of the people of the state live in their own homes, pay their taxes, educate their children and have comfortable bank accounts.

STUMP-PULLING

By B. F. McMILLAN

THE report of Secretary Wilson, of the United States Agricultural Department, for the year 1908, shows the values of the farms to be twenty billion dollars, with a revenue of about eight billion dollars. Compared with this, the largest industry in the country, that of the United States Steel Company, looks very insignificant. It is also an established fact that nearly seventy-five per cent. of all the manufacturing industries of the country depend on the farms for their raw material.

If the same conditions prevailed in farming which govern other business, the marvelous prosperity of the farmers in recent years would make the demand for farms so great that it could not be met without exhausting the available supply of unoccupied land in the country. It is a noticeable fact that men with money rush into one business after another, frequently created by the passing fad, and lose their capital. Likewise is it true that they will rush into this business or that regardless of the fact that the business is already beyond the demands of the market. Men with capital seem to overlook the fact that there is always a demand for the products of the farm, even in panic times. People can get along without automobiles, but they must eat. The present profitable prices are to continue for a long time, is the opinion of the Secretary of Agriculture, for the population has grown much faster than the farms; therefore the business of farming ought to hold the attention of those seeking success. Farming is essentially an industrial enterprise. It partakes of many of the characteristics of the various manufacturing lines. It enjoys the distinction of being the best paying and at the same time the poorest managed business in the world. Somehow or some way the farmer, regardless of misfortune, mismanagement, hard luck, and lack of means moves along, gets his three meals a day, and ultimately turns up with a nice bank roll and furnishes the capital with which men

in other lines of business operate. He is the backbone of the country, and without him the rest of the world would shut up shop. Whenever an additional youngster is added to the family roll call, he does not run up a distress signal and cry out because there is one more mouth to feed, but on the contrary takes a day off to receive the congratulations of his less fortunate neighbors. Race suicide is not a disturbing element in the family circle, and the boys and girls who grow up surrounded by the healthy environments of farm life are the men and women who later control the country's destiny.

The development of the Central West has been an interesting study to me for over a quarter of a century, and it appeals just as strongly today as it did thirty years ago. Marshfield, Wisconsin, now a thriving city of seven thousand population, with financial institutions that show one and one-half millions of deposits, at that time had no existence. The country around and about it was practically a virgin forest with little or no development. Here and there some homesteader had come in from the country farther south, built for himself a log cabin, and started clearing in the hopes of securing a home for himself and family that he might call his own. New settlers appeared from time to time, and as the homestead land was taken up they bought from the mill men the cut-over lands in the settlement, at nominal prices, without any cash payment, and made such headway as they could under the most difficult and trying conditions.

These new settlers or pioneers had the advantage, however, of being able to obtain employment from the mill men which gave them sufficient money to maintain themselves and their family until they were self-supporting from their own land.

The history of the development of this particular locality is no different from the history of the development of the greater part of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan. The pioneers were all poor men, and as it

took a great deal of courage to meet the obstacles in the path of the home-builder the development was slow. The mill man, on the contrary, was continually adding to his facilities for handling the timber and manufacturing it into lumber. As a consequence thousands of acres of land were cut over and abandoned as seemingly worthless, for the reason that the settlement would not keep apace with the lumbering. Ofttimes these lands were sold for taxes, and some fifteen or twenty years ago these lands and other large cut-over tracts passed into the hands of speculators at a nominal figure.

Aided and abetted by the railroad companies, they were placed upon the market for sale. Glowing pictures of profits were painted, and through constant and persistent advertising the lands were sold over and over again by real estate agents, and the price of the land continually advanced without any actual increase in value. Fully eighty per cent of all the purchasers of these cut-over lands failed to go onto them and develop, notwithstanding their original intention, while the remaining twenty per cent, naturally made very little progress, most of these being men of limited means. Owing to such conditions the work of colonization has been exceedingly slow, as both the increased price of land and lack of employment operated against rapid development.

The same methods adopted here have been pursued all over the United States by land agents and the railroads, but today, no matter which way a man turns who seeks a farm home, whether it be to the arid West or the booming South, he is confronted with the same conditions. The poor man, and by that I mean the man whose only asset is a large family, is practically eliminated, as it requires from five hundred to one thousand dollars to get a start. This may be all right in itself, but where there is one man who has the necessary five hundred dollars, and is satisfied to go on the land, there are a thousand whose only capital is a willingness to work, and enough ready money to build a cabin and move the family on the land.

The poor we always have with us, and it is the poor man that we must rely on for actual settlement. There is no disputing these facts. Analyzing these conditions, it is plainly to be seen why so few of the

hundreds of people who barely eke out an existence in our larger cities and not infrequently in our smaller ones do not turn to the land for relief. There is no question whatever that if the proper opportunities were presented, thousands of people would turn to the land for the betterment of their conditions.

The Federal government has been brought to a realization of this fact, and is now seeking some method whereby the cut-over lands of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota can be cleared up and opened for settlement. A bulletin will soon be issued by the Agricultural Department giving such information as it was possible to gather concerning the method and cost of putting logged-over lands in Western Washington into a state of cultivation. This year it is proposed to make similar investigations here in the Central West.

The work of the Department along this line should bring excellent results, as it will open the eyes of the country to the necessity of employing more modern means in developing the timber localities.

There has been little or no advance in the machinery employed in this class of work so far as I have been able to learn, except a new machine that has been introduced by the Consolidated Farm Company, of Marshfield, Wisconsin. This company is composed of local business men who have been engaged for several years past in trying to solve the problem of settling cut-over lands. This company was organized in response to the demand for some newer and better method of helping the poor man in establishing himself, and it was not long in discovering that the only settler that could be secured to go on new land was the man who had little or nothing to start with. It also discovered that unless the new settler could secure some employment during the first few years of his residence on new land he was practically helpless in obtaining results.

In nearly every instance he became discouraged and abandoned the project of carving out a home in the woods. Those who could obtain work at the nearby mills, and those who had several hundred dollars with which to start, invariably succeeded, and in a few years had good farms and experienced very little, if any, hardships.

Knowing these conditions, the business men of Marshfield determined to organize their company and locate such settlers as would come to them on tracts of from five to forty acres, either improved or unimproved, as they desired and their means would warrant. They also decided on giving the new settler an opportunity to work at good wages while he was building for himself, and to do this determined to clear lands adjacent to the settlers, there being ready sale for improved land.

To facilitate their work they introduced a new steam stump machine which has remarkable power, and through a system of cables and derrick is capable of clearing from two to four acres of stump lands per day. During the past season the company has cleared over three hundred acres and has given employment to a large number of new settlers which it has induced to locate here. These settlers are all happy and contented, and all show marked progress.

We give space to the foregoing statement because it presents an original idea in that, instead of holding the land, waiting the slow methods of the settler for development, the land is cleared in advance of the settler; instead of pursuing the necessarily crude methods of the poor men, the best machinery that capital can buy is possible; instead of letting the little fellow fight out the battle alone he has the benefit of the hearty co-operation of the business interests which recognize the fact that every new settler in a community, if successful, is worth from three hundred to five hundred dollars annually to the business interests, while the speculator contributes nothing to the community, and is usually a menace to its progress.

The great absorbing question of the day is how to relieve the congested conditions in the city and make fruitful the unproductive lands in the country. The old methods have failed; the new ones must be tried.

I WAIT

By OWEN CLARK

Today, I wait:

No more with gay and steady tread
I keep my way and forge ahead;
Nor even, burdened with a load
Of anxious haste, toil up the road:

I wait:

Nor haste nor anger dare essay,
For cloud and chasm bar the way:

So I must wait.

Ye have been brave and patient, heart and will:
Be yet more brave; be patient still!
The clouds will break! The fog will lift!
And through each hazy rolling rift
I shall more clearly see my proper way
Discern where lurking danger lay.
Be calm and steadfast, O my soul,
For thou shalt surely reach thy goal
And what is there for thee will wait:
Thou canst not be too late!

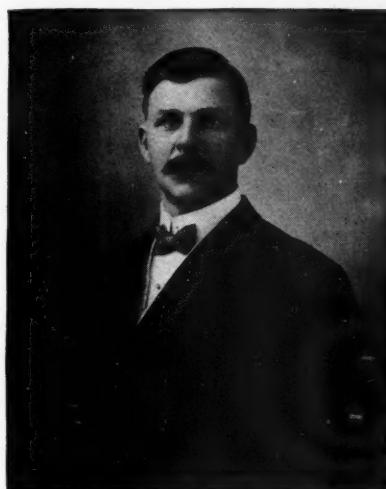
AUTOMOBILES A FACTOR IN COMMERCE

By W. C. JENKINS

ACCORDING to a report just issued by the United States Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor, the automobile must henceforth be recognized as an important and rapidly increasing factor in international commerce. The value, in round numbers, of motor cars exported from all countries in the year 1909 is in excess of \$50,000,000, to which the United States contributed \$8,667,397, which represents a gain of 450 per cent. in automobiles exported from this country since 1899. The total value of American automobiles and accessories manufactured in the year 1909 approximates over \$150,000,000. This places the motor car now among the six leading articles of American manufacture, a fact that testifies eloquently to the progress, enterprise and prosperity of this country.

The total number of gasoline cars built in this country in the year 1909 was close to 73,000, while the total value of all motor vehicles built, and their accessories, approximates over \$200,000,000.

In 1896 the present type of automobile made its appearance, and one of the first companies organized was the Olds Motor Vehicle Company, with a capital of \$50,000. Later the Olds Motor Works was organized with a paid-up capital of \$350,000, R. E. Olds being president and general manager.



R. E. OLDS
President Reo Motor Car Company

In the spring of 1901 the Detroit plant was destroyed by fire. The plant was then moved to Lansing, Michigan, and by the end of the year 1903 the company had grown to a \$2,000,000 corporation.

In January, 1904, Mr. Olds retired from the active management of the company, and later sold his interests. In August of the same year his friends induced him to return to the active manufacture of automobiles,

and within three hours after his consent was obtained enough stock was subscribed for a million-dollar company, which resulted in the organization of the Reo Motor Car Company, with R. E. Olds as president and general manager.

On October 15, 1904, the first Reo car was placed on trial, and by November 20th Mr. Olds had personally driven this car over 2,000 miles, besides superintending the construction of the new manufacturing plant. When the new plant was ready for business on January 1, 1905, 120 men were

put to work and by March 21st the first car-load of Reos was shipped. Over 3,000 cars were sold, and that year the Reo sales amounted to \$1,378,000. In 1906 shipments of Reo cars amounted to one hundred car-loads a month. For 1907 the output was 4,000 cars; in 1908 the product amounted to \$4,800,000, and for 1909, 6,600 cars were manufactured, valued at \$6,273,000.

In addition to his automobile interests at Lansing, Mr. Olds is president of the Capital National Bank, the Michigan Screw Company, the Atlas Drop Forge Company, and a number of other large concerns, as well as a large real estate owner. Mr. Olds is one of the few business men who controls such a large business without borrowing any money. He claims that there are times when it is necessary to borrow money, but personally he prefers to avoid such an expediency.

With the beginning of the 1910 automobile season the manufacturers have in many in-

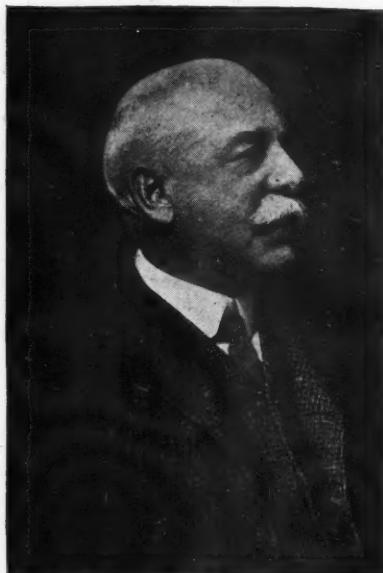
hard times is a remarkable one. He said: "It would take too long to burden you with a narrative of the business, present and future. In my opinion the surfaces of the automobile business have never been scratched. I believe that to be thoroughly true. Because of the changing demands of the business, it costs a lot of money to keep up with the times, and necessitates many changes. We have been accused of changing a little too much when we saw anything good, but if you do not progress, the first thing you know you will be a 'back number'; and I think that some of our competitors who have not progressed will reach that same conclusion."

"We admit that we have made our mistakes—a great many of them—and we have probably spent more money to build a good car than any other manufacturer in the business and in building up an organization such as would benefit not only ourselves, but those who handle and purchase our product. I really feel as though we have such an organization.

"You asked me to tell you what I have had to go through to reach the position attained. I do not want to make you weep, and I think you would have tears for us, for no man knows what the automobile manufacturers went through in the experimental days. And I tell you they have just cause, now, to be proud, when you consider what they have gone through during the past years. I do not like to dwell on the value of the name Thomas today, but I believe that we have far more success in store for the future than we have had in the past.

"You can easily realize our own growth when you compare our present plant with the one we had in 1900. Every year we have expanded. The original little plant, 80x100 feet, on the corner of Elm and Broadway, has been supplanted by this immense factory. We have grown year by year, and are still growing. As the factory increased in dimensions and facilities it also matured in spirit. The organization was perfected and became more effective, centralizing its efforts on the one real purpose—the production of the finest car possible—a spirit of unanimity pervading the immense plant that is remarkable."

The Thomas cars this year are not the creation of this year alone. Their inception dates back to the little shop on the corner



E. R. THOMAS

stances been compelled to greatly increase their capacity for the production of cars, owing to the unprecedented demand for autos which the increasing prosperity of the country has made almost a necessity.

In a recent interview, Mr. E. R. Thomas, of the E. R. Thomas Motor Company of Buffalo, one of the early pioneers in the automobile line, gave some interesting facts regarding the immense growth of his business, and in view of the fact that he is sole owner and proprietor of the immense plant which bears his name, his story of the early struggles of auto builders against prejudice, panic and

of Elm and Broadway, when the entire working force of the little shop consisted of about sixty men. Through all these years Mr. Thomas has steadily held in view his ultimate ambition of being the builder of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, cars in the world. That his ambition has been realized is a matter of history. The winning of the great New York-Paris Race capped the climax. This was the great prize for which E. R. Thomas has striven. In spite of the fact that the sale of foreign cars in America

past few years and their immense plant proving conclusively their claim.

What was formerly the York Motor Car Company, Incorporated, of York, Pennsylvania, is now the Pullman Motor Car Company, since it was believed by the company officials that it would be advantageous to have the name of the concern and the product alike. Furthermore the company plan to build a new branch factory at Evansville, Indiana, and the name York Motor Car Company would be inappropriate for a



A THOMAS FLYER IN DEEP SNOW

has always been insignificant, he resented the widely published claims of superiority over the American cars, and was determined that if mechanical talent and a complete disregard of cost, supplemented by years of experience, was consequential, this boasted supremacy would be soon terminated.

The reason for Thomas success in the automobile business seems to have been that they have always made reliability and excess of power the main features in the construction of their machines; endurance tests of the

factory that was situated outside of York.

The new contemplated plant at Evansville, Indiana, will have about 200,000 square feet of floor space, mostly on the ground floor. The company will have there about fifty acres, on which their contemplated one-mile testing track will be a feature. The drop forge and pressed steel plants, foundries, etc., will compose a plant in which every part of the car from the raw material can be made. In the York plant they are now manufacturing their own engines, transmissions, steering

gears, bodies, tops, etc. Lately the company added about 110,000 square feet of floor space to the York plant, and besides have leased two additional buildings and a plot of ground 50x250 feet, on which it is intended to erect an additional machine shop and a building for testing purposes. The output this year will be about 2,000 cars.

The manufacture of commercial cars, while not an innovation, has attracted more attention at the present time than at any former period. It is generally recognized that the first gasoline propelled commercial car built in America was manufactured by Max H. Grabowsky, in Detroit, about ten

moved to Pontiac, Michigan, where a factory was built to accommodate the growth of the business. After a few years, Mr. Grabowsky made some very great improvements in the commercial car, which he felt would prove of immense value to users of motor trucks.

To build these new trucks he returned to Detroit and in 1908 formed the Grabowsky Power Wagon Company. A moderate sized factory was obtained in the summer of 1908, and the first of the new Grabowsky power wagons was completed. This new truck shows a number of mechanical features that were positively revolutionary in their nature. The movable power plant, located in the front of the car, under the hood, can be drawn out in front of the car for instant inspection and adjustment just as the business man pulls out the drawer of his desk. The power unit, comprising the motor, transmission and control, is mounted on a sub-frame and can be pulled out clear with the car where it is supported by a folding tray.

The importance of insuring accessibility and frequent inspection of the engine can be readily understood by anyone who has had experience with a motor truck.

Another feature which Mr. Grabowsky has originated, and

which is shown for the first time in the Grabowsky power wagon, is the use of hardened steel bushings in all wearing parts. These steel bushings take all the wear, and, when necessary, can be replaced at small cost, while, on other cars, it must be replaced at considerable expense.

Mr. Grabowsky's entire experience in motor cars has been developed on the commercial side, and he has consequently gained a great deal of experience in necessary details not apparent to the eye of a layman.

Strength is necessary in a commercial car; speed is seldom essential, but proper distribution of weight is most important. All these various points have been Mr. Grabowsky's constant study for years.

A new factory is being built in Detroit, which will be ready for occupancy about July, 1910.

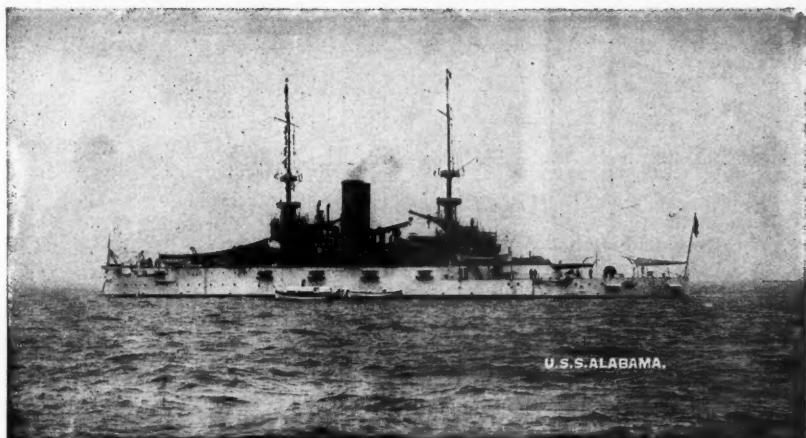


GRABOWSKY POWER WAGON

Used in collecting supplies for the sufferers from forest fires in Michigan

years ago. At that time Mr. Grabowsky was the owner of a small, but well-equipped machine shop, and he had given the subject of gasoline engines and motor cars considerable thought. In the early days of the automobile, several of the models of the pleasure vehicle were so arranged that their passenger bodies could be demounted and the delivery box placed on the frame, but the failure of this style of machine to hold up against the wear and tear of business service rendered it commercially valueless. The first car built by Mr. Grabowsky was bought before it was finished and gave good service for many years; in fact it is still running in Detroit.

More orders came in quickly as the result of the first trial of this car, and Mr. Grabowsky formed the Rapid Motor Vehicle Company for the manufacture of cars of his design. The business grew like magic, and was later



REORGANIZATION NAVY PLAN

By CHARLES GRASTY GORDON

NATIONAL and international interest has been concentrated on the plan of Secretary George von L. Meyer for the reorganization of the Navy Department. It is a simple, practical, sensible proposition that follows the natural evolution of present-day business methods. It is the logical result of naval experience and of the careful study of past failures and successes, resulting from departmental action and governance of the branches of the service. Secretary Meyer will establish such a record in this department as he has left behind him in all other posts of the Federal Government which he has so ably filled. His observations in Germany, Russia and Italy confirmed him in the conviction that the one great purpose of the Navy Department must be, first and always, the efficiency of the fleet, subordinating all bureaucratic and departmental routine and tradition to the welfare and perfection of the great armament which Uncle Sam maintains upon the seven seas. Nothing short of the highest military efficiency will answer and brings

into action the suggestive word, "preparedness," which means so much at a critical time. The outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War illustrated what it might mean to have a navy unprepared and inefficient, as in the case of Russia. On the cohesive organization of the Russian navy much depended, and at the critical moment they found themselves unable to compete with the efficient naval forces of Japan.

The organization of the Navy Department in 1798 provided for a secretary of the navy, chief and other clerks and for all matters pertaining to the construction and equipment of vessels—all being placed under the control of the secretary. Since that time various commissions, bureaus and boards have been organized, but of late years, with six secretaries in seven years and a clerical force comparatively the worst paid and holding the least attractive positions of any government department, it has become apparent that new methods must be brought into operation.

With his practical turn of mind, Secretary

Meyer proceeded to materialize his executive plans, keeping strictly within the present statutes, by appointing aides from among the experienced and effective officers of the navy, who are now directly responsible to him for the proper performance of any matter under their charge. Instead of eight bureau chiefs, each working along in his own lines, and in a way independent of all others, Secretary Meyer determined to have four aides looking after different branches of duties, and keeping in personal and almost visual touch with the bureaus and with the immense and varied work of the navy—in fact to be his eyes and ears.

Rear Admiral Wainwright was appointed aide to look after the movements of vessels and all matters pertaining to operations of the fleet. When I entered the Admiral's office, adjoining that of the Secretary, I found him deeply intent upon tracing the location and work of each warship engaged in watching the Nicaraguan trouble on the Central American coast. A tall man, with heavy moustache and iron-gray hair, he looked just the person to keep the Secretary of the Navy directly in touch with details regarding the fleet, although one could well believe that he would better enjoy leading a line of battleships into action. He keeps the secretary directly informed as to the movements and manœuvres of the fleet in times of peace or war, and in close touch with the results of target practice, tests of steaming efficiency, strategic and tactical manœuvres.

Admiral W. P. Potter, who has oversight of the personnel of the Navy, keeps in touch with the action of all boards, the details of offices and drafting of men for gun ships, and the details and regulations for the training, education and discipline of officers and men.

The Bureau of Navigation, under Admiral R. F. Nicholson, has somewhat the same functions, but deals more particularly with recruiting and re-enlisting men for the Navy, and with the actual detailing of officers to duty. Records of enlistment during the past year have been most satisfactory, showing less than five hundred men lacking to complete the full force authorized by Congress. The records of desertions indicate a marked decrease, while re-enlistments are increasing, and the personnel of the Navy

has been remarkably improved—in fact, so much so that large corporations throughout the country will often accept a certificate of naval training as a sufficient guarantee of fitness to fill important business positions.

The aide detailed for the duties of the division of material, that is, the manufacturing or supply bureaus, is Rear Admiral William Swift, who has a varied and important task in keeping track of the equipment and maintenance of ships on the ocean or at the docks and navy yards. Though economic and good business management has not always existed at the navy yards, it is one of the most important features of naval affairs. Here effective economy can only be established by maintaining a practical and universal system of accounting, and for this part of the work Admiral Swift is expressly fitted by a wide experience on service in all parts of the world, and a personal knowledge of what is indispensable and what is superfluous in red tape regulations. There is a natural separation of navy yard work into "hull" and "machinery" repairs and constructions. The commanders of the navy yards are to be selected for their practical knowledge and experience and are to be kept in one place long enough to enable them to obtain such a clear idea of effective administrative policy as might not be secured if they were frequently changed. The new plan recognizes the close relation of the navy yards to the fleet, and regards them as mainly repair plants, rather than as separate manufacturing or commercial propositions. The line officers are also given the experience in the navy yards necessary to maintain vessels in the best possible condition while afloat, without recourse to the navy yards.

Captain A. Ward, who will soon be appointed rear admiral, now has supervision of all inspections and tests ordered by the Secretary of the Navy, and will cover not only the officers of the fleet, but the various shore stations. Heretofore inspections have been made principally by those interested, but now they will be carried on by officers without administrative interests who will report direct to the Secretary.

The results of the new system are already apparent, and an unusual feature of its installation is that it has been brought about without any appeal to Congress, or applica-

tion for more appropriation. In fact, the new plan has already effected a reduction in the expenses of the Department. The *London Times*, of the December 17 issue, contained a very significant editorial leader concerning the reorganization of the navy, under the plan outlined by Secretary Meyer, and suggested that the English Admiralty would do well to look into the practical innovations involved in the carrying out of these new suggestions in the United States Navy.

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When Secretary Meyer first took office he had a report made, with a view to gathering information to see how the various conflicting orders and regulations could be welded together to economize effort, time and expense. The proper status of all the bureaus was thoroughly analyzed, and in a few months the plans were put into effect without waiting for the long delays of congressional action. This reorganization has already given a more military definiteness and efficiency to the naval arm of the government.

Heretofore, the Secretary of the Navy has not always possessed definite and exact information as to the actual condition of all the branches of his department, and it was felt that the boards of inquiry and investigation did not furnish adequate information for present needs. The new practical plan simplifies the organization and secures complete and definite accountability, while developing the *esprit de corps* of the active department. The changes made under Secretary Meyer, though few in number, are of vital importance and follow the line of natural evolution rather than effecting a radical change. It is simply giving the Secretary four responsible advisers, who are fitted to gather information and advise him regarding the various matters assigned to them. The new arrangement will enable him to keep in touch with every detail of importance regarding the ships, and the crews, as well as to become conversant with the latest and best in modern equipment. The aim is to clearly define the duties of the various bureaus and departments, and focus the efforts of all upon the general purpose of making the navy a great, formidable and always efficacious machine.

A business man, experienced in the supervision of large New York corporations, talk-

ing in the corridor of the new movement in the Navy Department, said that it has long been recognized that three or four efficient aides are much more effective than six or eight general assistants. The few direct reports to the chief give him a clearer, sharper insight than the desultory information on all kinds of matters which inevitably made it difficult to clearly understand a situation, and often resulted in a conflict of authority and loss of efficiency.

In the corridor of the Navy Department is kept a registry of returning naval officers,



GEORGE VON L. MEYER
Secretary of the Navy

from the middy to the commander and admiral. The names mingle in a very democratic roster. The details arranging for the transfer of officers from one ship or post to another, or from sea to land and vice versa, look as intricate as a problem in mathematics, and are all figured first from the roster where every name appears, giving preference to the men according to time of service and good records. Circumstances sometimes necessitate departure from these rules, when a man with certain ability or experience is needed for a given position without delay. Commander Wilson, who

did such good work for the Bureau of Navigation, in the Recruiting Department, now has charge of this detail work. As he stood at his desk penning little dispatches, it was easy to imagine the thrill that some of those missives would bring to naval officers, who were being detailed from one post to perhaps some distant part of the world. Those official dispatches are sometimes the "ill-omened page that spreadeth gloom across life's happy way" for the sisters, the wives and the mothers, who do not always welcome promotion if it takes the loved one far from home. Such a thing as disobeying orders is never even imagined by the officers of the navy or their relatives.

All the orders for shore leave must be signed personally by the Secretary of the Navy, but other orders are signed by the chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and the little printed slips circulated every day by Admiral Nicholson, chief of this Bureau, are bulletins of "detail" and of vital import. Sometimes the fatal word, "dismissal" occurs, a single word often embodying a tragic story for a young fellow or his friends.

* * *

In the corridors of the Navy building are models of various warships, and a large number of visitors may almost always be seen grouped about these glass cases. Usually there are several boys eagerly studying the models of the nation's great armament, and no department appeals more strongly to patriotic pride. Visitors here realize that they are face to face with the aggressive and forceful personalities of the nation. There is an air of business and a sharply defined military spirit that is invigorating. The personnel of the United States Navy has long been the admiration of the world. The "men at the desks" as well as the "men behind the guns" have an initiative that counts. The efficiency of the fleet, combined with this unquenchable, irrepressible American go-ahead, makes a fascinating study that fits well with the plans for the reorganization of the Navy Department. Youth, experience and sharp training are things which the Secretary feels are needful to enhance the completeness of his men, and he prefers a commander who has had training enough to understand how to handle his ship afloat, and keep it in

repair despite all emergencies, which could never be done by a man who had had no specific education along this line. Commanders now are expected to actually know their ships, as well as their men.

In the new system of accounting, a daily balance must be struck at all the navy yards, so that any errors can be easily detected on the day they are made. The total amount of cash must be equal to the payroll, and the payroll must be equal to the amount of labor estimated in the various orders that have been filled. Labor and expense charges are itemized so that the shop foremen know just where it would be possible to retrench and improve with a view to obtaining better results as in any other industry. It is hoped that naval appropriations in the future will be so made that they can be used and accounted for on a more modern business system and principle than has hitherto been the case.

The assistant secretary of the navy has charge of current matters connected with the bureaus of yards and docks, the manoeuvres, the naval militias and the war records, also the Marine Corps. He prepares the civilian and navy yard pay rolls, and estimates for the appropriations of Congress.

* * *

There has always been more or less difficulty in securing concerted action among the various bureaus and their chiefs, who are necessarily engrossed in the details of their own duties, and on whom has hitherto come the responsibility of evoking order from the complexities and conflicting interests placed before them in the creation and maintenance of a modern fleet. The Department has long since grown beyond the possibility of a secretary's personal supervision, except through such information as he might secure from the various chiefs, more often by verbal information, rather than by businesslike reports, as in the new plan. Year after year, for nearly a third of a century, the reports of secretaries of the navy have emphasized this lack of business efficiency in the administration of the department. It is felt that this will be largely remedied by the new plan, which will extend even to the matter of coal and transportation appropriation. This now reaches upward of six million dollars per annum,

and a close watch is to be kept on it that the secretary may know exactly how and where the coal is used, and if it is applied for the maintenance of the efficiency of the fleet in the most economical manner.

The old-fashioned endless chain of endorsements, signatures and red tape, characteristic of governmental work all over the world, is to be largely eliminated by Secretary Meyer, and a considerable amount of paper work will be discarded. He has advised the abolition of the Bureau of Equipment, in order to distribute its duties among the other bureaus. He has called attention to the inadequacy of the Naval Reserve. About six thousand men are organized in naval and militia organizations in the states bordering on the sea and Great Lakes, and he deplores the fact that, while these small groups of men are enthusiastic and generally efficient, they are not under central control. Special legislation has been requested to provide for a national naval militia, which will bring together into cohesive organization the naval reserve. Some of the militia organizations served on the Atlantic Battle Fleet this summer.

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Secretary Meyer is a business man of large experience and practical knowledge, and is director of many of the largest and most successful manufacturing companies of New England. Aside from his five years experience as a member of the House of Representatives, in Massachusetts, three years of which he was speaker, and his business experience, he gained a great deal of useful information while ambassador to Italy and Russia. He was involved in extensive business and diplomatic negotiations during the Russo-Japanese War, and made a remarkable showing during his two years as Postmaster General, when he helped in the reorganization of that department and pushed forward the parcels post and postal savings bank movements. As Secretary of the Navy, he performs duties very similar to those of the president of a great corporation, in receiving reports and making

quick decisions, made possible because, under the new plan, he feels he can rely upon the information and advice obtained through his advisers. He will no longer be obliged to depend upon haphazard information. Noting the constant coming and going of admirals and bureau chiefs through the swinging doors of the secretary's office, each official carrying a bundle of carefully prepared papers or reports, it seemed that the important business of the navy had already felt the impetus of the new system.

In view of recent developments in the navy department, the annual report showing the sea strength of the world is especially interesting. It reveals a wonderful growth of German sea-power within the past few years, and shows that the United States stands only third in rank of the great naval powers. The three navies, English, German and American, run about the same in some points. France has made a specialty of torpedo boats, having 259 to thirty owned by the United States, and sixty-nine by England. Three times more war tonnage is accredited to England than to either the United States or Germany. Twenty-seven rear admirals are recorded on the American naval list, with forty-three thousand enlisted men and about nine thousand marines; the total strength of the navy is estimated at about fifty-five thousand men, being practically the same as France and Germany, whereas England has one hundred and twenty-eight thousand men enrolled, and Japan's strength is a little less than that of the United States.

It will be noted that despite the continual recommendations, it seems that in the past the Navy Department has at times overlooked the vital point, "sea power," and that there is an abundance of work to be performed by the department in the future, which promises to be well done by Secretary Meyer and his four able advisers, who are busily collecting all manner of detailed information under the businesslike new plan of reorganization of the United States Navy Department.



LIBRARY AND HOSPITAL AT LONG KEY

THE HIDDEN WEALTH OF FLORIDA

By MITCHELL MANNERING

OFF for a sea voyage by rail, with never a thought of steamer rugs or trunks! The blue prints that only a few years ago hung on the walls of Mr. Flagler's office were the prophecies of wonderful causeways and bridges, over which today one rides at ease on a magical "sea-going railway," speeding over the restless surges of the Gulf dryshod, as the army of Israel crossed the Red Sea between the impending billows, held back by the decree of Jehovah. By the magical creations of modern engineering the traveler now rides in a luxurious Pullman, and from its windows now views a beautiful tropical seascape, and at other times panoramas of the Floridian keys, long expanses of shallow seas and inland lagoons, and the fairy islets of the Gulf.

* * *

'Twas blustering March in Washington, and amid the periodical storms incidental to

the Inauguration date the mere mention of Florida brought warmth to the heart of a chilled and disconsolate mortal, shivering with coat collar turned up and hands thrust deeply in his pockets. What a change it was, in less than twenty-four hours after leaving the Capital, to sweep along the coast line via Charleston and Savannah to rose-embowered Jacksonville, Florida. The heavy overcoat, the clinging rubbers and faithful fur cap were unendurable; not to be thought of in a land where orange trees were blooming and old Sol was dispensing light and heat with all the fervency of June. I felt positively silly as I struggled over the heated pavement, breathless, almost gasping beneath my load of winter clothing, which I hastened to consign to cold storage. Donning summer attire more fitting for that "Land of Flowers" wherein Ponce de Leon dreamed of finding "The Perpetual Soda Fountain," I could afford to smile pityingly at other poor Northern travelers who

were still struggling with suffocating over-coats, rubbers and furs.

The gateway of Florida, when approached by water, is Jacksonville, and the city has grown like Jonah's gourd within the past five years. It has long been known as the entrance to the magical road into that enchanted Southland, where the sea-beaten "Keys" form veritable steppingstones across the shallow seas that girdle the low, coral coast line.

On to St. Augustine we sped, and soon stood in the shadow of her castellated walls, erected four hundred years ago. The old Indian town was called Seloy, but when Ponce de Leon led his Spanish cavaliers, arquebusiers, lancers and crossbowmen through everglade and across sandy shallows, he left the little Indian village unmolested, to remain untrodden by the feet of white men until the advent of the French Huguenots under Ribaut in 1564.

What a ride that was along the titanic roadbed of the Florida East Coast Railway, the "outward and visible sign" of the constructive genius of Henry M. Flagler, who, in little more than a quarter century, has made an unequalled record in the history of developing a state.

St. Augustine is no longer "far to the South," for scarcely were its railroad connections completed when Mr. Flagler pushed on down the coast line, along which the most famous winter resorts of the New World have sprung up, rivalling in climate and attraction even the Riviera.

When the train backed into Ormond, across the shallows, it seemed like entering a moated castle across its ancient drawbridge. All along the coast fleets of swift motor boats cruise up and down, from the St. John to the Halifax River. At the several stations delicious pineapples, oranges and tangerines, picked from the trees that day at sunrise, were brought on board the train. No one who has not eaten these fruits the day they were gathered has tasted them in perfection.

Hour after hour we had swept along amid orchards whose resplendent fruitage, set amid emerald leaves, awakened the delight of our Floridian enthusiasts, many of whom were retired business men enjoying the autumn of life in the sunny Southland. Celery growers told of successes achieved; other enthusiasts spoke of big profits on small outlay in tomato production; and information on fruit and

vegetable culture was distributed broadcast. Growers told how the roots of the pines search for and find fertilizer placed here and there in the ground; how celery is best bleached by old newspapers, and how by the magic of the refrigerator system over two thousand cars of produce were shipped North from Florida last year.

On all sides were amazing evidences of the way in which a state may be opened up by the "iron horse" and his magical rails. The fruit industry alone has grown to undreamed-of proportions, and the possibility of securing fresh fruit and vegetables at all times of the year at reasonable prices has revolutionized the breakfast table of the American people, and doubtless added years to the average span of their lives. The Florida farmers, growing the luxuries of the table, naturally secure better proportionate profits than those accruing from crops of the Northern agriculturist, though the latter may raise staple foods in larger proportions.

* * * * *

Daytona is another pretty New England settlement, on an arm of the Halifax River, where the beach is of hard sand well suited for the famous automobile races. The machines bowl along the beach like yachts under sail—a sight to charm shoreman and sailor alike.

About midway of the east coast of Florida is the quaint little place known as New Smyrna. The archives of old Madrid in Spain have the record of this curious colony, planted four hundred years ago. A Greek and Minorcan colony was established in 1765, and the descendants of these colonists are today scattered through the city of St. Augustine and along the east coast. They were brought here as peons, but fought for and regained their independence. In the old Minorcan houses, with their coquina walls, quaint chimneys and curiously hewn stones, there may still be seen traces of those early days. The renowned Rock House is one of the oldest churches in the United States.

The modern town was established by Dr. Turnbull in the Eighteenth Century, and was named in honor of Smyrna, Asia Minor, the birthplace of the Doctor's wife. That old town by the sea is unique in its rare atmosphere of antiquity and restfulness.

Not hers your vast imperial mart,
Where myriad hopes on fears are hurled,
Where furious rivals meet and part
To woo a world.

. . . . remote from smoke and noise,
Old Leisure sits knee-deep in grass;
Where simple days bring simple joys,
And lovers pass.

I see an envied haunt of peace,
Calm and untouched—remote from roar,
Where wearied men may from their burdens cease
On a still shore.

* * *

Through December, and into the early spring, the roses bloom all over this favored land. It is hard for the Northern traveler to realize that it is the climate and not the calendar that is reversed when he visits Florida. It is not surprising to find scattered through these many thriving towns along the Florida coast thousands of well-to-do retired merchants and business men, who are spending the sunset hours of life in a land of unequalled climate. There were some few travelers who insisted that this "always afternoon" and "lotus land" suggestion did not suit them; they enjoyed their few weeks sandwiched into a busy Northern winter, but persisted in saying that they preferred the snowbanks and activities of the Northland. However, when asked: "Why do you not stay in the North if you prefer it?" they seemed nonplussed for an answer.

* * *

At Fort Pierce, on the platform of the yellow-painted station, pineapple vendors permitted the purchasers to sample their fruit, and to hand in a card ordering a crate sent to their home or hotel address. Here one learns what pineapples and oranges mean in a land where they are indigenous and where they combine the most refreshing food and summer beverages given to mankind.

Fort Pierce has the distinction of being the first place where a tarpon was taken by rod and line in Florida, and the excitement of catching these immense fish has attracted thousands of tourists. When the Northern fisherman catches a tarpon in these Southern waters he can talk of nothing else for many a week; the "catch" is duly mounted and taken North, where the proud fisherman for the remainder of his life points with pride to the "big fish" which adorns the dining-room of the town mansion. It is natural that "bigness" should appeal to Americans, and doubt-

less this member of the finny tribes has saved many a fisherman from humiliation, for its length and weight furnish material for a "fish story" that ought to satisfy even the most exacting. Its flesh is not edible, nor is there any known use for the fish, except as "substance of things hoped for" and evidence of things not always seen in the fish world.

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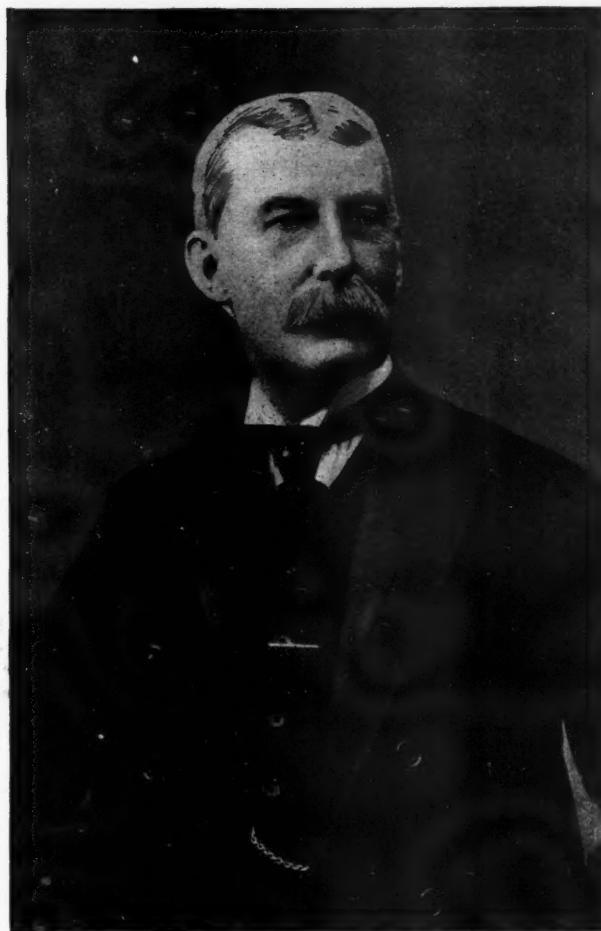
In the evening, when the lights twinkled like fallen stars through the tropical palms, the train dashed across Lake Worth. Here the Hotel Royal Poinciana and The Breakers are the center of the great winter social season. Here real live dukes, belted earls and genuine counts adore rich American girls and their millions, and the aristocracy of birth mingles gracefully with the wealth, all ready to aid in the "burning of money."

The train arrives direct at the hotel, and the passengers walk down a long hall into the rotunda of the Royal Poinciana. What a change dress may make in one's appearance. After my traveling companions had blossomed and effloresced into evening gowns and dress suits I failed to recognize them, until they politely accosted me, when with a shock of surprise I recognized them by their voices and eyes, which happily no dress can change.

After dinner it was a delight to rove through the hotel grounds, which are a veritable tropical fairyland. The foliage hangs over the winding walks in a profusion unknown in the North; and lovers pass slowly to and fro beneath the witching light of the Southern moon, or stand to listen to the boom of the breakers—or, perchance, to the melody discoursed by the orchestra in the ballroom not far away.

"Full of soft dreams and sleep and quiet breathings," one longs to sit forever in this charmed spot. Farther on a quaint touch is given to the scene by the old street car line along the beautiful Avenue of Palms, on which the cars are drawn between the two hotels by a solitary mule.

Next morning on the sands it became apparent that all the guests did not come here to dream. Some of the men visitors had shot a shark, which was the centre of attraction. Any little incident here occasions a delightful ripple of interest, as in the free life on shipboard. Nerves and worries are forgotten, and the visitors laugh and chat happily as children out for a holiday.



HENRY M. FLAGLER

While Nature has done much for Palm Beach, the generous expenditure of money in improvements has converted it into a paradise of hoteldom. Situated between the lake and the ocean, the art of the landscape gardener has had ample scope, and the results are a joy to the eye. Nothing could exceed the charm of those smooth stretches of greensward, interspersed with groups of live oaks in gowns of sombre gray Spanish moss. Side by side with these gray-clad "lady abbesses" of Nature are the waving palm trees of the cocoanut grove, in full fruit, while the gay parterre of flowers along the lake front is like a beautiful

giant band of ribbon that binds them all together. In this paradise no horse or beast of burden has ever trodden, save the favored, steady-going old animal that draws the summer car. Visitors remaining here for any length of time learn the art of walking, for there is no other means of locomotion except the wheel chairs, with bicycle attachment, which are called "negromobiles." Hundreds of these little vehicles are seen about the walks at night, and their occupants and drivers make a striking feature of the picturesque grounds.

* * * * *

Not far away is White Hall, the home of

Mr. Henry M. Flagler, which is without doubt one of the handsomest residences in the United States. White Hall brings up visions of the beauty of the dwellings of the time of Louis XIV of France. Beholding it, one seems suddenly to step out of the realities of this workaday world and into the realm of romance.

Flagler and Florida are almost synonymous, for in the opening of this wonderful fairyland the life purpose of this one man has been realized—a boon rarely given to mortals. A volume of history might be filled with what has actually been accomplished in the time of this one master mind, who has found his greatest delight in aiding the home-building and settlement of his adopted state.

* * * *

February 1, 1910, witnessed the consummation of the greatest constructive work achieved by any one man in the history of the nation, and evidenced in a most striking way the triumph of Yankee genius in solving the great problem of exploiting American trade, carrying cargoes all over the earth—sailing vessels and running trains in apparently impossible places. The development of a country follows in the wake of its railroads; civilization strides side by side with the gangs that lay the ties. This splendid route, bridging the Florida Keys—each hundred miles of railway being accounted equal to a thousand miles by ship—is the greatest time-saver in transit that has yet been evolved.

The new railroad will do more than merely save time; it will solve what has been declared by Senator Root to be the twentieth-century problem of the American nation—the acquisition of South American trade. The representatives of the South American Republics made a trip to Cuba over this Florida East Coast Railway, and as they wheeled in comfort over the waters of the Gulf, they realized that each one of the twenty-one republics of the Southland had suddenly been brought thousands of miles nearer to the United States. With a single blow this railroad had eliminated a large part of the distance, as an experienced woodsman strikes off a withered branch from a valuable tree. One can now leave New York and reach Havana in forty-eight hours, which seems to bring Havana much closer than it ever was before. The fact that a sleeping-car can start from New York and,

in less than forty-eight hours, traverse the waters of the Gulf to Key West—whence in a few hours a steamship will land the passengers in Havana—presages tremendous trade development in the near future. The most successful trade-producers in the world are tourists, who, like the blood that revivifies the body, traverse the bands of steel that knit more closely together the Western hemisphere and bring life, activity and progress to all sections of the New World.

Few people realize that Key West, the terminal point of the new road, is four hundred miles nearer to Panama than New Orleans or Galveston. The great rail traffic of the Mississippi River is certain to converge in Florida, which hangs out like a Christmas stocking from the map of the United States. The toe of that stocking is Key West, the terminal which brings the whole Western Coast of South America, the Orient and Australia into closer proximity to the markets of the United States. Bearing these facts in mind, Mr. Flagler has courageously pushed his operations through the jungle of Florida, opening a thoroughfare from one continent to the other in the process, and it might seem now almost as a side issue of this tremendous plan, promoting the development of the fairy state that he loves.

People are awaking to the fact that this road means much to Cuba, in bringing the new republic almost within a whistle's toot of our border.

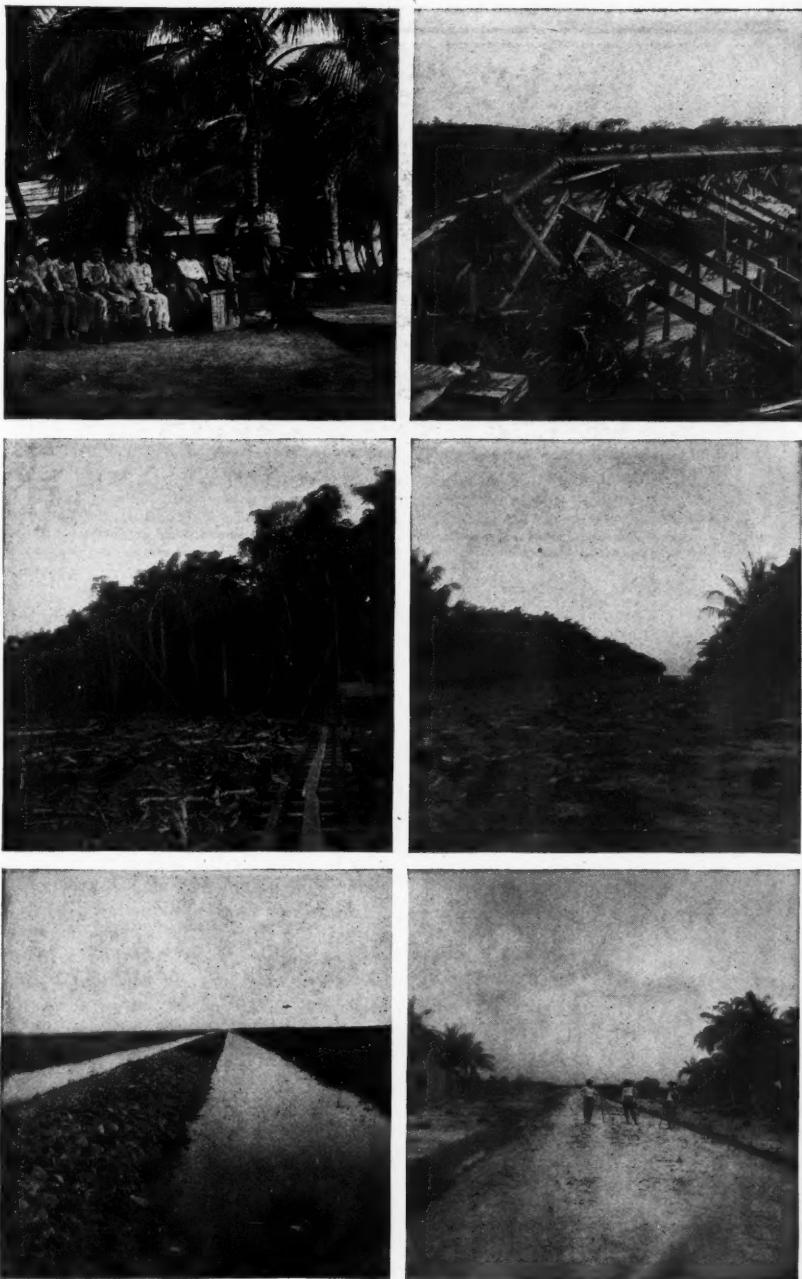
Yes, the sun was hot; we were all loath to leave the gaieties of Palm Beach—where Dame Fashion reigns supreme, while real princes and counts dance with heiresses at the Rainbow and Merry Widow airs—but nothing less than a trip on a “sea-going” railroad could now sate our lust for adventure.

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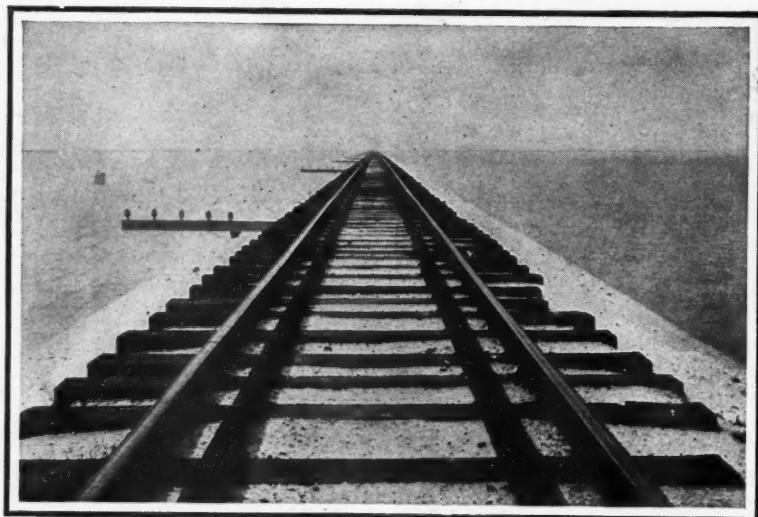
In the sleeper, standing on the siding at West Palm Beach, I experienced something of the suffering that may have confronted the early pioneers when they were attacked in front and in rear by the enemy—the mosquitoes. To my relief came George the porter.

“If you remove all your clothes, sir, and let me take them away out of the car, you won't have any more bother with mosquitoes.”

Being the lone occupant of the car at that time I hastened to take good advice. George spirited away the garments I had worn—I



SCENES ALONG THE RIGHT-OF-WAY BEFORE THE LAYING OF THE RAILS. A GROUP OF THE WORKERS, AND AT THE LOWER LEFT-HAND CORNER THE EMBANKMENT THROUGH THE EVERGLADES



*Courtesy of the Leslie-Judge Company**

LOOKING SEAWARD FROM LONG KEY. A VISTA OF THE CONNECTING RAILS
STRETCHING AWAY TOWARD THE DISTANT HORIZON

smoked a cigar and sank gently into a night of unbroken sleep, triumphing in the knowledge that for once I had eluded the ubiquitous mosquito; but the next morning I remained late in bed—George had mislaid the clothes.

Never shall I forget that Sunday morning when I awakened at Jew-Fish Creek and learned from the porter that we were leaving the mainland; on one side of the car I saw the fresh water and the foliage of the everglades, on the other rippled the salt waves of the Gulf. We were entering the keys of Florida and swinging around Cape Cable, that gleams in memory from the page of the well-thumbed geographies of our youth. There is no fresh water on these five hundred and sixty keys, and all the fresh water used has to be hauled on tank cars from the great tank at Manatee.

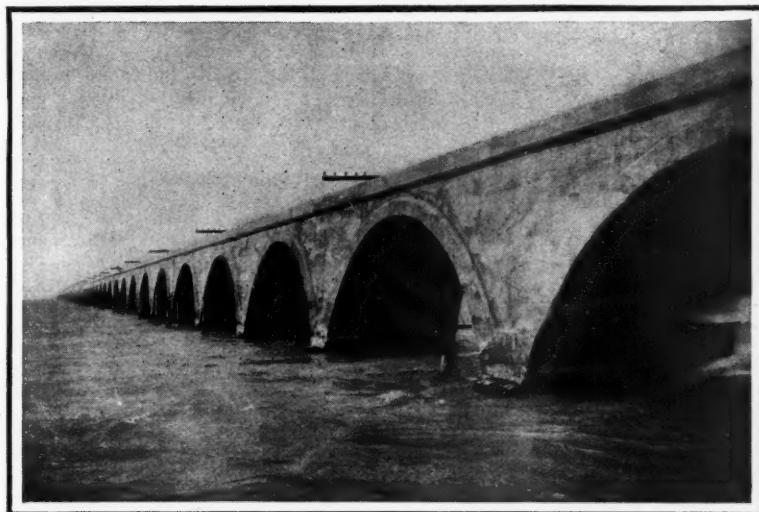
On one key, which is nearly forty miles long, orchards and grapefruit trees are thriving, having been planted by drilling holes in the coral rock. Once firmly set in this manner the trees grow as rapidly as hothouse plants. Upon the keys grow chiefly mangrove trees, and the foliage is a trifle tame in appearance. The tangled roots of the trees form islets in the water, and sweeping along in the train I could not but marvel at the genius of engineers who could blaze out a path in this wilderness

—I had a sympathetic remembrance of my slight experience of mosquitoes, carefully protected as I was. One of the keys is named after Senator Root, and all have been christened and stand out with individual characteristics in the minds of the engineers.

Lake Surprise, a large body of water almost ten miles wide, discovered by the surveyors of the railroad, was duly given a place on the map to atone for the neglect of earlier explorers and government map-makers.

In constructing this unique railroad it was necessary to dig a basin first and build the dredges there. About two hundred such basins were excavated to a considerable depth below the surface of the water. Then the dredges worked themselves out up to shallow water, thus building up an embankment, after which they worked side by side, filling in the trestles and transforming the huge coral sandbars into embankments between the keys. Over this roadbed the train now rushes at express speed, for there is nothing shaky or ephemeral about this construction; it will constantly strengthen as the years pass, because the industrious little coral insects are forever at work.

Seen from the train, the general effect of the views caught of the Everglades



Courtesy of the Leslie-Judge Company

THE FAMOUS CONCRETE VIADUCT, EXTENDING FROM LONG KEY TO GRASSY KEY
A DISTANCE OF TWO AND THREE-QUARTER MILES

is not unlike the prairies and fields of Illinois and Iowa. Here and there the landscape is enlivened by clumps of trees which were originally little islands in the Everglades, and the eye seeks unconsciously for the smoke of the farmhouse which it seems to the traveler must be hidden there amid the waving foliage.

* * * *

Entirely out of sight of land, we swept over the waters of the Gulf; on either side of the train extended the beautiful sea—green, golden, turquoise, such vari-colored water I never expect to see elsewhere, though I have looked upon the Mediterranean, the Blue Grotto of Naples and the lakes of Switzerland. Like a ball of fire, the sun leaped up abruptly above the dazzling horizon.

Later a key swept into view, bedecked with tall cocoanut trees, bent at a curious angle, telling how the hurricane had swayed them in the past. They were planted years ago by English people, who dreamed of reaping fortune from a cocoanut appetite—a dream that never came true.

Farther on, the scene was like the stage-setting of a comic opera, calling up visions of Captain Kidd and his hidden treasure, and of the hundreds of people who have searched in

vain for it all these years. Since it was not found by the railroad-makers, it seems unlikely that it will ever be disclosed to the gaze of mortal man, for those engineers certainly did go over the land with the utmost thoroughness.

For miles the water is so shallow that there is no surf, no other sign of motion than a little line of white foam along the verge. There is very little tidal rise and fall, and the danger of the embankment ever suffering from heavy seas is minimized, as all the waves break far out and their force is spent before they reach the railroad.

An unrivaled triumph of railway construction is the viaduct at Long Key. Here was located one of the largest construction camps, which nestled in a tilted cocoanut grove, making a pretty picture when seen against the low water line with its shimmering green and opalescent tints burnishing the far horizon. Here elderly couples come to enjoy an evening honeymoon. "Ma and pa having a good time together" is the inscription on the postals sent home to the grown-up children.

By those crossing from Havana, Long Key is regarded as an oasis where the travelers who have suffered from seasickness may stop to convalesce, lulled by the swish of cocoanut

boughs, which movement resembles the sound of falling water. Long Key is reached just before coming to the great viaduct. The cabins cluster around the hotel, each one being named after a fish. The hotel itself is on a genuine "coral strand," and its pillars are of cabbage palms.

The guests minutely inspected the signboards on each little cottage to be sure they were entering the right one; sometimes the name had a curious applicability to the occupant—a cadaverous money-lender emerged from a little house labelled "The Shark." A blooming orator, of ample proportions and rounded outlines, found a home at "The Porpoise," where he was permitted to sport to his heart's content. A lady owning a liberal supply of remarkably large and remarkably false-looking "store" teeth, was lodged in "The Barracoota," named after the only fish known to have teeth, a savage creature that has been known to snap off the legs of a child while bathing. Other names of fish displayed there are the kingfish, sawfish—in fact, every sort of seafish that I could think of—except a sucker. Though they disport themselves in water so iridescent and inviting, some of the fish are dangerous, and bathers use only the regular, protected pools.

Here, as all along the keys, the fishermen use motor boats. The tarpon is found here, and it is a beautiful sight when one leaps from the water, looking like a streak of silver. Many fine specimens of young manhood were here, bronzed and muscular, fishing in motor boats, or sitting on the verandas relating the experiences of the day. Now and then a cocoanut falls in the grove, sometimes with dire effect. As I was coming out of a cabin a nut just grazed my head—and it takes a thick skull to withstand the impact of a falling cocoanut. In the morning the falling nuts often serve as alarm clocks.

Long Key is but one example of the way in which Mr. Flagler utilizes material that other constructors would allow to lie idle. He not only overcomes hindrances, but having conquered them turns the very labor camps which were assaulted by false charges of peonage as "pestilential" into a popular winter hotel resort.

* * * *

Hitherto our great systems of railroad construction have been on parallel lines from East to West. Now the tendency is to pass

from North to South. Having come across Jew-Fish Creek, along Key Largo, to Plantation and on to Matecumbe, where we viewed the grape-fruit groves and passed forward to Crescent Key, we crossed the famous concrete viaduct, 2.68 miles in length, and came to Grassy Key, which has been opened for farming.

From Long Key, across the viaduct, the journey seemed to be continued over a trunk line of finest proportions. What symmetry there is in those immense ranges of piers and arches that recall the masonry of ancient Rome, made to withstand the action of the ages. Here one gets a view of the road where the curious, stern-wheel dredges, looking like river boats, have been working. Here and there is a drawbridge, which permits the tide to rush through into the viaduct.

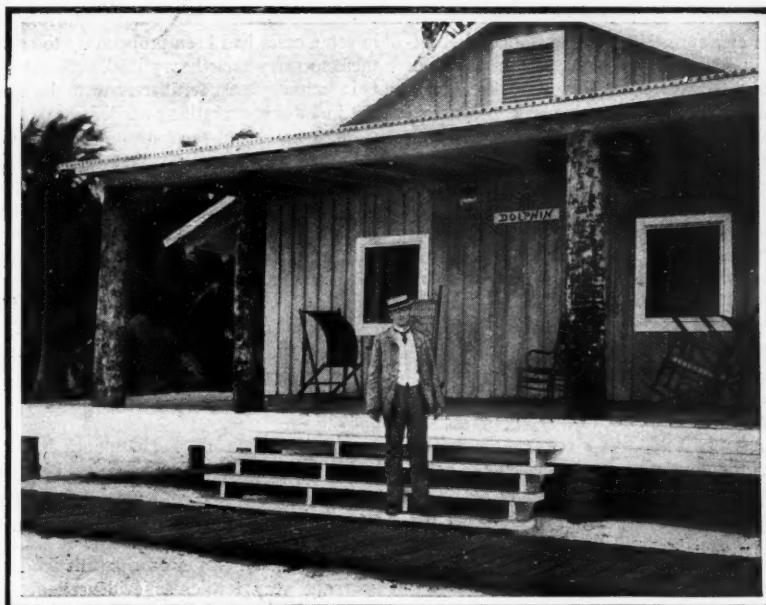
Passing through Viacca to Marathon we reached a former terminus, where the engineering corps has their headquarters. At Knight's Key is the dock from which the boat ran last year to Havana, a distance of one hundred and seventeen miles, covered in nine hours.

All along the line are noted the peculiar loyalty and enthusiasm of the Florida East Coast Company's workers, who seem to delight in carrying out the plans of the great leader, who gave the final orders for this great work when past seventy, and witnessed its completion in the glory of a long life of four-score years.

Off in the distance Key West was pointed out to me as the only city in the United States that had never known the touch of frost.

Curiously enough, after this introduction to the city, at the Long Key Camp I met Mr. Allen, Mr. Porter and Mr. Korn from Key West, who have done much to develop this southernmost metropolis of the keys. As I had been told on the lighter, eighty famous cigar factories are located here, and the cigars are made entirely from real Havana tobacco.

The average smoker probably does not realize that a Key West cigar is in every way equivalent to an imported Havana, made by Havanians of tobacco grown on the island and in a Havana climate. All these conditions are fulfilled in Key West, where the cigars are made almost entirely by Cuban workers. The fact that they are made in Key West is prominently set forth on a label pasted on all cigar boxes, and this insignia is very important for



Courtesy of the Leslie-Judge Company

ONE OF THE FISHING COTTAGES ON THE BEACH AT LONG KEY

the protection of the consumer, assuring him that the cigars have come from the factories on the Gulf, and have been made in Key West. When the shriek of the locomotive was heard in that quaint town, it heralded the sure development of manufacturing interests along the keys.

* * *

The magic welding of the keys was consummated, bidding defiance to old Father Neptune. Riding about the country, noting the many hundred acres planted with tropical fruit farms, vegetables—egg plants and other tropical growths—suggests the great opportunities which one man has opened up for his fellows, making a hive of industry not to be equalled in any other southern climate in the world.

The mystery of the Everglades attracts many and will doubtless eventually be solved. This strange tract of country looks like swamps, covered with scum water, but it has been discovered that beneath that scum the water is clear, cool, and the finest in the state. Among the Everglades is Lake Okeechobee, a large body of fine, fresh water. This has

long been regarded as a useless tract of country, a blot on the map of the United States, but now that J. E. Ingraham, land commissioner of the Florida East Coast Railroad, has led the way across the Everglades, it seems likely that in a few years there may develop in this apparently waste land seedless orchards and other novelties and attractions that will make the Everglades one of the richest sections of the country.

In returning from a side trip to Knight's Key, over the Florida East Coast Extension, we had a view of Mr. Flagler's experimental grape-fruit grove at Kendall, where over seven thousand grape-fruit trees are thriving. At Homestead also and at other places along the line, cultivators were busy raising tomatoes and other early vegetables. The farming is done in the winter time and many farmers go North for their summer vacation.

Without other evidence, a peep at Dade County, of which Miami is the county seat, would prove that the story of Florida's development is no exaggeration. Here, less than fifteen years ago, there were about six hundred inhabitants; today there are more than

ten thousand. A few hundred dollars, in the hands of a farmer who understands his business, will go farther here than in the chill North. Growth is rapid, returns are quick, and while the man is working he is surrounded by beautiful flowers every month of the twelve, rich land and fertile fields and all the luxuries of life. Certainly farming in the South is not as strenuous as in the North, where the agriculturist contends not only with the soil but with the climate. More and more American people are beginning to philosophize and endeavor to get the most out of life, and farmers especially are coming to see that life need not be for them the incessant hand-to-hand struggle that it has been in past generations.

The magical growth of Miami is another object lesson in achievement. Here the county fair, recently held, was a remarkable revelation of the development of thousands of acres of virgin soil. Thirteen years ago the place consisted of two houses, between which the railroad ran when it reached what is now Miami. A site was quickly selected and ground was broken for the Royal Palm Hotel, and a fairyland grew up there as if by the wave of a magic wand. Today the Miami River, for miles beyond its mouth, is thronged with motor boats owned by guests from the North. The Biscayne Bay is a beautiful sheet of water, known to all who love sea views, and is another of the attractions which draw visitors to this thriving city, with its splendid residences and fine business houses and well-paved streets. Here I met a farmer who told me that he had sold eight thousand dollars' worth of tomatoes last year which suggested other sources of revenue than that provided by the many guests.

The best way to see the country surrounding Miami, and realize the amazing development, is by driving or automobiling over the coral roads, which vie in excellence with any New England thoroughfare.

Riverside, the farm of General Lawrence, of Medford, Massachusetts, is an evidence of what is being done; over seven thousand five hundred boxes of grape fruit were harvested here in 1909, besides oranges shipped north, and there is no reason to suppose the next year's crops will diminish. The General has developed his territory with true New England enthusiasm, co-operating with and assisting the Agricultural Department: on

every side the trees were laden with fruit and in some cases had been propped up to enable them to carry their heavy load.

In many places fertilizer has to be used, but in Florida everything needed seems to lie close at hand and there are great phosphate beds right in the state, which are formed by the bones of mastodons and other prehistoric creatures known to us by name only. Florida might be called the land of "hidden treasures," for here tracts that look like bare coral reef can be developed into profitable soil. Apparently every inch of Florida can be made profitable if the worker "knows how." Even the turpentine forests are not a small feature in the profitable industries.

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When I first heard of "hammock land," I had visions of leisure and luxury, swinging under the trees, but when "hammock land" was disclosed as a jungle of hard wood there was in it no especial suggestion of "a soft snap." Like all else in Florida this land can be made very fertile, as evidenced at Mr. McCrory's place, where we stopped to see the cleared lands, which reminded me of the cultivated prairies. In a few years such land is bound to yield enormous profit.

At Cocoanut Grove are many beautiful homes, situated on transformed jungle and marsh. Little steamers come into a canal, going to and from the houses which are built in Spanish style, the interior finish being cypress. The little inlets with light bridges thrown across them, the great turtles captured nearby and now lying in the pools, and the melodious song of the mocking birds make up a scene not to be surpassed for beauty and restfulness. Everywhere school-houses are in evidence, for Floridians think of other interests than building beautiful houses and harvesting rich crops.

* * * *

Regretfully I hied me back to Jacksonville, donned my heavy suit, took my overcoat in one hand and my rubbers in the other, and set forth for the land of bleak winds and March weather. With every few miles I added a trifle to my clothing until I at last landed in Boston robed as I had set out, but the richer by a fine coat of tan and a store of happy memories.



WITH the balmy days of spring comes the desire to get out of doors. The porch, which has been deserted during the winter season, again invites the household to partake of its attractiveness, and this year, as in years past, the entertainment of porch parties will chiefly consist of the playing of popular airs on the talking machines. At a large banquet recently held in one of the big hotels in New York, slips were distributed among the diners containing the words of the chorus of several popular songs of the day, and between the courses, the assembled guests joined heartily with the orchestra in singing these familiar selections.

Unquestionably one of the greatest distributors of popular music is the talking machine, and each month it features one or two of the reigning popular selections. Perhaps the most conspicuous song of the month, which is offered by each of the companies, and is sure to be wafted on the April air from the veranda, is Berlin's new hit, "That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune," given in excellent style by Collins and Harlan.

* * *

Mr. Berlin, who has rapidly gained popular favor since his "My Wife's Gone to the Country," contributes also to the Columbia list for the month on a double disc record, "Oh, How that German Could Love," which has the added advantage of being sung by the author himself—in a duet with Snyder. The opposite side of the record gives Billy Murray's clear tenor in "My Little Dutch Colleen."

The Columbia Company make announcement this month of their exclusive contract

with the English artist, George Lashwood, of Music Hall fame.

Mr. Lashwood has already made

a name for himself in American vaudeville, and his selections on the Columbia list, "Sea, Sea, Sea," and "In the Twi-Twi-Twilight," introduce him effectively to Columbia owners. Those who attended the charming comic opera, "Belle of Brittany," will welcome the opera waltz by Prince's Orchestra, and "Two Giddy Goats," a baritone and soprano duet in which Miss Stevenson impersonates "Toinette" of the play, and Mr. Stanley, "Baptiste." Other selections from the opera are given by Prince's Orchestra on the record with Gus Edwards' sentimental ballad, "By the Light of the Silvery Moon."

An exceptional instrumental number is the double disc "Farther, Farther in the World" and "One Little Girl in the World for Me," rendered by A. Selzer on a Hungarian "tar-gatto" or liberty-horn. The expressive contralto of Mrs. A. Stewart Holt seems particularly well adapted to songs of a deeper sentimental nature; this month she sings impressively the old-time favorite, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and De Koven's "A Winter Lullaby."

"Ring Out, Wild Bells," Gounod's musical composition on Tennyson's universally known poem, has long been a favorite, we are told, with David Bispham. This, with "The Palms" by the same singer, composes a very striking record.

Several band and orchestra selections among the April numbers are quite worthy of mention—notably, "Boston Commandery March," "Boy Trumpeter," an intermezzo, and Sousa's "Liberty Bell March" by the band; "Belle of Yokohama" by the orchestra, and Sousa's "Semper Fidelis March," coupled

with "The Famous Twenty-second Regiment March" by Lacalle's Band.

* * *

An interesting number on the Edison list is "Sheridan's Ride." The poem has stirred the hearts of loyal Americans since Mr. Read first immortalized the daring of "Phil" Sheridan, and the masterful elocutionary work of Edgar L. Davenport, assisted by orchestra introduction, cheering and finale, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," has produced a novel record that every Edison owner, especially he whose young son is now poring over Rebellion history, should possess.

Another achievement by the Edison people is represented by "A Day at West Point," by the New York Military Band. The number is proclaimed by the Edison Company as "one of the greatest military medleys ever compiled," and no one who has heard the strikingly realistic reveille, drum assembly, sunrise gun, adjutants' call—on through the entire day's military program—will attempt a disputation. The New York Military Band's second number for the month is "Miss Liberty March," a valuable addition to the several brilliant march compositions of the youthful composer, Joseph M. Daly.

"Cloud Chief," of the Indian variety, forcefully rendered by the American Symphony Orchestra, will be appreciated by the lover of Indian music; while the admirer of negro dialect will delight in "A Coon Wedding in Southern Georgia," by the Peerless Quartette, in which Arthur Collins and Frank Stanley take leading parts; or in Marie Dressler's coon absurdity, "Rastus Takes Me Back."

The Edison circle continues to follow with smiling interest the wanderings of "Uncle Josh." This month the incorrigible old fellow gets into complications with a Chinese laundryman. Cal Stewart's impersonation is as usual clever and laughable.

Five very exquisite selections make up the Grand Opera list: "Grande Air d'Agathe," from Weber's "Freischutz," in French by Marguerita Sylva; "Romance de la Fleur," from Bizet's "Carmen," in French by Flortencio Constantino; "Valse," from Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," in French, by Blanche Arral; "Brindisi" from Thomas's "Hamlet," in Italian, by Ernesto Caronna; "Blich ich Umler," from Wagner's "Tannhauser," in German, by Walter Soomer.

The music of the several light opera companies which have so appealed to New York theatre-goers has furnished the Victor Company with some very entertaining material this month. "My Hero," the vocal waltz from "A Chocolate Soldier," is rendered in the clear soprano of Lucy Isabelle Marsh; on a double-faced record are given other waltzes from the same opera, by Pryor's Band, and the "Dollar Princess Waltz," by the Victor Orchestra. An excellent medley from "The Arcadians" is given by the Victor Light Opera Company.

The Victor list is replete with music of a sentimental variety: the Vienna Quartette has contributed the delightful "Bridal Song," from the Rustic Wedding Symphony, and in vocal selections "If I Had the World to Give You," sung by Percy Hemas and "Life's Lullaby," by Hamilton Hill, are ballads of especial merit. The beautiful theme in "The Garden of Roses" never fails to make a deep impression on the listener, and all Victor owners will welcome this record.

The revival of old songs to the limelight has for some time been recognized, and among the old-time favorites perhaps nothing can outshine Foster's "Old Folks at Home," so often called "Swanee River," and "Loch Lomond," both included in the Victor April list on a double-faced record.

Arthur Pryor's Band offers the "Invincible Spirit March," a military number with novel variations; and among the comic selections are two Lauder hits, "Hey! Donal" and "The Bounding Bounder."

John McCormack, who is fast becoming a favorite on account of his charming rendition of Irish songs in forceful tenor, sings "Killarney" and "Come Back to Erin," with an added number, "The Minstrel Boy."

Two Italian numbers by Donizetti, "Farewell to Earth," from "Lucia," and "Down Her Cheek a Furtive Tear," from "Elisir d'amore," constitute excellent music for the lover of graceful Italian work. Among the Grand Opera selections of unusual note are a complete act of "Faust" (Scenes I and II) in French, by Geraldine Farrar and Marcel Journet; the first act finale of "Faust," in French, by Caruso and Journet; the Mignon duet, "Song of the Swallows," in French, by Farrar and Journet, and two numbers from "Otello" in Italian, "Ave Maria" and "Salce, Salce," by Frances Alda.

Why —

Some few people still buy
soda crackers in a bag is
hard to say.

But it is easy to understand why increasing millions of a Nation's people keep on getting and eating more and more

Uneeda Biscuit

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a Package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



THOUGHTS of the boys and girls in high school are now turning toward graduation day. The NATIONAL is always interested in the boys and girls and will offer prizes for the three graduation essays best suited for an article in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Now boys and girls, get busy, and send us a copy of your graduation essay. This ought to stimulate you to hurry up on that essay, because the essay will be printed in the July issue, after it has been delivered. Send the copy to the editor, and keep it within two thousand words. The first prize will be \$10, the second \$5, and the third a copy of "Heart Songs." We want to show the readers of the NATIONAL what the high school graduates can do. Portraits of the successful contestants will be published with their essays.

* * *

DEMAND for "Heart Songs" and "Heart Throbs" continues, and was especially lively during the Easter holidays. The custom of giving books is growing more and more each year, not only for Christmas time, but for weddings, birthday anniversary and graduation days. If you are contemplating a gift book, can you think of anything more fitting and appropriate than that of "Heart Throbs" or "Heart Songs" or "Happy Habit," and for a wedding what could be more fitting than a handsome volume of "Little Helps for Homemakers"?

Orders to ship during the past month to Europe, Australia, Africa and India, to say nothing of the large number that has gone to Canal Zone. Every state and territory has been represented in the sales of these remarkable books which indeed express the

great law of average among the people as to the favorite literary selections and favorite songs.

If you have not already ordered or purchased a copy, why not attend to it right now? As one eminent critic remarked, "No library is complete without these books." Of the many thousands of letters received during the month we will print a few in the next issue to show the wide range of appreciation.

* * *

MORE than other theatrical managers Henry W. Savage catches the atmosphere, depicts the subtle trifles of expression that appeal to theatre-goers; he has that poetic, patriotic temperament that enables him to make an idyl of what might easily be a "rough house" play in other hands. He arranges the theatre scenes daintily; no shadows of coarseness enter into his representation of life behind the scenes. The things that the little prima donna does to disgust the young man, while they don't affect him in the right way, do repel the audience, who feel that Nellie Vaughn is acting against the convictions of her better self and unconsciously sympathize with her, as she sings her way into their hearts in the words of "Forget-me-Not."

* * *

THREE years ago the NATIONAL published an article on "The Truth About Panama" which ran into three editions, and is still selling. When an inquiry was made in New Orleans and on the Isthmus recently by a tourist for "the best thing about the canal" a copy of the NATIONAL for April:

The musical instrument with the sweetest, most mellow of tones

If you love good music, and want to hear it as you have never heard it before—with a beauty and expression of tone entirely new—be sure to hear the Victrola.



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Mahogany, \$200
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If you are fond of grand opera, ask specially to hear Caruso's "Forza del Destino" solo (88207); if you prefer instrumental music, ask to hear one of Maud Powell's beautiful violin solos; or if you'd rather listen to some amusing songs, ask to hear the new records by that great Scotch comedian, Harry Lauder.

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1907, was handed out. None of the basic facts in that issue are to be changed, but three years' work has wrought a transformation. When Joe Chapple returned to the Isthmus in February after three years, it all seemed like "a Rip Van Winkle dream," he says. Donning a real Panama hat of blazing colors and a duck suit, off he started on a dirt train to "see things" for the readers of the NATIONAL. Every day furnished a canto for this great industrial epic. Thirty thousand workers labor in unison day after day, week after week and month after month to create another "Eighth Wonder of the World." There is so much to tell, there are so many pictures to show, that the graphic story will begin in May and be continued in the June number of the NATIONAL. To those who have the story of three years ago laid aside, nothing need be said. They will send in additional orders early, but our newer subscribers should at this suggestion right now order extra copies of the May issue of the NATIONAL. You can enjoy a real jolly trip to Panama with the editor, and know exactly how things are going down in the Isthmus.

* * *

THREE is something strikingly analogous between the storehouses which Joseph, by order of Pharaoh, built in Egypt, and the modern cold storage warehouse. During the seven years of famine which prevailed in Egypt, Joseph collected what was practically the surplus crop and put it in the warehouses to keep it for the people for use in time of the famine which he prophesied would come. By reason of his divinely inspired foresight, when the seven years of famine came, Egypt was prepared to meet them. The modern cold storage warehouse takes the surplus perishable products and by storing them in warehouses, where the temperature is properly regulated to preserve them, saves them until the people need them. If it were not for the cold storage warehouse, the perishable products of summer, to a great extent, would be wasted, and with the changing of seasons not only the surplus but the entire supply would disappear. The natural operation of the laws of trade would prompt those who buy summer products for storage to buy up, not much, if any, more than the surplus of summer. If the buyers trench to any great extent on the needs of the people

in summer by buying up products which otherwise would naturally be consumed, such a course would raise prices against the cold storage buyers to such an extent that they would impair their own profits. It is unreasonable to suppose that the buyers of goods placed in cold storage do much more than take up the surplus of any summer commodities. Of course, when winter comes on, owners of the goods in the cold storage warehouses are in position to demand what they will for the products of the summer which they have carried over into the winter. But it must be reflected that the law of economics controls. Anyone can readily see that if those who own the eggs in cold storage were to charge a dollar apiece for the eggs, the eggs would not be used by the public, but would remain unsold in the warehouses. It is thus necessary for the cold storage men to set such price on their holdings in the warehouses as will be inducive to buyers. In the story of Joseph's saving the surplus products of Egypt's seven years of plenty for the exigencies of seven years of famine, it will be observed that the surplus of one period was conserved to be used up in another period. It would have been wholly unprofitable for Joseph to have stored up enough supplies during the seven years of plenty to have lasted fourteen years or many years beyond the period of famine. In the same way, the owner of cold storage goods would be unwise to store more than he could sell, or set up conditions as to prices which would prevent the goods which he had stored from being consumed during the period they were required. That is to say, he could not afford to hold goods at a price so high that people would not buy them, and which would compel him to carry them through another summer. The cold storage warehouse has come to stay, and its usefulness to the public is broadening every season. The fact that in the evolutionary processes which are bringing the storage warehouses nearer and nearer to perfection, there have been errors of judgment and possibly at times efforts to overreach the markets, is no more a good reason for the assault which is being made on cold storage, as such, than the fact of a railroad accident would be a justification for attacking and crippling all railroad development by means of drastic and impracticable legislation.

Brain Fag and Carking Care

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



NERVOUS Prosperity is the result of tangled grey matter. It's not the plain work, but the hundred and one petty, worrying details that put a man under. And most of these details hang around the effort to save—to provide for *that* day, and having provided, to be sure that the purpose in view will actually be achieved. The thought, "Suppose—what would they do?" is calculated to make most men rather quiet and white for a while. Life insurance, by doing away with these worries, makes for peace, sound sleep and good digestion. By eliminating most of the worries, you live longer, and that in itself is worth insuring for. Then if the surface car, benzine buggy, or aeroplane, gently jogs you into the sweet eternal, why the missus and the boys can capture and kill the sniffling wolf and send his pelt to market. You'd better make sure of yourself and secure assurance by being insured. The man with fifty thousand or so on his life carries his chin in, the crown of his head high; and his plans pan because he believes in them and in himself. And remember this, that the world takes you at the estimate you place upon yourself. The man whose life is well insured for the benefit of his family and business, never sneaks his way through life. He asks for what he wants and gets it by divine right.

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AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

SINGULARLY appropriate to the valentine season is "The Love Cure." There is something delightfully new in this piquant, Viennese comic opera, even in the title, and it is a fitting successor to "The Merry Widow." During the holiday season it was amusing to see the young swains running the gauntlet of their chums, stationed near the picture frames and easels in the entrance hall. Many academy boys and college lads were there, and it was evident in many cases that the fair one who was to accompany a certain friend had been kept a secret. The boys were determined to see "who was with whom," and even the foyer of the theatre was permeated with the spirit of the play.

The opening scene shows the stage-door Johnnies, waiting for the chorus girls to come out; it gives just a glimpse of the mysterious life read of in novels, and creates a somewhat unfavorable impression of the wealthy and empty-pated Americans who hang on the knobs of stage doors—a class of gentlemen that of late years has fallen into disfavor. The Novelty Theatre, where the play "Forget-me-Not" is announced in electric letters, has all the zest of stage glamour to the uninitiated.

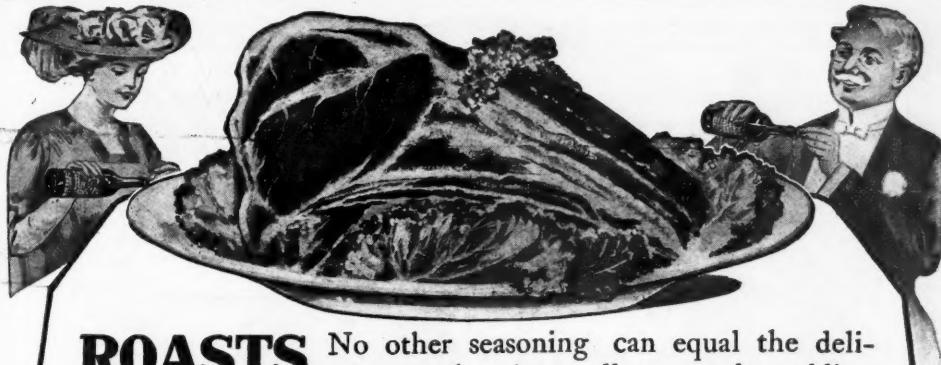
Nellie Vaughn, in the first song in which she joins with the chorus of stage-door Johnnies, is a refreshing interlude to the opera. Then follows that strange reversal of the general course of events when young Blake expresses himself as anxious that his fiancee should tell him that she does *not* really care for him; he has already discovered that he does *not* love her, and longs for her to quickly reach a similar conclusion. Betrothed by their parents, they have discovered that the wrong partner had been chosen for them. Blake has fallen in love with an actress, while his affianced prefers a long-haired playwright to the man selected by her father for her. The discovery of these facts is welcomed by both, and affords a refreshingly new form of love scene.

The whole play is a story of stageland. Young Blake is numbered among the admirers of Nellie Vaughn, the prima donna of the Novelty Theatre. His "perturbable" father is indignant, and in order to bring about a marriage for his son which means much in regard to business success, he comes to the theatre and interviews Torelli, the leading man, and also sees Miss Vaughn,

imploring both to aid in curing the young man of his infatuation. While the young actress admits that Blake is one of her admirers, she regards the matter as a good joke, laughingly agrees to the plans made by his father, and announces her intention to "cure" the young man of his love for her. They are all invited to the great social affair at the house of the Blake family, where the engagement so carefully planned by the two fathers is to be formally announced, and the young prima donna plans to act in such a way as to disillusionize her admirer. On arriving at the house she is non-plussed to find that the young man she has come to "cure" is the only one of all her admirers for whom she really cares, but she holds to her bargain and attempts to disgust him. All to no purpose, for everything she does is right in the eyes of young Blake. When all else fails she announces that she intends to marry Torelli, the leading man and matinee idol; he is much older than she and has been to her almost as a father. The veteran actor is deeply in love with his young ward, but represses his feelings.

The prima donna is under the impression that the "curing" process is complete. The fiance bursts into song, "You will regret some time," and Blake announces that he is going back to his betrothed, the choice of his father. A dinner in honor of the engagement of the prima donna and Torelli is given behind the scenes of the theatre, and affords a glimpse of a stage dressing room and theatre life. Yet, though all arrangements are apparently completed, love laughs at obstacles and the young actress and her admirer meet and have an explanation, arriving at an understanding that at the dinner their own engagement will be announced, and not that of Torelli. The latter thinks, meantime, that he is the chosen one, and the young girl unconsciously fosters the delusion by frankly telling him how happy she is. The young lover appears and takes her away, while Torelli, the matinee idol of years, worshipped by hundreds of women, is left alone at the deserted banquet table. He is a pathetic picture of disappointment and desertion as he dashes aside his glass; at the sound of the breaking glass one wishes that Blake had really been "cured," and that dear old Torreli might have won the idol of his heart.

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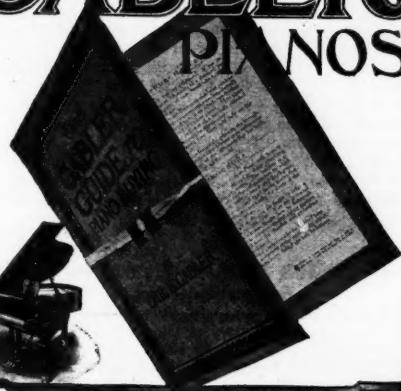
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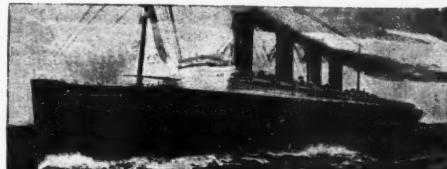


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BY ISABELLE DARK DEVINE

Isn't it fine that Peary found the pole?
Isn't it fine that Peary reached the goal?
The "ads" were such a bore
So monotonous before
But now they're great since Peary found the Pole.

Pick up a magazine of recent date,
You'll find among the "ads" as sure as fate,
Tobacco, pipes and glue,
At least a gun or two
That Peary used when seeking for the Pole.

The underwear and hosiery he wore
Were never equaled, so it seems, before;
Such loads of shredded wheat,
And cans of potted meat
As Peary took when seeking for the Pole.

To use another shaving brush is crime;
The watches that he took kept perfect time;
The kodak that he used
Should never be refused,
For Peary used it when he found the Pole.

His thermos bottle never was excelled;
A better make of razor ne'er beheld;
The powder in his gun
Set creatures on the run,
The kind he used when seeking for the Pole.

And everything for trips of any kind
So Peary says in Macy's you will find;
So there we all must go
For Peary says 'tis so,
And Peary knows, for Peary found the Pole.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.



FOR PAINTED FLOORS

By America Bidwell

A bag to fit the broom, made of heavy, colored flannelette, with a double, pleated ruffle across the bottom, and a good stout draw-string to tie around the handle, I found to be a great time and labor saver, in keeping my painted floors free from lint and dust; to those who have a rug in the room I am sure it will prove a great boon.

TO DRIVE BEDBUGS AWAY

By Frank Monroe Beverly

Mix blue ointment and kerosene oil in equal parts, and apply the mixture to the bedsteads. A coat of whitewash applied to the walls will serve a good purpose.

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PERES CHARTREUX**

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Eat brainy foods
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THE HOME

SIX GOOD SUGGESTIONS

By Wm. A. Barry

Keep tacks in bottles; it saves opening many boxes to find a particular kind.

Large red apples, when served whole at the table, are polished with olive oil.

If a shoe pinches, wet a cloth in hot water and place it over the tight spot when the shoe is on; it will soften the leather and enable it to stretch to fit.

A package or envelope sealed with the white of an egg, cannot be steamed open.

Burning oil is spread by the use of water; to extinguish it, throw flour, sand or earth upon it—anything to prevent the oil from spreading.

A good grade of ink can be made by taking a short piece of indelible pencil and placing it in a bottle of water.

WET FLOUR FOR BURNS

By Mrs. C. R. Salisbury

The best remedy for burns I have ever used is flour slightly wet; take a cloth and put plenty of flour on it and wet slightly with cold water, then place it on the burn; you will feel almost instant relief; this remedy also keeps the worst burns from blistering.

Aid to Yeast

When the bread will not "rise," and the yeast seems to have lost its strength, add a little ginger and notice the effect.

GLEANED FROM ONE HOUSEWIFE'S EXPERIENCE

By Mary C. Harmon

One or two tablespoonsfuls of sugar added to strong turnips when cooking, will greatly improve their flavor.

If tough meat is rubbed with a cut lemon before cooking 'twill make it nice and tender.

Stove-blacking, if mixed with a little ammonia will have a brighter luster and will not burn off.

TO CLEAN A PANAMA HAT

By "W. A. L."

Take a nail brush and scrub the hat with castile or Ivory soap and warm water; rinse in plenty of tepid water, then re-rinse in tepid water, to which has been added one and one-half tablespoonsfuls of glycerine.

Use a Turkish towel to press out all water and dry in the sun for three hours, resting it upon the towel; it will be thoroughly clean and retain its shape.

OYSTER SHELL SCRAPER

By Sarah Isham Coit

An oyster shell is the very best thing to scrape saucepans and kettles; when once you have used them, you will never return to a knife, a spoon, or a lank dishtowel; they, the oyster shells, are sharp and lend themselves to all corners.

TO REMOVE IRON-RUST

By "M. A. H."

To remove iron-rust, dampen cloth, rub on cream of tartar, and rub on spots well; let stand an hour, then wash; if not all removed, repeat the process.

TO PREVENT SCORCHING OF MILK

By Mrs. C. O. H.

First, boil a little water—enough to cover the bottom—in the vessel in which the milk is to be heated, and add to it the required amount of milk.

The main thing is to be sure that the water actually boils before the milk is added.

Good Bath Towels

When crocheted bedspreads become worn in spots, give them a new lease of usefulness by cutting apart and hemming for bath towels; mine have worn well and are well liked by the family.

Improved Cottage Cheese

Remove the objectionable acid taste from cottage cheese, by washing through two or three waters and draining carefully, before seasoning for the table.

"DOWN PUFFS"

By S. T. Lisk

How many of the sisters have feather-beds which have been discarded and know not what to do with them? Try my plan:

Make a tick of muslin the size of your bed and put a portion of the feathers in it, spreading them evenly and thinly; put the case in your quilting frames, cover both sides with some pretty cloth and tack or tie exactly as you would a comforter, making the tufts quite close together.

You will find it a warm, soft "down puff" at practically no expense.

PIE HELPS

By Mrs. J. K. Miller

In cooling pies, it is necessary to let the air circulate under the pan, which is done easily by setting them on a wire rack, or small sticks, any way so the air can come in contact with the bottom of the pan. This is sure to prevent a soggy undercrust.

Again, if the cream, or milk, for pies is brought to a boil and added to the eggs the last thing before putting in the oven, it expedites the baking, as crust and custard will bake in the same time.

AN EXCELLENT SALVE

By Dora Riddle

Take one-half as much lard as the amount of salve required, then add equal parts of tree turpentine and beeswax; melt, mix thoroughly and set away to cool.

For Chapped Hands

The best remedy for chapped hands I have ever tried, is to sprinkle them with common corn-meal, while yet damp after washing, then rub briskly; those, who have to do work which roughens the hands will find that this simple remedy whitens and softens them wonderfully.

BRIGHT LIGHT

By A. R.

To make the lamp give a better light, Be sure and put it on something white.

Cayenne Pepper

For indigestion use cayenne pepper on your food.

Buttermilk

Buttermilk is good for acidity of the stomach.

Frozen Eggs

Pour boiling water over frozen eggs and let stand until cool; it will make them all right.

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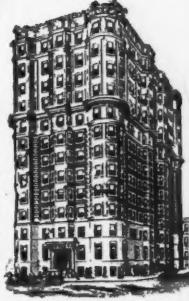
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THE HOME

REMOVING STAINS

By J. C. W.

To remove iron-rust from clothing, cover the spots with hot, stewed, unsweetened rhubarb.

Peach stains may be easily removed by soaking in sweet milk an hour before washing.

For coffee and most fruit stains, pour boiling water through the spots.

For chocolate, cocoa or tea stains, wash in cold water.

Cover grass stains with cream of tartar, wet with cold water, and place in the sun.

For blood stains, soak in cold water, or water and salt; when nearly gone, use soapy water.

Machine oil, or axle grease, should be covered with lard, washed with cold water and soap, then with hot water and soap.

Red ink stains should be washed with ammonia and water.

BUTTERMILK PIE

By Lucy Philbrook

This recipe has been in use for over a hundred years and is well worth trying.

One egg, two large tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint of buttermilk (fresh), one scant cup of sugar, beat the egg until light, add the sugar and flour, enough of the butter milk to make a thick batter; beat until smooth, then add the rest of the buttermilk; bake with one crust in a hot oven; a little baking powder in the crust is an improvement for this kind of pie.

FOR THE WHITE SINK

By a Reader

I want to tell the "NATIONAL" readers how to clean a white sink so that it will look like new; mine got so stained with dish-water that no amount of scouring with powders would clean it; one day, I accidentally spilled some hot water cooking soda and chloride of lime in it, and the spots disappeared like magic; so, once a week, I clean it with that and wipe it out with kerosene oil and my sink is as white as snow.

A NEW DISH

By Lizzie L. Meadows

Put in saucepan one cup of oatmeal, cover with cold water, seasoned with little more salt than usually used when oatmeal is eaten with sugar. Chop, or grate, one-half cup of cheese; set the oatmeal on back of stove where it will gradually come to a boil; when it begins to boil, stir in grated cheese and butter size of a walnut; stir constantly, until cheese melts; when melted, the mixture is ready to serve. Serve hot on toasted crackers.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR POISON

By May Painter

A physician once told me that a poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, swallowed intentionally or by accident, may be rendered harmless by swallowing two gills of sweet oil. The oil will neutralize every form of vegetable or mineral poison with which physicians are acquainted.

VERY FINE MARSHMALLOWS

Two level tablespoons of gelatine, soaked in seven tablespoons of water for one-half hour; two cups granulated sugar, ten tablespoons of water; cook until it makes long threads from spoon; pour over gelatine on large platter and beat twenty minutes; add one-half teaspoon of vanilla; have square cake-tin well buttered, pour in and let stand one hour or more, till solid; turn out on powdered sugar on board or paper, cut in squares, keep in tight jars well powdered.

A New Dish

Pull dried beef into small pieces, pour some warm water over it and let stand for two or three minutes; break six eggs, add three tablespoons of sweet milk (cream is much better, if you have it) and beat well; have skillet hot with meat fryings of lard and butter; pour in eggs and then sprinkle beef on top and stir well until done; pour into hot dish and serve.

A COOKING HELP

By Mrs. W. E. Timmerman

If you burn anything cooking in a pan or kettle, fill the utensil partly full of water in which a little lye has been dropped, let stand to soak awhile, then place on the stove until the water boils; you will find that the burnt portion can be easily washed off and that the kettle will be as good as new. Should any of the burnt portion remain, a little saponio will take it off. I have treated several kettles successfully as above, that seemed hopelessly ruined.

STARCH FOR BLACK DRESSES

By Julia A. Weeks

To make starch for black lawn, or any solid black fabric and make it look like new, take black diamond dye, dissolve some as you would coloring; keep bottled; when you make the starch, make it quite thin; strain the dye and pour a little (not too much) into the starch and stir thoroughly; then strain starch and it is ready for the black goods; you will find that you will have something that will please you when laundered.

DELICIOUS JAM

By Mrs. Wm. J. Whitford

Delicious currant or raspberry jam may be easily made by thoroughly crushing the fruit, leaving none whole, then add, by measure, an equal quantity of granulated sugar; mix with great thoroughness, put in cans and keep in a cool place; the delicate flavor of jam prepared in this manner, will surprise those who taste it for the first time, and it is cool work and so easy as compared with the old way.

COATING FOR CURED PORK

By E. T. S.

After pork has been well sugar-cured and ready to hang up, give each piece a thorough coating of lime and ashes, equal parts, mixed with water; it looks ugly but washes off beautifully, and keeps the meat with its finest flavors, free from insects.

